



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



18

20

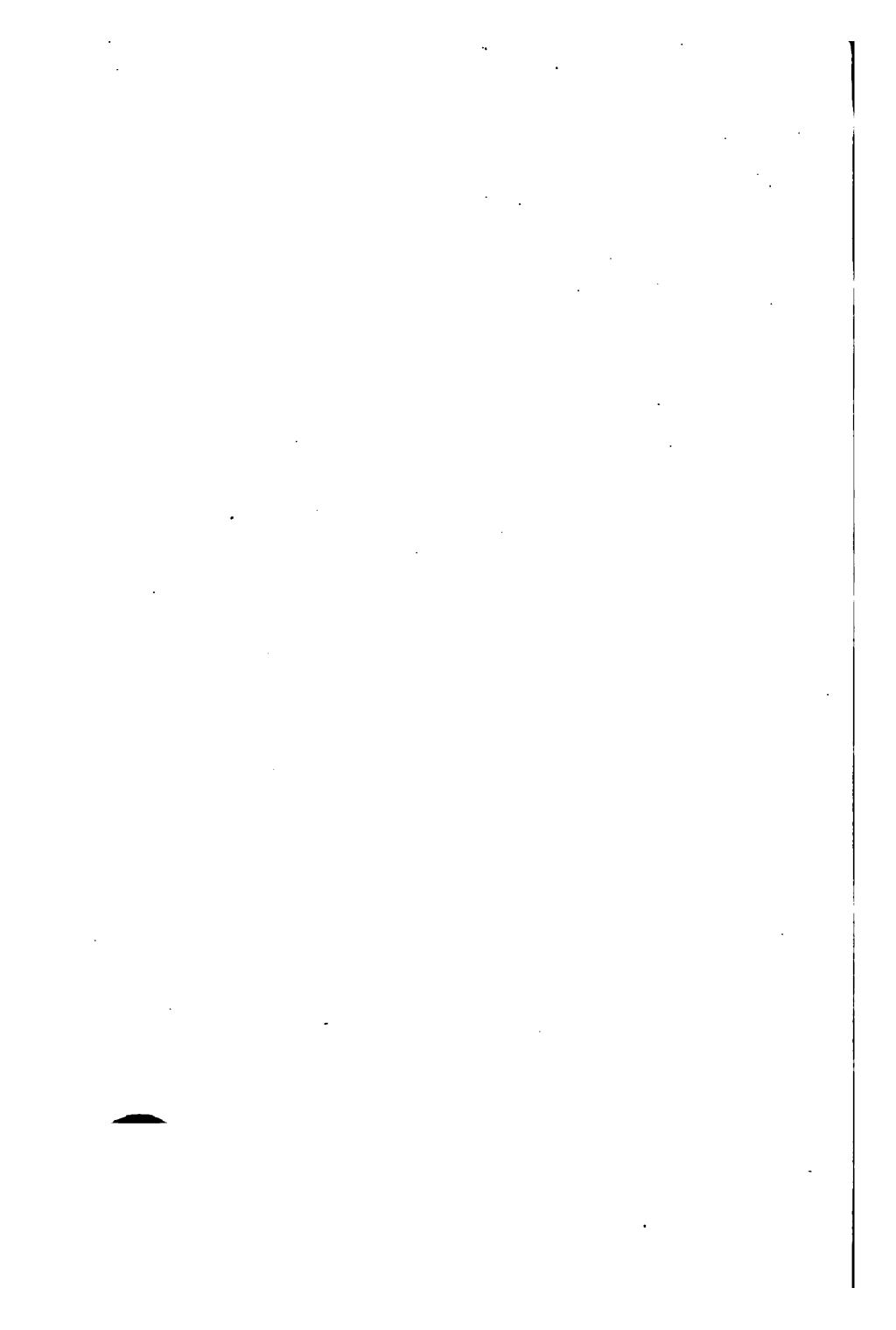






Paterson

121



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

5697



POEMS

OF

TWIN GRADUATES

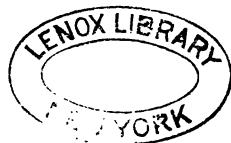
OF

THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

S. V. R. AND WILLIAM PATERSON.

NEWARK, N. J.
1882.

PRESS OF
NEWARK DAILY ADVERTISER,
NEWARK, N. J.



INTRODUCTION.

NOTHING in connection with this book requires the accompaniment of prefatory remarks. The single purpose is to collect and preserve the writings in a permanent form. The title explains itself, and shows that the writers were born under the sign of the Gemini. They lived under that sign for rising fifty years, when one was taken and the other left. Two of us came into existence within the same hour of time, and passing through the early part of education together, entered the world-life as twin graduates of the collegiate institution bearing the name of the State of which they were natives. This dual species of psychology was something of a curiosity because outside of common experience. Pleasure and pain seemed to flow like electric currents from the same battery. In a certain sense, we could feel at once, and think at once, and act at once. It is problematical whether this proceeded

from a real elective affinity, or was mechanical. It was most marked, however, at first, and particularly in the beginning or rudiments of learning. Both then went along exactly at the same rate, and one never was in advance of the other. Both always worked and played together, and whichever discovered something new, would communicate it in an untranslatable language to his companion.

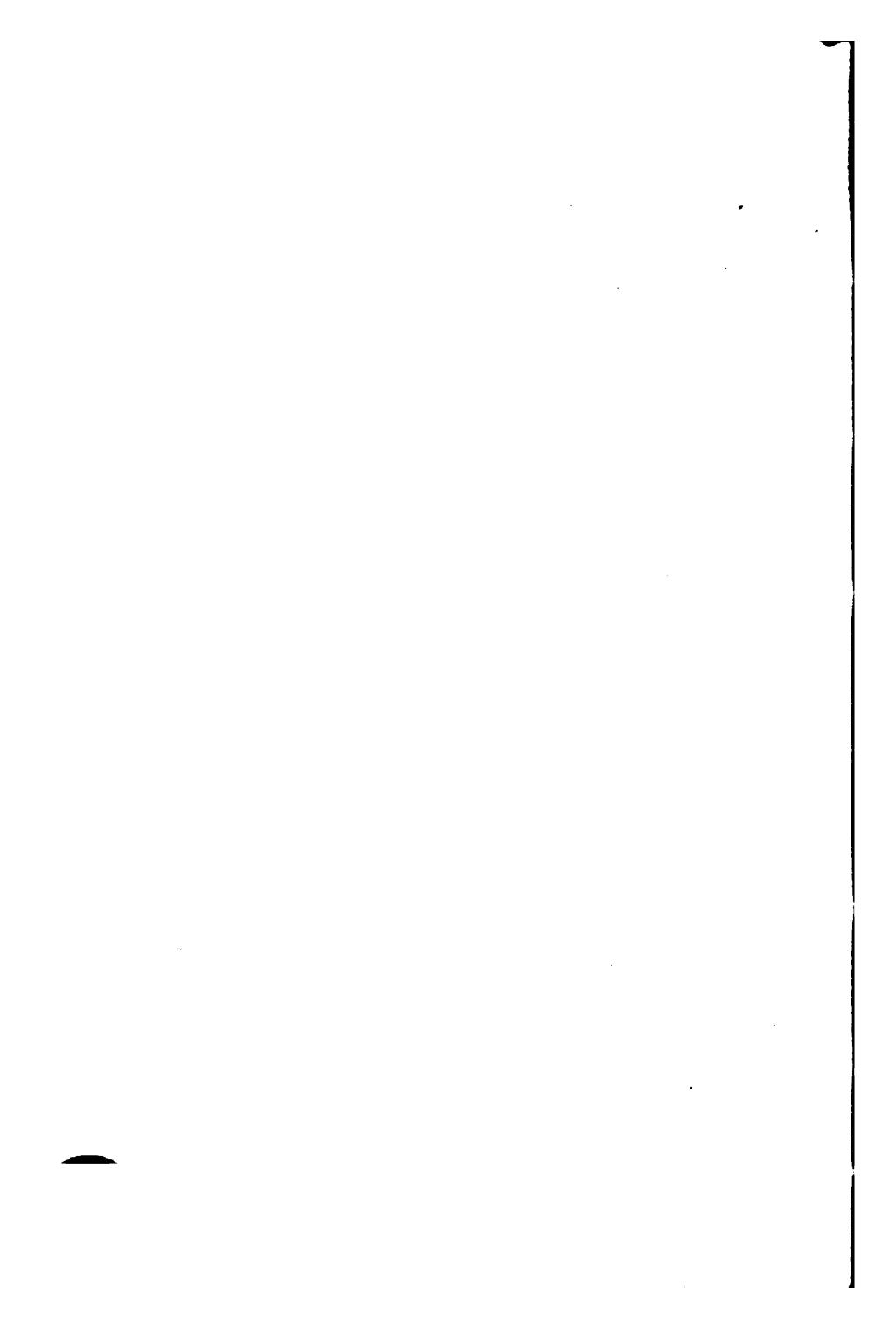
This dual character, to a greater or less extent, pervaded the joint lives of the writers of these pieces. Not that the similarity extended to the business or pursuits, the tastes or habits of life, for in many respects they were different and apart as those bearing a single relation. Still the influence of the mystic tie, whatever it was or may have been, remained till nature loosed, as it had woven, the bond. Perhaps internal evidence of this relation may be discovered in the collection now submitted to such as have kindly aided in the publication of the lines. Some of these, with the preface, partake of that relation in a double sense.

It is with reluctance that the survivor of the writers, sends out the work with any introductory remarks, and does so only in deference to the suggestion of the publisher. As there is nothing to explain, such remarks seemed altogether unnecessary. It is the custom, however, and some deference must be paid to the common law in that respect.

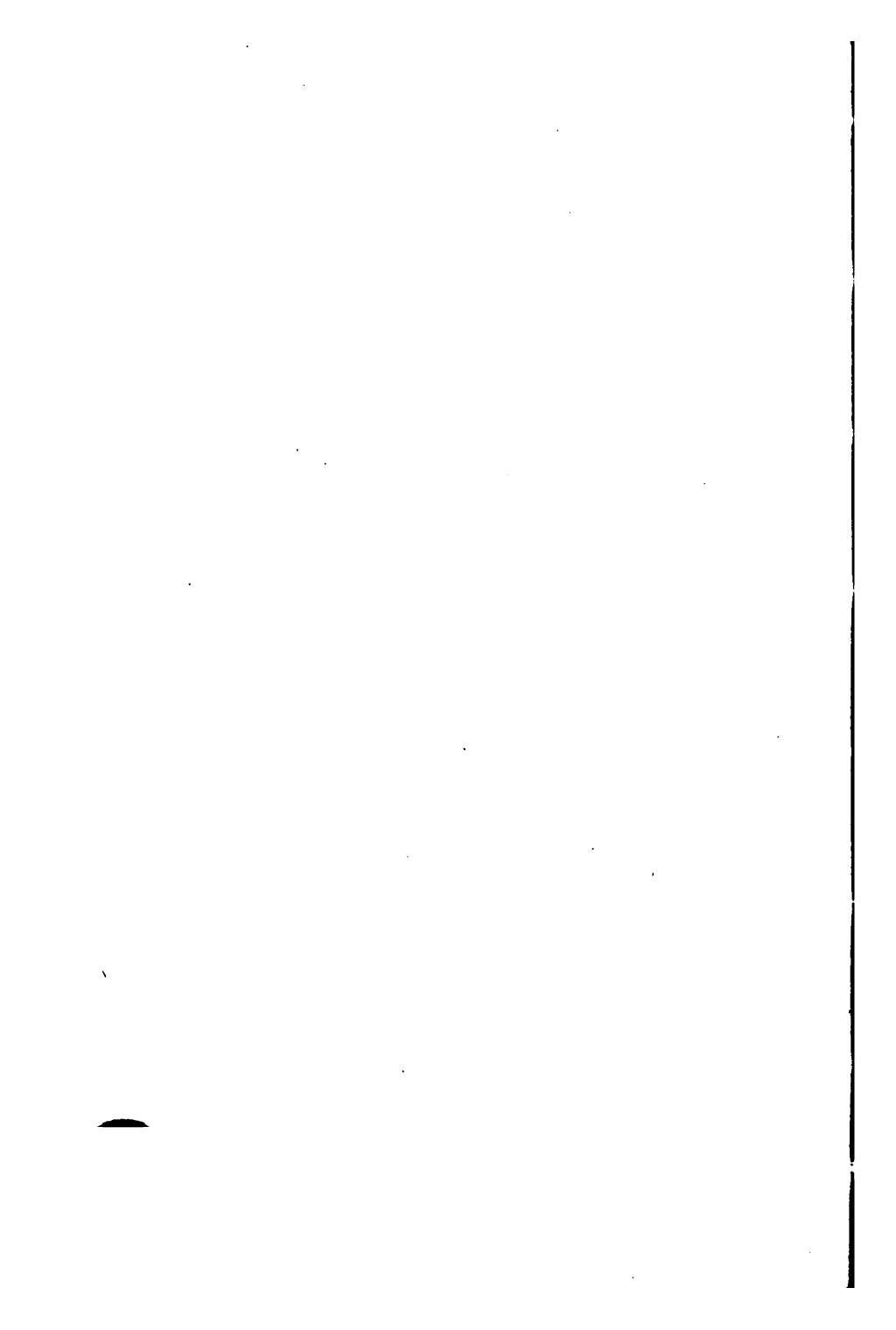
INTRODUCTION.

v

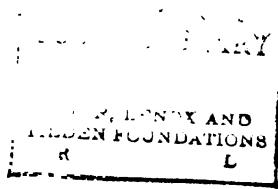
Perhaps it may be proper to say that the illustrations of the writers were made at an interval of twenty years. That of the one who is left is of recent design, while that of the one who has been taken, represents him as he was ten years before his death, and that occurred ten years ago. Those facing pages 230 and 315 are of young lives that have conferred upon the survivor an ancient and venerable title, which, as the elder Mr. Weller said, had long lain "dormouse" in the family, and was supposed to be nearly "hextinct."



POEMS OF TWIN GRADUATES.

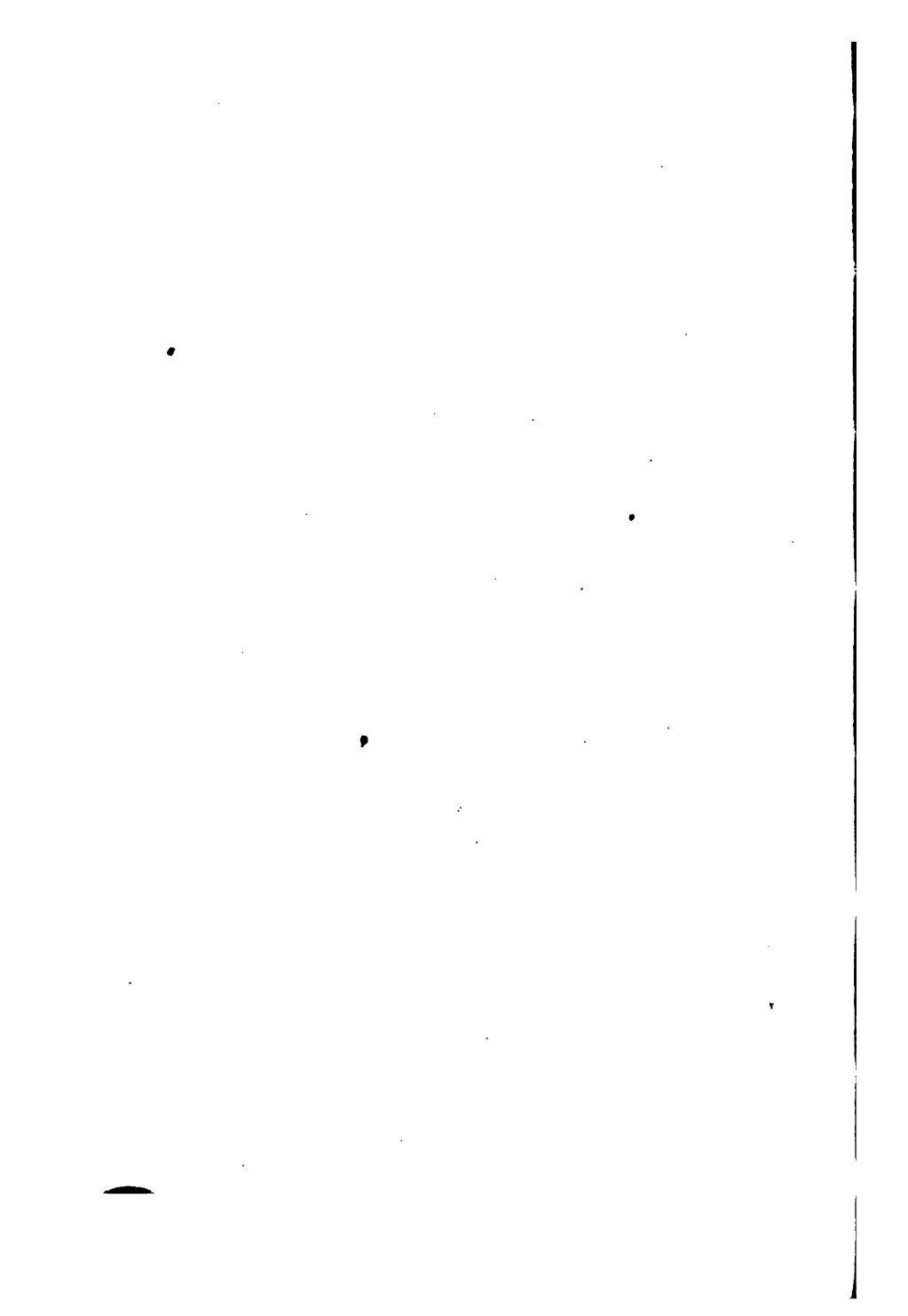


1K









POEMS OF TWIN GRADUATES.

THE GENESEE.

ALL things are beautiful in the common light
Of earth and heaven: the air is full of joy;
Sunshine, and waters, and the starry night,
Have silent messages for man and boy:

Not heard, perhaps, in that more joyous time,
When youth treads lightly life's exulting way,
And music murmurs through the flowery clime,
Flinging sweet odors to the rising day.

Though then unfeet, not less awakened still,
When in its freshness comes the morning beam
Of Knowledge—an Imaginary Will,
A Spirit that hangs round us like a dream:

Viewing afar through the gray, misty tide,
All forms and combinations of delight,
Things known to Truth, where yet pale Fancies glide,
Like fairies dancing in the moon by night.

These are the Shadows which fall back on Time,
And never forward, toward the opening Tomb ;
How can they darken that dark Way sublime,
Whose brightness lightens Death's sepulchral gloom?

Take to the heart the lessons which they give,
Ye who regard the things of every day ;
Their page will never teach you less to live,
Nor scorn the records of life's common way.

Because there are to whom no ray e'er comes,
Less or more bright than that which with the sun,
Morning and evening, falls upon the homes
Of daily labor, finished or begun ;

Therefore it is not true that these may not,
With quiet patience and a heart resigned,
Find in the pastimes of their humble lot
Something to bring a charm upon the mind.

Strange that our happiness should seem to be
For us too high, set there beyond our reach,
Branching out far and wide upon the tree
Of Good and Evil—is this all they teach?

They?—who would bind us to the car of Fate,
An unknown tyrant, never knowing God,
Crushing upon each human heart a weight
Of carelessness, an easy seeming load.

But wait, wait till the Mind awakes, and then—

Where art thou now, thou visionary lord?

Gone, gone, who knows, who cares, or where, or when?

No Type or Archetype, less than a word.

Rot nameless in the grave. The final hour

The trump is sounding ; wake, oh, wake again ;

Not in the general Doom will be the power

To hold the Prison where thou sleep'st in vain.

Then follow here, though yet the heroic lay

Be absent, and uncalled the heavenly Nine ;

Lowly the lyre, and far, oh, far away,

The song ethereal and the harp divine.

Still might the notes be found of Truth's accord,

Not vainly shall the weaker sounds be given ;

Like childhood's praises, lisping through each word,

Unheard on earth, but not unmarked in heaven.

Night on the Hudson, night without a star—

This sudden storm has shamed the August moon :

And now the Highland Light is seen afar,

And nearer now, and coming all too soon.

Too soon for you whom we have met again,

Ye who would join the merry dance to night

For you it falls a most unwelcome rain—

Up, for I hear the music on the height.

And there is Beauty, beckoning with her eye,
Her eye of light, the soul's clear dwelling-place,
A star deep set in the illumined sky,
Shining for you with rays of golden grace.

Up now; with her we leave you—so farewell;
When last we parted, we were standing then
In Clio's shade; it is not given to tell
What there we learned, for we were not yet men.

And so farewell. A moment on this spot
May old historic recollection pause;
Nor soon the Traitor and his deeds forgot,
Though Justice failed to vindicate her laws.

But Time, her sure attendant, passed not him,
Low sunk and scorned in all his purchased pride:
His soul, worse shattered than his patriot limb,
Still round the goal of Honor seems to glide.

And thus his lesson stands—But as we pass
Beneath old Crow Nest, how the darkened light,
Falls on the waters sleeping at its base,
With all the rain-drops sparkling to the sight!

Not this fair prospect every day is seen,
Unnoted now: the shadows fall away
Toward the west, and from the hills between,
Spreads like a mirror all the glorious bay.

Lie there in beauty, as before my eye
Often the sun has fallen on thee, and
I oft have gazed on the reflected sky,
And felt more than I well could understand.

Morn breaks upon the Knickerbocker hill,
With its quaint houses standing on the street ;
How fresh these Holland tiles are looking still,
Rising to where the pointed gables meet !

The latest now of that time-honored race
Are walking thoughtful on life's solemn shore ;
Old thoughts, old memories—how little trace
Is left of all that once they proudly wore !

Close hid by many a patriarchal tree,
The quiet, old Manorial dwelling lies ;
And from the porch, through groves of pine, I see
Afar the peaks of the White Mountains rise.

Ah ! his bowed form, the venerated Sire—
How slow for him appears life's painful day !
Heavily, one by one, the hours retire,
The last the longest, through night's shadows gray.

But his a fame that few can hope to wear,
Nor wealth, nor honor made that fame complete
Though both were his, and he might take no care,
Save to be idly happy, proudly great.

His modest worth a better meaning gave
To these prized treasures, and they sat on him
Like a rich garment, neither gay nor grave,
A neutral shadow, mellow, but not dim.

A pleasant memory is with the friends
He left behind ; so quietly his breath
Departed from him, that the one who bends
Above him, only hears, "Can this be death?"

And thou, the youngest—still thine eye of blue
Looks mildly as it ever looked of yore :
And that sweet smile still memory lends to you,
Last come, first taken—is there nothing more ?

Oh, blest unconsciousness ! unknown the hour,
Mother, that would have torn thy soul away ;
Meeting thy child, thy child just gone before,
And now together as but yesterday.

We parted here for the first time since when
We came together, called at once to be,
Together thus far coming, boys and men,
Thus far, last summer day, till changed by thee.

Now on the threshold turning, I look back,
Look back as far as thought or eye can go ;
Again I follow down the pleasant track,
And hear again the silver waters flow.

Such thoughts would strangely come to me in youth :
Strange that the morning prime should bring them
then,
Before experience teaches bitter truth,
And learns what little love is lost with men.

Yet more than this ; I do believe that they
To whom such fancies come, have lived long years
Of thought, making a lifetime of a day,
Kissing through smiles, and weeping human tears.

Philosophy in dreams has never yet
Made much ado in life ; I've found it so,
Perhaps in sorrow ; but if to forget
Be happiness, what has it been to know ?

A change is in the air, and on the sky,
And fitful gleams of sunshine come between
Continuous clouds ; unquiet winds pass by,
Ruffling adversely all the Mohawk's sheen ;

Whose waters darker flow, and seem to bear
The war-whoop and the death-song in their sound.
Known unto thee, Oriskany, and where
The brave old Chief his final home has found.

These memories ring along the pleasant vale,
Falling on childhood's ear with that strange thrill,
That nameless feeling, at which thought turns pale,
And Fear itself is forced against the will.

Thus old Tradition consecrates the ground,
The burial-place of friends and foes who sleep
Together, while the woods and waters round
Are vocal with the storied fame they keep.

A browner hue is on the forests here,
More early mellowing in the autumn prime,
Quietly telling of the waning year,
That waits less fondly this more northern clime.

And later once again I passed this way,
In winter's shortened daylight, when the air
Was keen from the reflected snows that lay
Deep through the valley, shining everywhere.

The traveler's accident that day was mine;
Half had we passed the level road, and low
The sun was sinking to the last decline,
Of one more year in time's most rapid flow:

When lo, our steed, like Jabin's, iron-clad,
Stood motionless, his panting all in vain,
Nor for the noise and whistling which he made,
Could move us on our snow bound-track again.

No hope for many hours—our fate is here;
In this small house a circle gathers now,
Strangers before, and in the dying year
To know each other, and no more to know.

Merry though sad ; misfortune may be met
By stranger company than we were then :
And many friends are worse than strangers yet,
Through long acquaintance with the ways of men.

One was among us whom I knew before,
Not knowing me—a Solon of the State ;
His head the autumn snows had silvered o'er,
But for the rest, age lightly on him sate.

Often I've thought of him, who made long hours
Appear as welcome as the shortest day ;
And though of smallest moment, memory pays
A pleasing tribute in this passing lay.

Praise to the Tourist ; with his book in hand,
He makes a note of many things not seen,
Telling strange stories both by sea and land,
Of what is known, and what has never been.

But in our Ark on this long inland stream,
There is no thought of danger : we are now
Sailing with him whose visionary dream
Looked through these waters many years ago,

And saw reflected all the picture there
Which we, with our own eyes, each day can see ;
Dream of the future then, but everywhere
Eclipsed, exceeded by the Reality.

A monument to Fame ! What shall be his,
Whose name is written on this silent tide ?
Rear high the marble for war's victories,
And point to heaven ambition's arm of pride.

But not for thee, whose triumph is a song
That never dies upon the tongues of men ;
The winds return it all the summer long,
Through woods, and plains, and in the rocky glen.

Rest in thy immortality. Lo, Time,
The Wizard, mocks not thee ! though his thou art ;
A State's great Immemorial ; aye sublime,
In Council Halls and in the City Mart.

Oh, may no ornamental column rise
To rob delighted Nature of her due,
While that inverted, earth-bound Pillar lies
From Hudson to Lake Erie waters blue.

The waters softly ripple at my side,
Making a murmur just the thing for sleep ;
While overhead, large, pattering drops divide
The splash, and equal measure seem to keep.

Deep in the silence of the night, I hear
The boatman wind his horn ; and further still
The echoes ring around, and on the ear,
Pass from the waters to the wood and hill.

A tedious voyage—through the passing day,
Restlessly idle, by myself I staid,
Blowing perhaps long smoky curls away,
And tracing forms as in the air they played :

Or sitting by the window, I would look
At floating things—an apple on the stream,
A piece of drift-wood, fancied dresses took,
And shaped themselves into a waking dream.

They tell us we are weak because we know
Too little of the real things of life,
Or fail to learn them right; if this be so,
The evil that may come, the toil, the strife,

Make up the sum of man's mortality,
While better aspirations clog the way ;
What more delightful then than not to be ?
And night, how fairer than the brightest day !

This I have later learned, though then the song
Was but a prelude ; its remembrance still,
By Manhood nurtured, has made Reason strong,
And Faith united to the Natural Will.

With this I am content ; who more would learn,
Should first unlearn himself ; the greater power,
Is given us rather that we may discern,
Our own true heart—and can you teach me more ?

With the first morning watch, Oh Syracuse,
Thy salt-sheds rose upon the level plain;
Yet here would wayward Fancy still break loose,
And for Archimedes look round in vain.

Sprung from the woods of yesterday, a smell
Of the old forest is around this spot;
But speculation breaks the dreamy spell,
And trees go down before the city plot.

Here, from the bowels of the earth, leaps out
The briny wave, a treasure to the State;
I saw it drying in great tubs about,
And heard that it was leased at a fair rate.

Blue Onondaga pleasantly lifts through
The open sky; and on the further shore
White dwellings stand, and in the distant view
Loom magical, green to the very door.

Oh, to the heart that loves the dreamy sound
Of a still noon in August, there have been,
And will be, shadows of such things around
As Fancy consecrates: the unreal scene

Is born of life, and with it is the power
To form the semblance of reality;
And by its indistinctness, gather more
From all that has been of what yet may be.

Else why have nineteen summers, scarce the spring
Of man's existence, shaped a thought like this?
Then let it be a vain imagining,
So that I feel it truly as it is.

Our new philosophers, since then, have found
Something they deem far better, and have given
For sense the substitution of a sound,
And in idea made of earth a heaven.

And Man his own true God—simple enough,
When looked at by a large humanity,
Throwing the chains of idol bondage off,
And feeling of themselves that they are free.

Self-called Apostles! see, for all you've done,
The world goes round as it went round before;
Great props of nature, make our earth a sun,
And let her shine with borrowed light no more.

Brightly the sunbeams, through the morning rain,
Fall on yon spires, which now appear more white
From the reflection; and across the plain,
Anxious I gazed upon them, for a sight

Of that strange City which my boyhood knew
So wonderful, it seemed a fancied thing,
A dream that had been, not entirely true,
Like palaces Arabian Genii bring

By night, and shame the sleeper's wondering eye ;
Nor could the school-books or the traveler's tale
Remove the enchantment, nor the reality,
Seen of itself, could o'er the dream prevail.

Why was it this particular story took
My childhood's notice ? for there seemed to be,
E'en in the very pictures of the book,
Something that acted like a charm on me.

Others may smile ; yet this has been, is now,
Though mellowed by the light of years and time,
And sanctified, not well explained ; and so
I leave them, half expressed, not told, in rhyme.

We sweep around the bend, and there she stands,
Stands—the particular dream of childhood—there ;
All now is gone ; the unreal myth, like sands
On the sea-shore, has vanished into air.

And I am free again, though half the Song
Is still unsung ; but here the murmuring stream
Rolls musical its rocky bed along,
And seems the very echo of my dream.

Sweet River, all thy name is music ; here
I've called thee as a Prelude to my strain,
To sanctify its sound ; upon my ear
Thy melody of waters breaks again.

And yet again ; and on the soul is power
To take the harmony home to the heart ;
For in the Spirit of the Natural Hour
There dwells a Knowledge never learned from Art.

PART SECOND.

Oh, Time ! Oh, Change ! why were ye ever born,
To make such havoc with the things of earth ?
The forest falls, and lo, the ripening corn
Springs wondrous, as from nature's second birth.

And dwellings rise instinctive on the spot
Which man's convenience measures for his own ;
Beauty before Utility is not,
Or hidden in a heap of hammered stone.

Oh, inartistic genii ! ever thus
Your unblest shadow falls across the light ;
And backward Time must travel still for us,
And dreaming shape again the earlier sight.

Why was not this a wilderness to me,
That I might see these waters leap and play,
And roll in their unlicensed majesty,
Rejoicing o'er their clear and rocky way ?

Yet have I seen, high on his upper tide,
The Mississippi waters passing free
In nature's freshness, standing by the side
And on the shore of far St. Anthony;

Whose name has been a song in childhood's ear,
Haunted forever by the memory
Of one tradition; how, unknowing fear,
The Indian Wife, one morning, silently,

Placed her two children in the long canoe,
And paddled from the shore; downward they passed,
And as the waters dark and brighter grew,
She raised her voice to a full song; and fast

And faster as the waters swept, she loud
And louder sang; until amid the spray
Her voice was hushed; and on the foaming cloud,
She and her children passed to heaven away.

And thus I deem around this shore may dwell,
An unknown memory, forever still
Beneath the city's tread—and so farewell,
Romance, thy stream now turns the water-mill.

I stood where he who leaped into the foam
Leaped once too often; as the eddies broke
And whirled far up and down their crested home,
The anxious gazer held his breath to look;

To look in vain ; nor shape, nor form was seen
Where the deep waters placid rolled away ;
And every tree from its high bank of green,
Sad waved its branches through the mournful day.

Ah, were it Lycidas, who sleeps so well,
Perhaps the shepherds might lament him long,
And old Damoetas tune the oaten shell,
To crown his memory with a rustic song.

But not the siren architect is here,
To weave her measures of melodious rhyme ;
And with the turn of each revolving year,
His epitaph is on the page of time.

It is a pleasure to look back on time,
When like the vista of a summer day,
All things are tinted with the golden prime,
And beauty of the morning's glorious ray.

Give me, of all the fabled gods of old,
Egyptian Horus ; I will call him back,
And he shall ravel out the mystic fold
Of all the Past ; and on the level track

His path shall be—my path—the very hour
That comes not, stays not, and is gone too soon ;
That passes with a mystery and a power,
Shaming the moon, the evening and high noon.

And then a Vision shall be seen, a light
That shines o'er all things with a mellow gloom;
A shadow that lies softened on the sight,
And half way reaching even to the tomb.

And thou, fair Star, whose level line extends
And makes that darkness light, thy claspéd hand
Shall gently lead me, while thy love attends
My soul's Companion to the better land.

This is the Valley nature framed one day
Out of pure love to man; a silver thread
Lies through its centre; and each side, away
To the far hills, a deep, alluvial bed

Of richest earth spreads level, where the sun
Looks through the belted trees; the maple here
Her foliage of darkest green puts on,
Made greener by the strong, pure atmosphere;

And evergreens bloom out the winter long.
Home of the pheasant; I have heard his drum
In the low brushwood, and the trees among
Have marked him like a pineknot; you may come

Close to him now; and there, above him, there,
I count them, eight; the lowest of the line
Mark out, and fire—he tumbles through the air—
Again, and yet again—you have them—nine.

But above all, from her rich bosom springs
In full luxuriance the golden grain ;
More golden in the light of these green things
That circle round and shut the waving plain.

Nature is bounteous to the wayward race
That know not half her bounty ; she is kind,
In spite of man ; the aspect of this place
Should be enough to please the moody mind.

For never, since Sicilian Ceres broke
The virgin soil, has there been seen around
Such singing ears, as now beneath the yoke
Of the dull ox, are humming o'er the ground.

And brightly thus forever loom away,
And still more beautiful each coming year ;
For thou art now with Fancy, and the Lay
Is on the maple bough and bearded ear.

Pleasantly shone the mild, September sun,
When first I joined our little company,
Where on the river their long levels run,
Its waters freshened by the canopy

Of overhanging trees. My first essay
Of practiced art here earliest saw the light,
Nor knew I then what little knowledge lay,
E'en in the power of science' wondrous sight.

Of all my new companions, there was none
To whom my spirit turned, or sought to know
Better for his own sake ; the youngest one,
Was a fair youth of ~~mild~~ and sunny brow,

And might have given much sign of promise, though
His eye of blue was rather wild, and yet
His lighter heart would trifle, for he knew
No thought of care ; nor have I ever met

One whom I might have cared for, and did not,
Like him ; the strangeness of the mystery
Of liking and disliking, why and what,
Or how explained, was here more deep to me

Than words can picture, and at times it creeps
Over me as before, though not to die
With him the youngest—now afar he sleeps
Where thy blue waters, Winnebago, lie.

The rest are scattered wide ; I have seen some
Moving as free and careless as of old :
Some have been taken from the ill to come,
And some are dwellers in the Land of Gold.

Peace to them all : it has been ours to be
Together when the heart and mind were young,
When Hope was painting her wild imagery,
And calling ever with a flattering tongue.

How much of truth there was, they can decide
Who by their own experience have known
The language; Ah, upon the summer tide,
Smoothly the bark may float, but farther down

The rocks appear, and through the foam and spray
Dark-crested rise; and darker in the light
Of the eternal surf they gleam by day,
That whiter shines in the dun pall of night.

There was a day of that mild loveliness
Which only to the Indian summer sun
Is known; a feeling of pure dreaminess
Lay in the air, a sound that seemed to run

Along the face of nature without noise,
And fell upon the ear in a still hum;
It was the sound of language where no voice
Is heard, neither articulate nor dumb.

In the clear sunlight, but a dreaming boy,
With strange companions round me, then I stood—
Stood far apart—for then in silent joy,
My thoughts went outward on the living flood

That circled all things to the clear, blue sky,
Crowning the sun, the river and the hill
With slumbrous glory, a pure canopy,
That stirred not, waved not, motionless and still.

And ever since, to my mind's eye, has this
 Been like a ray, or an effulgent beam,
Penciled by Heaven for Art ; to me it is
 “ The consecration, and the poet's dream.”

Fair as a picture of the early dawn,
 Come back the lights and shadows of our youth :
They too are mellowed by the early morn
 Of promise, the pure atmosphere of Truth.

Shining with unchilled ray, which backward now,
 Over the flight of time falls clear and bright ;
No transient radiance, but a steady glow,
 That chastens Memory with ideal light.

Be thou a stoic stern, a man whose eye
 Looks coldly through the philosophic mind ;
Making a calmness of the mystery
 Of love, and all the softer ties that bind

Each human heart—yet shalt thou once confess
 That even this has shamed thy wisdom, when
The power that lies in earth's forgetfulness
 Has for a moment made thee young again.

Oh, joy for this, and for the higher thought,
 That rises with the Intellectual Will ;
One bows the Spirit to its common lot,
 Immortally the other lifts it still.

From this fair hill-side toward the falling sun,
Lo, what a prospect stretches to the eye!
The trees and golden fields together run,
And meet and mingle where the shadows lie.

And there the century Oak his giant form
Rears high, and spreads his branches to the light,
Unhurt amid the wars of wind and storm,
A glorious Monarch, lonely in his might.

And he has seen the Red Man moving here,
Lord of the wide and untamed wilderness ;
But Chief, and tomahawk, and pointed spear
Are seen no more, and other footsteps press

His hunting and his burial grounds ; the strength
Of new Discovery has pushed along
Over his landmarks, and through all its length,
The Valley knows him but in tale and song.

And here is one : The Seneca pursued
By Sullivan, and hemmed on all sides round,
At last with his three hundred warriors stood,
Close to this brink, over whose rocky bound

The waters tumble ninety feet below,
With hissing noise ; a moment motionless,
They turned to gaze upon the coming foe,
And proud e'en in their very helplessness,

They raised the war-song, and together there,
One and another, the dark plunge they took ;
And to this day the traveler pauses where
The rock is shown, and waters of Fall Brook.

Snow on green leaves ere the September rain,
Puts on their frosty dress ; how dazzlingly
The light breaks through them, and falls back again
Upon the shadows lying quietly

Beneath the branches ; as I cross the stream,
The unreflected rays appear to glide,
From each white-fringed bank, and in their gleam
More darkly flows Canaseraga's tide.

Ah, thus in life will early winter come,
And lay his finger on the silver brow ;
Youth and Old Age unite their frost and bloom,
And roses flower unchilled amid the snow.

Oh, breathe, ye winds, as on that summer morn,
When through the boughs ye sighed in trembling
tune,
Kissing the bright, young flowers, of which was born
The glory of this bridal day in June.

Now Thought goes out to wander ; by her side,
Remembrance bears her living torch sun-bright,
And spreading o'er the pathway, far and wide,
Falls on green things in rays of softest light.

And in the woods fresh groups of children play,
Plucking the gifts of nature sweetly out,
And gather plants and flowers the livelong day,
And mingle song and glee and cheerful shout.

Leaving our labor, with them for a while,
We laid the Compass and the Level by ;
Well pleased to catch the half-averted smile,
That lurked around each maiden's drooping eye.

Ah, happy band ! how little did ye know
A dreamer was among you ! one to whom
The glory of the sun and summer show,
In Fancy's light, fantastic shapes would come,

And move again ; and with thee, shadow-crowned,
Call up the voices in the silent wood;
An unseen company, speaking around
A syllabled language, which the Ideal Mood

May comprehend, an echo from the Past,
That is not wakened so as to be heard,
Save when far down the long and silent waste
Of memory's channel, the still depths are stirred

By that which, early born, has slumbered there,
Not in forgetfulness, but to come forth
When, for the joy of flowers and summer air,
The children walk again upon the earth.

Three years had passed, and Freedom came one day,
Freedom from what? from that which now has
brought

A newer life, that passes not away
With flowing water, nor the idle thought

That looks on all things unconcerned, nor feels
What the hard lesson teaches through all life;
The power that wakes description, that reveals
An energy unknown save by the strife,

The earnestness, that now the soul puts on,
In her full covering, throwing off the pall
Of spectral fancies, to herself full-known,
Earth's human weakness and the Spirit's call.

Freedom from what? but what is Freedom, say?
Is it alone to know that we are free?
Give the tired body rest; let nature pay
Her debt to labor, and the workman be

Exalted to a Master? Is there then
Freedom to man where man is his own slave?
Less toil, less anguish, when the fevered brain
Is overtaxed, and all the hopes that gave

Joy to the future have been crushed beneath
The burden of excitement?—but for thee—
Thou unto whom there comes a vernal breath,
Of that high aspiration, yet to be

Above the bondage of the things of earth—
Do thou forget not, but remember still,
That even this can be of little worth,
Without the pure contentment of the Will.

Fame, Honor, Riches, come and pass away ;
They have been, are not, and may be again;
Though long as life, yet no abiding stay
Is theirs among the transient race of men.

The Grave holds up its bars before their sight,
Six feet of common earth they cannot buy;
Only the poorest privilege to write
The monumental story—Here they lie.

Time, on thy track I drop a silent tear,
Passing again with thee ; thy shadowy pall
Has risen on imagination here,
And given an answer to my Spirit's call.

If I have sought thee for the love that lies
In Nature, for the joy that runs along
The woods and waters and the far-off skies,
Making their echo a perpetual song,

Then do I bless thee, thou gray-bearded Sire,
And call thee Father, and would lay my hand
Upon thy pinions, leaving there the Lyre
That sung with thee in the far dreaming land.

Thus standing in the light of days gone by,
We've traced the shadows from the morning sun ;
The lines have fallen on us pleasantly,
And seem to linger still ; but one by one,

Each rosy hue sinks higher in the light,
And fades away to a full, garish beam,
That westward turns—but these, by Fancy's sight,
Have made Reality a pleasant Dream.

And ours it is by all the hopes that rise
Instinctive in the social heart of man ;
A dream of glory, bearing to the skies
A Spirit of Truth, a life that first began

With childhood's sleep and its forgetfulness,
The cradled thoughts which then were rocked about
In embryo, then their being had, no less
Than since, when by a stronger growth called out,

A common teaching of the visible things
Of this wide world, they have gone on to Love
And Worship, and by this would plume their wings
For Immortality with God above.

And by this deeper lesson, if there be
The taste, the thought progressive, the high sound,
That tempers all things for Eternity,
Throwing a gleam of brighter radiance round

The waning light of Time, then also here
There shall be joy beyond what words can tell :
A Joy of Hope full-born, and living there,
In the soul's mansion evermore shall dwell.

And now, O pleasant Song, farewell. With thee
Reflection has marked out along the way
Her common path, and she has been to me,
The moral guardian of the lighter Lay ;

Calling up thoughts long hid, which not in vain,
My trust has ever been, by her at last
Are sanctified—perhaps to wake again,
When Memory has been busy with the Past.



A PASTORAL OF THE NATIVITY.

A Mountain Scene in Judea—A group of Shepherds on the hill-side with their flocks—The Angel approaches unseen.

ANGEL.

THIS is the place. I see the Shepherds here
Tending their simple flocks. Before I speak
I will draw near invisible and learn
Why they together put their shaggy heads,
And what thus occupies their idle thoughts.
Perhaps an oaten reed or scannel pipe,
The new invention of some fledgling bard
Has roused their admiration, and they pause,
While the shrill echo warbles in the air.
Or it may be some gentle shepherdess,
Following the rustic swain, waits with him here
Until the moon has passed behind the hill
That looks so fondly over Bethlehem.

How strange that none of these are in their thoughts !
No common gossip holds their wondering eyes.
If some dear lamb had wandered from the fold,
And the night-prowling wolf was lurking near,
Ready to seize it, and a miracle
Had saved its tender limbs, they could not look

With more rapt awe and blank astonishment.
It cannot be a rumor of the truth
Has reached their ears. Many before the throne
Waited for this commission, and their wings
Plumed all a golden day in heaven, to come
On this high errand, and announce to men
The joyful news still silent in my breast.
No rivalry is there, and envy none,
So that the lowest spirit in our ranks
Would not anticipate what I alone
Have been intrusted to reveal to these
The simplest of earth's many-peopled tribes,
Simple and faithful, worthy such high trust.

But hark, I hear their voices. I will fold
My wings around me, lest the tell-tale moon
Too soon reveal me, for her borrowed light,
Coming itself from heaven, would straight detect
The immortal brightness of my starry zone.
Hail to you, blessed mortals, all is well.

The Shepherds in earnest consultation.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

I watched to-night when first the moon appeared,
And saw a sudden brightness in the sky
That paled her glories, and flung off her beams
Like rays upon the watery diamond.
All in a moment it had come and gone,

And when I turned to follow with my sheep,
I found them huddled in a silly fright.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

I left my cot, where I was late detained
Nursing a sickly ewe, when sure I heard
A rustling as of wings upon the air,
That seemed to fan my cheek: a luminous track
An instant passed before my dazzled eyes,
And then the stars shone brighter than before.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

I also saw, looking toward Bethlehem,
A most serene effulgence, resting where
I know by certain marks the maid was housed,
By Joseph brought from Egypt, whose strange loves
Our matrons tell with many a curious look.
It was but yesterday I heard it said
That Cæsar had made peace with all the world,
And the old Pagan God his double door
Shut close against the sound of war's alarms.
Some strange perplexing thoughts, I know not how,
Come o'er my soul, presaging good or ill;
But see where Miriam comes, the fairest maid
Of all who strike Judea's matchless harp;

She seems half pale, half flushed, as if in dread
Or bursting with surprise. What means she here?

Enter a Shepherdess agitated.

Oh, father! what strange things are happening now!
I went at evening, looking for my doves,
To see if they were safe, when lo, they sat
Upon the cote-ridge, while a surging hawk
Went swooping round and round about their heads.
I screamed aloud, and cried, My darlings come;
But they sat motionless, and with meek eyes
Looked down on me, and cooed their notes of love,
As if they knew no danger in the sky.

A Shepherd comes in excitedly.

And tell me what this means: Upon the hill
Where my fair flocks were feeding quietly,
The great she wolf appeared, whom late we drove,
With all her whelps, back to her mountain den.
She sat upon her haunches, with the sheep
Before her very nose, and gave no sign
Of trying to steal off a tender lamb.
Most strange of all, the sheep themselves stood still
In unconcern, nor bleated loud, nor tried
To scatter from their dreaded enemy.

THE ANGEL.

No longer shall these simple-hearted swains
Remain in doubt. I will dispel their fears,
And tell them of the blest intelligence
That brings me in my sky-spun robes to earth.

He reveals himself in shining apparel.

ALL THE SHEPHERDS.

Oh, Father Abraham ! guard thy children now !
Who art thou of such high and mild aspect,
That e'en our flocks stand in no fear or dread
Right in the presence of their enemy ?

THE ANGEL.

Be of good cheer, and keep your souls in peace.
I come from Heaven to bring you joyful news.
Our Father, whom we worship near the throne,
And to whom we bow continually,
Called all the hierarchies and angel ranks,
And summoned them to hear His high decree.
They, bending low, laid by their golden harps,
And silent, listening stood : When thus he spake—
Thou, Michael, eldest of the Heavenly Powers,
Since Lucifer, whose everlasting fall
Shook all the realms of darkness, thou shalt bear
A second message to the sons of men.

In Bethlehem of Judea, thou shalt find
The Heavenly Babe, wrapped in his swathing bands
And in a manger meanly laid. Go thou
And tell the shepherds, feeding now their flocks
On yonder hills, that in their simple faith
They may, unto the limits of the earth
Dispense the glorious tidings, and proclaim
Peace and good will forever among men.
And as thou flyest, from thy glittering belt
Take off the brightest star, and hang it where
Those eastern sages, prompted now by me,
May follow westward on to Bethlehem.
Thou rememb'rest, when by the hand thou ledst
Adam, my chief delight, and Eve his spouse,
Tempted by that foul hypocrite in hell,
And sent them forth beyond the flaming gate,
To start and wander through earth's widest bounds,
And earn their bread, and toil, grow old and die.
Now be it thine the errand to perform
That to the woman's seed gives life again,
And born of her, my own bright essence pure,
Shall yield up life, to break death's hateful lease—
Then Shepherds, leave your flocks, for not a lamb
Shall fear or fall—such heavenly influence reigns
In this most blessed hour—and low salute
The Virgin Mother, sucking her dear Child
In these first breathings of your mortal air.
Now I must go, before the star of morn
Salutes the wakening East; these earthly dews

Must not be gathering on my purer robes,
That know no spot or stain in our clear sky,
Nor must I ruffle them, or bear a speck
Of this sin-woven earth to spoil in Heaven.

View of the City of Bethlehem. A stable in the foreground, with the Shepherds and Wise Men around it—A chorus of Virgins come in.

CHORUS.

Oh, Shepherds, come and listen to the song
We sing with timbrel, and with harp, and lute,
And you, ye Wise Men, coming from the East.
Our Father and our God, who led His tribes
Safe through the Sea, when all the following hosts
Of Pharaoh sank between the sundered waves,
Has sent His messenger with joyful news
For us to spread among the Gentile world ;
And it is meet that Judah's Harp should swell
The first glad echo rolling back to Heaven.
Oh, Zion, City of the living God,
Let Cherubim and Seraphim take up
The sound, and over blue Genesareth,
Where fishers dwell, and cast their nets for fish,
Who now shall spread their nets of love for men,
That they may be entangled ; nevermore
To toil and sail on treacherous seas again.
Ye Jordan's waves, be still, and you, ye hills
Of Lebanon, hold back your mountain snows,
And while the winds are tremulous with joy,

Let all your pines be hushed in deep repose.
Blesséd are they who shall be called by Him,
The meek and lowly of the earth to bear
The Apostles' holy name, and to go forth
Right to the purple folds of Cæsar's throne.
Let high Olympus tremble to his top,
And backward all Castalian waters flow,
Till the whole tribe of unanointed gods,
Have been chased back to Lucifer's dark realms.
Hail, Holy Mother, all we lost through Eve
Has been by thee in this blest hour regained.
Now Shepherds, we must cease our song, for lo !
The Blesséd Babe serene is fallen asleep,
Unweaned and quiet on His Mother's breast.



FANCY AND FACT.

THE poet wandered out abroad,
Among the fields and flowers of God.

The violet, from its moss cup through,
Looked heavenward with its eye of blue.

The stream ran murmuringly along,
And tuned his fancy to its song.

The robin from the apple-tree,
Its note of joy chirped merrily.

All things were fresh and blythe and gay,
On this June bridal holiday.

The Poet lay beneath the shade,
And sang the song the aspens made.

Now, man of science, do not scream
Because he had a pleasant dream.

And, man of fact, pray tell me why
He should not gaze with dreamy eye.

And, man of morals, all you know,
Could never half delight you so.

All sorts of scenes, and things, and weather,
To make a world, must come together.

The moral of my story teaches
What wisdom's sermon never preaches.

THE WOMAN'S EPITAPH.

IN IMITATION OF THE "POET'S EPITAPH," OF WORDSWORTH.

A RT thou a maiden in the prime
Of youthful beauty, strong and bold?
Beware of that unhappy time,
When thou may'st be a maiden old.

Or art thou one of spirit high,
No humbug, and a girl sincere?
Welcome, but drop thy vanity,
And pause to shed the pitying tear.

A leader art thou of the ton ;
With spangles decked and jewels bright ?
Approach, but do not tread upon,
This lowly spot of neutral light.

But here is one, who comes alone,
Meek-eyed and gentle as the dove ;
The graces all her virtues own,
And every motion speaks of love.

She is the queen of that bright spot,
Where nature gives the cue to art,
And never has she quite forgot
That we all have one human heart.

To common things of every day
She lends a soft and cheerful tone,
And while she rules with sweetest sway,
Would never dream she fills a throne.

Come hither, when the cares of life,
Press deeply on thy troubled heart,
Behold this Maiden, now a Wife,
And be thy choice the better part.

Art thou a maid of laureate hue,
A primrose wall-flower slim to see ?
Oh, lay aside thy stocking blue,
Lest she who sleeps may start at thee.

THE LAST OF LOVE.

THE pleasant dreams of youth are past,
And hope has plumed her wings to fly,
Yet I would here recall the last,
Before her pinions cleave the sky.

The Teian Bard but laughed, when told
To change his whitening locks by art,
For though, said he, I'm growing old,
The fires of youth are in my heart.

And thus the latest of my dreams
Are brightest of the rosy train,
As dying sunset radiance seems
To weave new light in heaven again.

We tried to put on wisdom, when
We read our books and went to school,
But after living years with men,
I've learned enough to be a fool.

Three times the urchin's arrow flew,
Three times my heart was bleeding laid,
And as the feathered shaft went through,
I heard the twang his bowstring made.

The fourth and last, he raised his bow,
And aimed it with his usual art,
But stopped to see me trembling so,
And turned aside the threatening dart.

I see, he said, that rascal Time
Has flung his snowflakes in the air ;
I find, in cold or sunny clime,
His withering footsteps everywhere.

But my dear mother told me, when
She nursed the bee-sting on my arm,
That if I struck old hearts again,
I'd find the blood still flowing warm.

With that he drew the string so quick,
I could not stoop or start aside ;
If I had seen the cunning trick,
His arrow would have wandered wide.

He clapped his wings and sang in glee,
That is the finest shot I've made,
And every drop of blood I see
Shall mark a white hair on your head.

For this you'll have the laugh on Time,
And if he shows his scythe, just bet—
And you may put this down in rhyme—
That I'll be even with him yet.

IN CHURCH.

ONE summer Sabbath morn in June,
When winds and leaves were keeping time,
And trembling in the softest tune,
To the church-going bells' clear chime.

I followed up the path for years
By our ancestral fathers trod,
Where, laying by their weekly cares,
They sought in faith to worship God.

I took my place, and laid my book,
In silent thought, upon my knee,
And toward the altar turned to look,
Through the stained window, out to sea.

And there between me and the light,
I saw the form I held so dear,
Bounding my stilled and dreamy sight,
And making heaven come down more near.

I heeded not the time or place,
I could not keep my thoughts away,
One hand held up her lovely face,
And all her body seemed to pray.

Oh, maiden with the golden hair,
And sunny eye of heavenly blue,
My soul forgot to worship there,
And wandered off from God to you.

MY FIRST QUAIL.

WHEN the winds were leafless in November,
And the chestnut burs hung sere and pale,
What a joy it was, I well remember,
Starting up the swift and arrowy quail.

From beneath my very feet he flutters,
Rises blindly and then whirs away,
Like a full-grown man who only stutters
When he tries to bring his words in play.

There he goes, and lights ; be careful, Ponto,
Follow now your nose, and steady, so,
You may stir him up before you want to,
For he now is in a heap, you know.

Ah, you have him, one forefoot uplifted ;
Do you see him there beneath the rail ?
Either you or he are surely gifted,
When you neither think of turning tail.

Now the spell is broken ; off he's spinning,
Wait a moment ; how the feathers fly !
Thus we hail our first and glorious inning,
Who is proudest, you, my dog, or I ?

FAHREWOHL ANS LEBEN.

A ROUND me fall the shades of night,
The darkness of a tyrant's reign ;
I watch to see the dawning light,
But watch in vain.

"No lane so long that has no turning,"
It fails as all have failed for me ;
There is no sign of days returning,
I cannot see.

Old house, and home, and sunshine bright,
Where oft I've wandered many a day,
Ye may not longer meet my sight,
I'm gwaen away.

Farewell ; there is no word more sad,
Among the living, when once said,
But "Farewell" sounds in echoes glad,
Among the dead.

THE HEAVENLY SYMBOLS.

A DREAMER dreamed he was in heaven,
No light of sun, or moon, or star ;
There was no morn, no noon, no even,
All brightness flowed supreme from Him,
Who sits between the Cherubim,
And dwells in glory, near and far.

And while he stood thus wondering,
An angel touched him with his wing,
And shook a spangle on his breast ;
It was a sign that he was known,
Before the King's eternal throne,
As an accepted wedding guest.

And lo ! a change of softest hue,
Spread all the enchanted region through,
And fell on every dazzling stone ;
And what before had seemed too bright
To meet the dreamer's earthly sight,
In rays of mildest beauty shone.

Each took a Virtue's modest face :
The diamond was Love's proper place,
 The ruby, Hope that shone afar ;
Affection to the sapphire lent,
The color of the firmament,
 And Faith, a form of crystal spar.

There the redeemed and ransomed stood,
An ever happy multitude,
 Before the dreamer's wondering eyes ;
And all the robes of light they wore,
Were Virtues which on earth they bore,
 As flowers made ripe for Paradise.

CONTENTMENT.

THE pleasant days soon will be coming,
When I shall hear the wild bees humming,
And feel the lilac breeze go by me,
Laden with fragrance wild and thymy ;
Sweetly the blossoms of the clover
Come to me all the far fields over,
The wheaten ears are gayly bending,
And to the west wind's song attending,
While from the boughs the birds are singing,
And earth with joyful music ringing.

I would not change my lowly cottage
For Jacob and his mess of pottage ;
To me it seems life's simple pleasures
Are worth the richest golden treasures.
By day a dreamy splendor haunts me,
Of happy fields, that quite enchant me ;
By night I see a fairy vision
Of starry hopes and scenes Elysian.

A KISS.

BECAUSE so soft and light, we call a kiss
The topmost sparkle in the cup of bliss.

SHAKESPEARE.

THIS is the man of many thousand minds,
Conductor on the world's great traveling car,
Who knew the passengers in all the trains,
And read their thoughts like pages in a book.
And died he in his grand climacteric,
Of home-brewed ale, the surfeit of a feast,
So the tradition runs and we believe.

BYRON.

IN Newstead Abbey still the skull is shown,
Used by Childe Harold as a wassail bowl;
The revelers are gone and all the lands,
But still this remnant of their feasts is there,
And there perhaps the troubled spirit waits,
Clinging to earth, because the gates of Heaven
Just closed upon it, mounting to the skies.

HOMER.

ART thou a hydra-headed man, or one?
Didst thou invent the Ionian Gods, and why
Select Olympus for their chosen seat?
They might have better ruled in Rhodope.
Old Jove and all his Pagans long are fled,
But thou remainest ever one to men,
Whether thou'rt Homer or the Homerides.

DANTE.

DREAD traveler, leave thy pagan guide awhile,
And tell us if the seething pitch still fumes,
As picturesque as in thy painted lines.
Has sad Francesca told her love again?
As thou went'st there from Florence, canst thou not
To Florence come again, and hear thy name
Reverenced above the mountain's sacred fame?

BURNS.

AULD Reekie, memorable was the ride,
Of Tam O'Shanter on his phantomed mare,
Along Kirk Alloway's witch-haunted walls ;
But Robin, while the Doon's low trees put on
Their green in spring, and violet moss-cups blue
Peep through the pastoral banks of wooded Ayr,
We'll pledge thee in a cup of Auld Lang Syne.

WORDSWORTH.

MILD, meditative poet, take thy place
Last in the trinity of English song.
He of the world's great stage, and he who sang
Of Heaven, are just before thee, but they turn
And greet thy coming with approving smiles.
Thy course now is right onward, following still
Forever in the light of setting suns.

MILTON.

MORE than astronomer, whose eye serene
Was purged to see Heaven's light, and pierce
the obscure
Of night and chaos ; as time circles on,
And Christian suns shine over seas and lands
Unknown to Tuscan artists, so thy fame,
Writ on immortal tablets shall increase,
Great Father of the Epic of the world.

LUCRETIUS.

ARE all thy verses atoms, doubting bard ?
Hap-hazard were thy lines, and all their words,
Blown up together like the desert sands ?
Why sing divinely if the mental film
Is only tangled cobwebs ? Better far
Never to be, than cheat thy sparkling soul
With cool, refined, brick-dust philosophy.

VIRGIL.

MOST sad, best loved of all the elder bards,
How shall a feeble tyro speak thy praise ?
The bees are humming to thy music still,
And every pastoral strain still breathes of thee.
The swift Camilla, scouring o'er the corn,
Made not more havoc among Trojan hearts,
Than thou hast caused for thousand years with men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THIS glorious dome thou seest, that holds the chair
Where once the chief Apostle sat, was worked
By one close on the verge of ninety years ;
He was a trinity within himself,
Painter and Sculptor, and in each divine,
And last of all, the Architect whose name
Stands highest on the roll of Christian fame.

BURNS.

AULD Reekie, memorable was the ride,
Of Tam O'Shanter on his phantomed mare,
Along Kirk Alloway's witch-haunted walls ;
But Robin, while the Doon's low trees put on
Their green in spring, and violet moss-cups blue
Peep through the pastoral banks of wooded Ayr,
We'll pledge thee in a cup of Auld Lang Syne.

WORDSWORTH.

MILD, meditative poet, take thy place
Last in the trinity of English song.
He of the world's great stage, and he who sang
Of Heaven, are just before thee, but they turn
And greet thy coming with approving smiles.
Thy course now is right onward, following still
Forever in the light of setting suns.

MILTON.

MORE than astronomer, whose eye serene
Was purged to see Heaven's light, and pierce
the obscure
Of night and chaos; as time circles on,
And Christian suns shine over seas and lands
Unknown to Tuscan artists, so thy fame,
Writ on immortal tablets shall increase,
Great Father of the Epic of the world.

LUCRETIUS.

A RE all thy verses atoms, doubting bard ?
A Hap-hazard were thy lines, and all their words,
Blown up together like the desert sands ?
Why sing divinely if the mental film
Is only tangled cobwebs ? Better far
Never to be, than cheat thy sparkling soul
With cool, refined, brick-dust philosophy.

VIRGIL.

M OST sad, best loved of all the elder bards,
How shall a feeble tyro speak thy praise ?
The bees are humming to thy music still,
And every pastoral strain still breathes of thee.
The swift Camilla, scouring o'er the corn,
Made not more havoc among Trojan hearts,
Than thou hast caused for thousand years with men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

T HIS glorious dome thou seest, that holds the chair
Where once the chief Apostle sat, was worked
By one close on the verge of ninety years ;
He was a trinity within himself,
Painter and Sculptor, and in each divine,
And last of all, the Architect whose name
Stands highest on the roll of Christian fame.

FAME.

THE living die, the dead are soon forgot,
Each generation pushes on apace,
And youth treads heavily on pallid age,
Till both at length, each in its turn, pass off.
The greatest conquerors are common dust,
Like common men ; were all equal in name,
There would be no high niche, no scroll of fame.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, Princess of Zell, was the wife of George Louis, Elector of Hanover, and afterward George the First, King of Great Britain. She carried on an intrigue with Philip Konigsmark, one of the handsomest libertines in all Europe. The Countess Platen, an old vixen, had made advances to him which he rejected. The denouement was his assassination by hired ruffians in her employ, which is the foundation for the following lines.

PRINCESS of Zell ! Oh, Princess of Zell !
You hear a footstep you know full well ;
Nearer it comes and still nearer—hark,
It is handsome Philip Konigsmark ;
He is come with horses and waiting-men,
To bear you far from the sensual den
Where Ernest Augustus, by night and day,
Is rioting body and soul away.

He will bear you to Saxony's fairest town,
Old in bulwarks and high renown,
Famous in art, and known in song,
The home of wonderful August the Strong,
Mightiest of men in mighty things,
Rolling up dollars like paper rings.

Princess of Zell ! Oh, beware of the eye
That is watching you lay your jewels by,
For the ugly Countess ill brooks the sight
Of him who spurned her, your handsome knight,
And Platen has placed her murderers where
Philip must first come out to the air,
While she in the darkness is waiting to see
The end of that fearful tragedy.

They dragged him away to her secret place,
She stamped her feet on his bleeding face,
Drowned him and in an oven burned.
In darkness came and so returned ;
And many a year went down with the tide,
Before they knew how Konigsmark died.

Princess of Zell ! Oh, never for thee,
Shall a kingdom stand waiting over the sea,
From that haughty nation whose drum-beat sounds
All through the earth's remotest bounds,
For the House of Brunswick holds the reins
From Canada's snows to India's plains,
While Hanover's star has passed away,
And all her proud Electoral sway.

THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

THE Angel of the Flowers, in keeping
His watch beneath the rose-tree's shade,
Filled with the rich perfume, fell sleeping,
Among the winds that round him played.
His was the task to feed the roses
With distilled drops of early light,
When Nature from her work reposes,
And all things kiss the brow of Night.

And as he woke from sleep refreshing,
Pleased with the rose-tree's grateful shade,
He breathed for her a silent blessing,
And to the modest flower thus said :
“ Ask ; I will give thee of my treasure,
And it shall be thy virgin dower,
In meet return for all the pleasure
Thou has bestowed on me this hour.”

“ Give me some newer charm.” He listened,
A moment wondering, as in loss,
Then, as his eye with softness glistened,
He plucked a simple tuft of moss,
And in a wreath its verdure twining,
He wove it round the blossom fair,
And now behold the Moss Rose shining
Loveliest of all her sisters there.

RETURN, JONATHAN.

RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS was the first Postmaster General of the United States. His mother refused to marry his father, but as he was going away recalled him with the words, "Return, Jonathan." The first boy was named from this happy omen.

R ETURN, I cannot bear to see thee go,
I own a pure and sinless love for thee ;
My heart meant "yes" while it was saying "no";
Return, then, Jonathan, return to me.

The hours are sad when thou art far away,
My heart is lonely though my eye is bright ;
Thou art a form of love to me by day,
Thy spirit haunts me in my dreams at night.

Think not that I am weak because I bow ;
My nerves but tremble in my fluttering heart ;
One little speck of earth divides us now—
I mean return, and canst thou thus depart ?

Return, I cannot bear to see thee go ;
Take all the love I freely offer thee ;
My heart meant "yes" while it was saying "no";
Return now, Jonathan, and stay with me.

TROUTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE morn was fair as ever on the wave
Of Hudson shone, and bright the advancing sun
Fell on the glittering sheen reflected off
To Jersey hills: we were a merry crew,
From books and figures bounding light and free,
Happy as children on a holiday.
How flew the pleasant course, the highland scene,
The river craft with their rich laden freight,
The crowning cities on the left and right,
And the shrill locomotive whistling by,
As though our palace-queen were standing still.
So passed the summer day ; the evening shades
Made all the distant Catskills look more blue,
As we sailed on to that time-honored strand
Where the old Knickerbockers quiet sleep,
Beneath the whirl of this tumultuous age.

We pass thy pleasant vale, Oriskany :
The Mohawk waters flow as brightly now
As when they heard the Red Man's battle cry ;
Old memories lie treasured in thy soil,
They last a generation, till the stir
Of new improvements sweeps them quite away.

Thus on we go until we leave the rail,
When the old stage coach sounds its winding horn,
And with its echoes we are back again
In the remembered days of Auld Lang Syne
When we were boys, near fifty years ago,
And saw it drive from out our village home
At early morn, or dash along the street
At eve, returning from the city's din.
The iron horse goes snorting to and fro,
Drawing his trains of passengers and freight
By day and night, where but one springing coach
Was all-sufficient for the daily work.
Since then what wondrous things have come to pass,
What startling changes made in human life
Within the limits of a single age.
Who can foretell the wonders that may burst
From out the generation coming on?

And so we travel to the wilderness,
Mount Marcy in the distance looming grave
High over all, a monarch in the clouds.
Hail to the mountain airs beneficent,
They cool our pulses fevered with the dust
That floats along the city's crowded mart.
Hail to the sparkling waters; sun and stream
Reflect a jubilee that seems to spread
Like a young Eden over nature's breast.
Up in the morning, rod and reel all right,

And the fine imitation insect spread,
Just ready for the glittering victim's spring.
How joyously we move along, like boys
Eager to mingle in their first day's sport.
This is the very spot, we know it well,
And many a story have we told at home
About it when the winter nights were long,
And children hung around with listening ears.
But Boys, before yon eastern sun half wanes,
Our robes, now dry, will be as moist and dank
As locks of mermaids sporting in the halls
Of Nereus' amber-wreathed and coral cave.

There is the fizz of rocks, the foamy whirl,
All backing down in holes and crevices,
Where our shy friends who last year looked askance
Have added newer speckles to their coats,
And quite forgot their former causeless scare.
We are the first in order, and in prime
At this bright hour—now for a glorious fling—
Throw off, who shall be King among us three?
Hurrah! three flies right on the pooly froth—
Prithee see there, behold, look, lo, Macbeth!
Three wavéd coats jump into the summer sun,
Three reels are spinning on three bended poles,
Three anglers follow down the foaming tide.
One landed, then a second, lay them out,
They would not make a pound between the two.
Stil there's nother in our trinity,

And by my faith, if these two eyes see right,
The man who holds the dry end of the line
Must play a cautious string: Down like a dog,
Or else your reel will snap—The line returns:
The fellow doubles like a hunted hare—
Back to the pool again—there, steady, now—
You've just escaped a new baptismal dip.
A half hour by the watch has passed away,
And our young prince is landing on the grass
Three sterling pounds of silver-sparkling coin.

It is a joy to live remembered days,
Though but a few, right in fair nature's heart,
For it revives the early pulse of life,
Ere time and care had thickened up the blood
And sent it backward to its native fount.
Blessings upon you; all ye hills and streams,
For your most blessed influence, and for man,
Forever kiss the ocean and the sky.

And thou deep valley, with one lonely house,
Thine is a memory that will not fade
With fading years. When other happy boys
Are gathered round thy pleasant evening fires,
Telling of each day's sport, we of the past
In our imagination still can share
The joys you feel, and still the circle join,
Of friends in council by the sparkling stream.

Ye speckled tribe, whose gold-eyed plumage curls
The mountain pools, tipping their sheen-like sparks,
Play hither till another dog-day's sun
Recalls us to your caverns cool and green.
Or it may be as it has been before,
Some larger flies will tempt us from our holes,
When we, like you, may play awhile in vain,
And then be landed on the shining sward,
Never again to sport in pastures free.

THE NEW L' ALLEGRO.

WHY should I not have a jolly good time of it
While I am living here on the earth?
I cannot see what, for my life, is the crime of it,
Since I outlived the hour of my birth.

Why should I live as if I were all the time dying,
Rather than pleasure's golden cup be quaffing?
Should I prefer to be sighing, and weeping, and crying,
Rather than merry, and dancing, and laughing?

A fig for all the united wisdom of ages,
If such is the true philosophy,
Better to shut up all the wild birds in our cages,
Than let them fly out over nature free.

THE CRUSHED FLOWER.

O H, spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The tender creature of a day,
Let it live out its little hour,
And pass away.
Too soon its fleeting charms must lie,
Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown,
Oh, hasten not its destiny,
Too like thy own.

The breeze will come this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone ;
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.
Oh, spare and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye ;
And look from out its lowly bed
Up to the sky.

Spare, then, this humble monument
Of the Almighty's power and skill,
And let it at His shrine present
Its homage still :
He made it who made naught in vain,
He watches it who watches thee,
And He can best its date ordain,
Who bade it be.

A NODE.

[Addressed to the Onondaga Statute by the late K. N. Pepper, Esq. 1867.]

YOU are a wonder and you ought to be, for if you
were not,

I should like to know in the name of all creation, what
Would be thought of you lying there as you have been
For a longer or shorter time, altogether unseen
And unbeknown to our whole scientific race,
Who know enough of the earth's strata to give you a
place

Just exactly where you belong, and when you were found
But two or three feet below the top of the ground,
You immediately excited suspicion as to whether you
were

A petrification, or had been fraudulently placed there
By some hisalutin sculpt, who thought a sensation
Of the kind would take with the universal Yankee
nation.

Now you are moved from your bed, and every one can
see

For himself what you are likely to turn out for to be.
Whether a real giant, one of the original
Anakim who flourished and happened to be primeval
With Noah and other old patriarchs, is not yet

Decided, and cannot be satisfactorily,
Even in these fast days of this nineteenth century,
Until your age is determined, and if that is young,
You will never be heard of and not at all sung
By future historians; but if you really are old,
You will get a pull on posterity that will hold
Good on all coming time, and the far-famed Apollo
And Venus Belvedere you will beat all hollow.

I will make a small bet, two to one, that the great
Geologist, Mr. Hall, of the Empire State,
Is right on the start, and you will turn out for to be
A statute of the very highest antiquity.
You are not a petrifaction, and God forbid
That you should have been for so many years hid
In gypsum or plaster of Paris, which is quite new,
And so great statute, I bid you an affectionate adoo.



THE CREOLE SLAVE.

A SOUND came booming o'er the sea,
A shout of welcome strain,
It spoke glad tidings to the free,
The slave has burst his chain ;
He who so long on freedom's shore
The servile badge of bondage wore,
Shall wear it ne'er again ;
He claimed the boon his Maker gave,
And God looked down and blessed the slave.

Why will ye grieve that he has won
His own in nature's right ?
As well look sad to see the sun
Come from the shades of night ;
As well look sad to see him rise
In beauty up the eastern skies,
Rejoicing in his might ;
Who mourns the triumph of the brave
Is only fit to be a slave.

Free from the master's villain rod,
He struck a noble blow,
Free in the image of his God
Wherever he may go ;
No floating prison e'er can keep

Its kenneled victims on the deep
Whose waves unfettered flow,
The ocean highway of the free
Where all may strike for liberty.

Virginia, thou who claim'st to be
The birth-place of the brave,
Canst thou in silence stand and see
The freeman made a slave?
Thou, whose fair land and generous earth
Was freedom's home and glory's birth,
Their cradle and their grave?
Will this give honor to thy name?
Thy sons should blush to call it fame.

Back to his slavery? Ah, well,
Back through the stripes and stars,
Freedom's historian then shall tell
The herald's sinister bars;
But mark, old land of Presidents,
You're paved, like hell, with good intents,
Like that, you'll end in wars;
The child now lives who yet will see
Your bondmen and your serfs go free.

LONDONDERRY.

1869.

ROUND the walls of Londonderry as I wandered
to and fro,
Through the shady mist of ages came the forms of long
ago,
Forms that gathered on the ramparts, when the clouds
of war rolled dark,
Like the sons of royal Judah clustering round the cap-
tive Ark.

From the ancient Pale of Ulster, with their strong hearts
true and warm,
Came the men of Enniskillen, mustering for the com-
ing storm,
Men who never stayed or faltered when their faith was
in the scale,
And they stand to-day as ever, foremost in the ancient
Pale.

There the 'Prentice Boys of Derry shut their gates
against the foe,
With the watchword, No Surrender while the Lord of
Hosts we know ;
We bow only in His presence, ruler of the earth and sea,
And we think that we are freemen, since His Son has
made us free.

Royally they kept that promise when DeRosen gathered there,
Aged men and helpless women with their children pale
and fair ;
And he blustered and he threatened, if the keys were
not sent in,
They should die as common martyrs for a cause they
could not win.

But there rose a stately gallows where the ramparts
loomed most high,
And each sad and helpless prisoner there was summoned
sure to die ;
Die like ancient sacrifices when the Hamens dealt in gore,
And pretended to read backward what was going on
before.

Then the hosts of the besiegers threw a chain across
the stream,
And they fastened it with irons to a strong and rounded
beam,
Hoping thus to add new terror to the height of war's
alarms,
And to do through lean-eyed famine what they could
not do by arms.

Thirty ships from London sailing, anchored near the
leaguered town,
Laden by her royal merchants with a charter from the
crown ;

For the ancient Guilds determined that their brethren
should not fail
While a vessel could weigh anchor from Thames water
to the Pale.

Hence the name of Londonderry, breaking thro' the
boom and chain,
And we know that now forever must the double name
remain ;
Celt and Saxon mixed together, warring for the ancient
sign
That was given by the Saviour on the hills of Palestine.
Near the old and gray cathedral, where the grass is
waving high,
In a sloped and vaulted archway, there the bold Defend-
ers lie ;
And their bones though heaped together bleach as clear
on memory's page
As if they had been deciphered for a prehistoric age.

Northward from the Royal Bastion, high above the
Bog-side soil,
Stands the statued form of Walker, pointing down the
winding Foyle ;
Here at each returning winter, when the wind blows
bleak and raw,
Do they burn the form of Lundy, counting him a man
of straw.

And though modern form and statute may set up a newer light,
Trying by their legislation to keep old things out of sight,
Still the memory is cherished of those brave true-hearted men,
And the cry of No Surrender is their watchword now as then.

Thus, Oh, men of Londonderry, does a wanderer from abroad,
Walking on your wall and ramparts, thank the ever-living God
For the record pointing backward, of a race which then he sees,
Latest of the race heroic, sung by blind Mæonides.

ON THE ABOVE.

ONE dream of life is realized by me,
The spot from which my fathers came I've seen,
And I have heard their cry of liberty,
Tho' more than six-score years have rolled between ;
Hail to the land whose sons still keep the trust
Their sires bequeathed them from the silent dust.

JUNE.

FOR thee, sweet month, the opening roses bloom,
And all the garden yields a rich perfume ;
Waved over by thy soft and balmy breath,
That even glorifies the brow of death.

I'LL MEET THEE, LOVE, IN HEAVEN.

SHE died, we gave her unto death,
I could not deem it true,
So gentle was her parting breath,
Life seemed begun anew.
No wandering eye, no heaving chest,
But this was all the sign,
One hand she placed upon her breast,
The other laid in mine.

Hers was the silent trust and love,
That never turn aside,
The purity of heart above
All earthly thoughts beside.
A waft of death fell silently
Across her face at even,
She murmured, Love me, though I die,
I'll meet thee, love, in heaven.

AUGUST, 1853.

COME, and from our western window
Look upon this pleasant scene,
Waters, trees, and waving corn-fields,
And the meadow's softest green.

On the river in the distance,
See the sail-craft gliding by ;
Over there the locomotive
With its shrill and whistling cry.

And at evening, in the silence
Of the summer's starry brow,
Comes the west wind thro' the lattice,
Murmuring pleasantly and low.

Then a thought comes o'er my spirit,
And I trace the name of one
Who has fallen away behind us,
As the shadows from the sun.

She had gathered many lessons,
Lessons of the things of life ;
And in languor and in sickness,
Borne thro' smiles the mortal strife.

But her day of hope was finished,
 Finished as its joys begun ;
When the violets in spring-time
 Blossomed, all her work was done.

Then we laid her in the church close,
 Where a sleeping mother lay,
There to sleep at rest forever,
 Till the earth shall pass away.

“DAS IST DER TAG DES HERNN.”

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THIS is the day of God,
 In the wide fields I stand alone,
The morning bell is passing on,
 Then silence all abroad.

I kneel adoringly,
Oh, sweet, mysterious, soothing sound,
Sure many kneel unseen around,
 And worship here with me.

Near, far, the heavens outspread,
All clear, all bright, the glorious sun,
Blessing whate'er he shines upon,
 The day that God has made.

DAS SCHLOSS BONCOURT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

IN a dream I go back to my childhood,
And shake my locks of gray ;
How ye crowd on the far-off vista,
Ye visions I deemed passed away.

High through the foliage shining,
There glistens a lordly tower ;
I know each bulwark and turret,
And bridge and mossy door.

And from the armorial bearings,
The welcoming lions look down,
I greet them as old companions,
And under the arch pass on.

The Sphinx lies there by the fountain,
The fig-tree yonder gleams,
And here, inside of this window,
Come the earliest of my dreams.

I stand in the walls of the chapel,
My ancestor's tomb to find,
I see it, and there his old gauntlet,
Hangs down from the pillar behind.

And reading the ancient inscription,
A mist falls on my sight ;
Tho' there through the painted window,
Come the rays of softened light.

Thou art standing, Oh ! Hall of my Father,
To my mind's eye strong and clear ;
But lo, from the earth disappearing,
The plough goes over thee here.

Be faithful, dear earth, as ever,
Still fondly I bless thee now,
And on him be a double blessing,
That over thee guides the plough.

But I to my destiny yielding,
Will go with my harp in my hand,
Wandering the wide world over,
And singing from land to land.



A THOUGHT.

THE common teachings of the things of life
Are daily lessons to the thoughtful mind,
All that appears most pleasant to the eye,
Or to the heart a gentle language speaks,
Early or later seen, at evening heard,
Or morning in the city's crowded walk,
Or in the quiet Sabbath air of God,
Are silent registers which nature keeps
For old experience. Hither, in the hour
Of calm retirement, when a hush is laid
Over the wakeful passions, there returns
A messenger from Memory, to look up
The landmarks by the way; and when he sees
A fading or obliterated trace,
If there has been a spirit hovering round,
Weeping forgetful tears, by a soft touch,
A backward breathing of the airs of time,
There comes a restoration and a change.
A glimpse of shadowy things which are not so,
But have been real, now are seen
As they have been, and with them is the power
To make a new philosophy, to form
A demonstrative faculty that gives,

Not newer lessons, but a newer art,
Better to read old things, and so to make
A conformation and transfiguring,
That there shall be no mystery so deep
Or faith so high that does not throw a light
Even beyond the confines of the grave.

For the Imagination is not given,
As some have reasoned, merely to put on
A coloring of life, and as an art
Studied or worshiped, to disrobe the truth
Of some part of its own reality,
Or by the sense of a refining charm
To level the rough places of the mind,
Or act as architect to Time, and make
A sober mellowing, a soft, hazy tint,
That shall so wrap the darkness of the Past
As to let in a sombre light, and add
Something that is not, has not been, and yet
So natural appears that were it gone,
Something still would be wanting. Rather say
It gives no separate combination, makes
No change but such as by its own true power
It gains from Passion, Passion restrained or free ;
Then by the intellect so modified,
And Feeling also, as to join all things
Together, and by universal power,
Mould them in common fusion of the mind.

Thought, it is true, has no poetic eye,
No image of the outer show of life,
Other than what the practical mind takes in
By slow degrees, and only so to build
A fabric that shall correspond, and make
The inner motive represent the act
As it may be. But for the sake of truth—
So passing strange are all realities—
Is added something of a shadowy cast,
Which does not settle like a pall, but lies
Like sunbeams in the forest, falling through
A foliage of green, and making that
Which still was so appear more beautiful ;
And by a combination of soft light
And mellowing air, to the inanimate things
Gives a pervading influence, which at last,
Is taken to the heart in silent joy.

And thus it is that in this world of ours,
There is an equal lesson to be learned
By Man and Boy. For tho' diviner light
May shine from heaven upon the starry eye,
And in its contemplation fall beyond
The common thought ; and tho' the higher range
Of abstract science seems an outer pale,
Where natural emotion cannot come,
Yet is there more of pride and forced conceit
Than what we know ; and in the silent hour,

When that shall come which seems to lift the veil,
And lays a secret terror on the mind,
An undefined and undefinable dread
Beyond all speculation, how much then
Beyond the modesty of truth, whose eye
Is sacred never to explore what faith
Leaves unrevealed, there comes the level hand
That pushes thought from her aspiring throne,
Imagination falling low as death,
As a return to life, a wake from sleep,
Such is the renovation that brings back
The primal gift, the power original,
Whose influence has been overlaid and lost
By a neglected growth and rank decay
Of the luxuriant heath, and like the fire
That sweeps the grass and flowers together down,
And leaves a blackened stubble, where new life
Springs from the vegetable mould, so here
Will an uprooting be, a burying up
Of rotten things, things once that on the mind,
Lay rank as flags upon the sullen marsh,
Where the frog croaks unseen from out the pool.

The ways of death are many—so the song
Of nearer inspiration, whose high verse
And argument have so enrapt the world,
Records them in the darker catalogue.
Also of life, the life that dwells with us,

Which has so many sweet things for the sense,
For eye and heart, amid the genial growth
That springs around, and ever with the change
Of each revolving year appears again,
And in its silence flourishes on earth ;
And this it is that gives us joy in love,
Love in whose knowledge is the sight of death,
As being the bound and limit of its life.
And with it is the consciousness that feels
The power of sacred things, the exalted thought
That rises from the very fear, whose look
Turns downward with averted glance, and peers
Into the darkness ; and of this is born
A mental combination, partly seen
In Reason's likeness, in Reflection seen,
And Passion also, sublimated first
By the Imaginary Will ; but chief
And highest of all, felt in the living heart,
Whose pulses beat harmonious to the call
Of Nature's music ; in the soul of him
Who loves to wander where the song is heard
Of summer air and flowers, and in the woods
Listens to flowing waters and the noise
Of winds among dry leaves, or when the sun
Falls in the evening, with the laborer talks,
Home from his work returning, learning thus
A counteracted lesson which may be
Unto refinement a corollary,

Showing true pride of thought which only is
Humility, nor less nor more than this.
There is no stay or decrease to the growth
Of this high principle, because its end
Though over and beyond the things of life,
Yet takes them with it, equal bears them on,
Earth-born but bound for heaven, and hence it is
That sometimes unto these there comes a light
Of such serene and sunny influence,
That e'en hallucination then is faith,
And faith lost in the living sea, where lies
A shadowy picture of the eternal world.

I might go on, but for the hope, the fear
Of what is not—the song is silent here.

A S O N G .

I F I could measure all the days,
Since first I vainly strove
To trace the dark and hidden ways
That circle human love,
I might perhaps with better truth,
Begin to love anew,
Forget the promised joys of youth,
And later sorrows too.

But now a happiness unknown,
E'en in that fancied clime,
Comes like the still and dreamy tone
Of noon-day summer time;
Yet still the thought with thee to live,
Through every passing day
Is what my dreams could never give,
And cannot take away.

AN EXTRACT FROM LIFE.

LIFE and the mysteries of Life are one—
They compass us as earthly shadows fall
From evening's sun, that stretching on the earth,
Lie like our bodies in the grave. By this
Is felt an influence from afar, that gives
A deeper meaning to all common things.
Makes the transfiguration of our joys
And burden of our sorrows but a tie
That binds in better sympathy the hearts
Of all mankind, and opens to the sun
What else might lie in darkness, or such light
As gleams along the pathway of the dead.
Impulse and feeling are allied so near,

That in the jostle of the world they pass
As brothers, and the cynic from his tub
Looks on his nose, and smiles a bitter smile,
When they go by, to think how a few years
Will stay an eager footstep, how a thought,
A care, a love, will come with shadowy blight,
And send that footstep backward on the past.
Cold, surly prophet, thy grim eye was right
In its anticipation of the power
That comes with long experience of life.
But thou art wrong not less in what thou knowest,
Than more in what thou hast not felt, or felt
As the parched traveler feels the simoon blast ;
For that is better knowledge not to know,
Than knowing to put off the better use,
And have no joy but in the croaking tongue—
Which might learn wisdom from the solemn owl,
And screech in its own darkness : I have learned
A lesson in this mazy world, and read
With more sublime attraction what it wrote
Upon the cloud that covered every star
When the brightest of all went out : It said,
Not in the depths of thy own heart, the grief
Within a second and a deeper grief ;
Look thou nor linger there, but raise thine eyes,
And to the power that stands beside thee now,
Stronger than what the fabled gods of old
Placed by the new-born infant, ere the earth
Had touched her awful ward, and bore its front

Up to the stars, look thou, and to the skies
Where thy still prayer is symbolized in a soul,
Who taught thee by a visible worship here,
And teaches still, invisibly, above.

Ay, there has passed for me on time and tide,
A life within a life, a sign, a spell,
A picture as of heraldries inwove
Upon the darker canvas, a red gleam,
Paintings by hieroglyphics on the brain,
Or telegraphs whose signals read afar,
Like blazing rockets, or perhaps the fugue
Of some tumultuous dream, startling the nerves,
And shattering all their motions into one.
Yet was it real, born of noon-day life,
Walking on earth among the common things
Of daily labor and of daily rest.
And oft the shapes of my imaginings
Have so transformed themselves, so borne the form
And breath of living numbers, that the hour
When the last plague fell on my heart, and blew
A blast that it should rise before I died,
Has closed as with a panoply the pall
Of mortal sorrow, and from thence has drawn
No sad funereal music, but a song,
An anthem, as from some cathedral choir,
Where thro' each storied arch, the organs blare
Rose on a pomp of summer clouds to heaven.

Therefore it is that I who always feared,
The sound of my own voice, now gather strength
To register this Extract, but the pen is slow
To trace the thought, and thought is long
Maturing the creations of the brain ;
And even all realities when past,
Like infant faces, soon dislimn themselves,
And by pursuing shadows, pass away
To indistinct ideas : This for me
Is all so true, that I would fain believe
It were less so, yet not for that I doubt
Or ponder ; rather as the actual World
Advances to the front, would I recede,
So that the dimmest of these truths may come
As the interpretation of a dream.

But understand, all individual thought,
Experience, action, even the soul itself,
Are bound in unity by one great storm
That swept through life. I am not of the Act,
But of the chorus, standing by the stage,
As in the Athenian tragedy. I speak
Nothing essential, that already is ;
I come between the pauses where great truths,
Secrets of mighty passions, have been stirred,
Suggesting to their minds what might be said,
Had only time been given them to think.

Reader who laughest at this, I tell thee here
There have been such deep plays through all the world,
Acted behind the curtain, that the smile
Would be put off, were but one part revealed,
And that the least our language may describe ;
Or if that smile must come, let it then come
Repellent, as sea-foam bells, given to the shore
By lashing tides, whose voices run along
The sands in echoes of such laughter, as
Each wave greets the returning fugitive.

Layers of thought fall softly on the brain,
As light on light, ideas, images,
In one vast aggregate, all covered up,
Not buried, but by some potential charm,
Some tragic spell that thro' the dreaming mind
Comes with delirium, disturbed yet sane,
Some great convulsion, for an instant burst
In central force, last, by the hour of death
To be revealed, revived, restored, renewed,
And walk again on this side of the grave.

Thus for this Extract, has the power of life
Within a deeper life, by signal lights
Thrown on the tablets of the brain, unrolled
Its fine memorial parchments, to be read
With such interpretation as may give
No steady meaning, partially unsound,
For the strong reason they were all too true.

That season when we hail the birth of Christ
Came round for each, for all, came on for one
Who, with the children of her father's house,
Had hailed it from afar, and year by year
Hung many clustering wishes on its tree.
And it is beautiful, this gathering
At such a time, smiles on old faces, bright
With welcome for each wanderer from home.
And with them a new generation comes
To wake again old halls with mirth, to shake
The floors again with music, and the ringing sound
Of voices filling every room with song.
Yes, I believe by this, God does take care
Of his religion; and that for the young
In this especial manner, he has wove
A chain of love to draw them to himself.
And further I should say, that whereso'er
His Church has been established, and a child
Sees daily reverence paid, habitual thought
Of sacred things, thanksgiving from the hearts
Of parents for His love, there be content:
Then take no thought of worship for that child,
More than for how the lilies will be dressed,
Or ravens feed their young. And more than this:
I never learned to bow the heart or head
Before imagination, or to make
A symbol for God's image and His thought
In my own breast, and so have rather looked
Beyond the lawny robe and mitred brow,

Beyond that altar, to His sun and sky,
And all the broad illimitable world.
Yet not the less has a mild gladness come,
And better aspiration, for the hope,
The blessed symbol, keeping green the heart
And earlier worship of the infant tongue,
That blends with childish happiness the love
Of that grand truth, grandest of all for man:
Not now as of Judea, on those coins
Of Rome's device, low, with her veiled head
Bowing beneath her palm-trees, but raised up
Aloft, erect, and working by the power
Of mightiest agencies, those memories
That cling forever, as when youthful arms
Are clasped around a mother's neck, or smiles
Of a young sister's love fall through long years
Of separation; and such thoughts, I think,
Are justified, both by the loveliness
Of their own power, and by the joy they leave
For after years; let them live on and write
God's Christianity on all young hearts;
Ay, name the symbol, name it right, and say,
Here Superstition grasps the arm of Faith,
A Faith that points the upward road to Heaven.

It was a village hid among green trees
In summer-time; a pastoral landscape spread
Down from the hill, where the swart husbandman
Planted and reaped his harvests. Many years

Of patient toil had worked upon the face
Of nature, and her garnished liveries,
Ruddy and gold with every season's change,
Still wore the last autumnal russet brown.
But once their fields woke to another sound,
And once an echo ran along the earth
Of mailéd footsteps, when the darkest hour
Of heaven seemed gathered o'er the patriot cause,
And all was sombre as the midnight cloud.
Lo, there was not a messenger to come
From where the river ran, nor sound of broken ice
To reach the College walls, when Mercer fell,
And that has passed away, and years have made,
And the remembrance of those stirring times,
A halo as of some green glory rest
Upon the classic shade, when from afar,
Her sons have doubly hallowed her renown,
And honored her by whom their honor came.

Here let me pause, and you who read these lines
Remember that the agency I bear
Is *now* outside, but *then*, I would have said,
It is a dream, I know not what I feel,
Or feel imperfectly what cannot be,
For neither thought nor reason act direct
In great emergencies, such as control
All individual being, nor do clouds
Of deep affliction roll away at once
Into the open sunshine ; they depart

And come again, filling the vacancy
Of clearer daylight, like the natural clouds
That rest on mountains, wheeled in driving troops,
By under-currents, right against the sun,
Or piled in fantasies and vaporous forms,
That come and go between the earth and light.

Blessings, like crowns, are on their heads, whose voice
Goes forth in music, and the joy of song
That falls as summer dew falls on the earth.
For them God gives a great reward, and makes
Their home in sunny hearts, their presence sweet
In every season, and their memory
The perfume of spring flowers perennial.
Some early he has taken to himself,
In their own spring, as children of our love
Are taken, and like them, forever young
They live, and all their thoughts fresh evergreens
Within the woods of nature. The matured
Have sung their song, some in varieties
Of common life, its characters, its plays,
And deeper lessons, making all things round
Sacred as truth ; some by the influence
Of higher feelings, have gone up on wings
Of adoration, and their song still lives
In heaven. No poet I, all but the will
Is weak, weak as the haze of autumn skies,
When Indian Summer creeps among dry leaves,
Bringing a languid air. Yet Oh, how oft

Has even the wild aspiration come,
That something of the Spirit and the Power
Might be vouchsafed, something of that pure breath
To catch my listless sail, and speed my bark,
Wafted on singing waters down to fame.

Yes, ever have there lived on earth some hearts
Whose freshness, hour by hour, has been renewed,
As monthly roses, breathing every morn
The luxury of life, the power to feel
Thro' sweetness and thro' sadness, any change
With welcome and endearance. Such have lived
As priests of nature, and though unexpressed,
Her music has been unto them a thought
Of silent happiness, her knowledge rich
In many languages, and most of all,
Her pleasures changing, yet in all the same;
Have so attempered every joy, so filled
The vacant hour of sorrow, that the whole
Is like a landscape living to the sight,
Of trees grown strong by rising to the sun,
And shrubs that bend before the stormy blast,
Leaving them harmless, like them when they die.
Aged or young they die a natural death,
And sleep, the green turf growing on their graves,
Lighted by starry lamps that never die.

Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth,
All of the heavens above and earth below,
Are with thy glory filled, and sing thy praise.

Religion is the poetry of life,
In truth and spirit, for the heart that lives
In daily worship, and communion holds
With God in his own presence, has a love
For all his creatures, and a blessing given,
That never rises from the depths alone
Of hidden feelings, nor the impulses
Of higher promptings coming uncontrolled,
And working by mysterious sounds unknown,
For that is not Imagination, though
Mistaken oft, which sends the spirit forth
In nameless missions, wandering in the wilds
Of incoherency, without the thought
Or scarce the symbol of true holiness,
Hence the enthusiast his altar builds
Of sacred relics, paintings, images,
All gods for him, and hence the fanatic
Has dreamed of inspiration, farthest each
From the pure source of truth ; she never touched
A lip with fire but from the coals of heaven.
For look, the prophets do not live, the hour
Of man's redemption long since has been passed,
And that but once, no more ; now are the ways
Of Providence, God's open book to man,
Upon a sure foundation laid, which none
Can turn or change, else all is but a dream.

MEMORY.

DAYLIGHT is fading in the evening air,
And twilight splendors softly linger there,
On the green earth and on the silvery bay,
The woods and waves in gentle slumber lay.

It is the hour when Memory loves to weep.
The waking visions time has lulled to sleep :
Pleasures far down in youth's bright sunny days
When all seemed fair to Hope's enchanted gaze.
The murmuring sounds that charmed the silent shade,
The forest music of each glen and glade,
The streamlet playing on its channeled course,
The mountain torrent sweeping in its force,
The woodland walk, the whispering of the boughs,
The moonlit hushed repose when lovers vows
Gave to loved hearts all love could hope to claim,
And stamped it theirs, the magic of a name :
These, Memory, these, thy valued treasures all,
Oh, who would blight thy garnered festival.

Bright are the waters that so gently roll
In calm persuasion o'er the placid soul,
Away, away, borne back by fancy's tide,
Down, down, the swift and silent stream we glide,
Now lingering on the smooth expanse we stay

And feel the morning of life's little day,
Taste all the sweets it flings up to the sun,
Cull all its flowers, thro' all its pleasures run,
From gay delights to gayer pleasures spring,
Rise on Imagination's fairy wing,
And clasp in thought each glimmering hope afar,
Like twinkling splendors from a distant star.

Such is the sunshine of life's early dawn,
So softly roll the waves of gladness on ;
The joyous bark careering on the gale
Spreads to the breeze her light and fluttering sail,
Speeds her gay course thro' shining seas below,
With scarce a ripple in their silent flow.

Sweet are the tears by holy Virtue shed
To weep the sad remembrance of the dead ;
Thrice sacred is their influence on the heart,
Thrice blest the hallowed calmness they impart,
Pure as the dews from heavenly clouds distilled,
They give to sorrow all that love can yield,
Light up within a pure and burning flame
That shines undimmed forever and the same.

Look on the waste of years ; seest thou no spot
Where soft affection loves to linger not ;
No sunbright verdure on the desert gloom,
No light to pierce the darkness of the tomb ?
Has she then left, whom most thy soul adored,

No look, no thought, for memory not a word?
Is there no faith that lingers round her rest,
To waft its sunshine to thy troubled breast?

Oh, know ye not the peace-delighted hour
That drew its gladness from love's magic power?
The silent gaze, the rapture-thrilling tone,
That speaks no other language but its own,
The whispering sigh, the soft, impassioned kiss,
Waking affection's dearest dream of bliss?
Aye, let those tears bedew thy manly eye,
'Tis all dead virtue asks for love gone by,
'Tis all she asks to deck the shadowy tomb
Where sleeps in dust her early-withered bloom.

Come with me to my forest haunts alone,
And I will give you knowledge yet unknown;
Come when the last bright star of day is gone,
And sunset shadows deepen on the lawn:
Come when the Hesperian planet bursts the night
And clothes the earth in robes of mellow light.
Leave your dull hearths and hasten to the wood,
'Tis sweet to be there with calm solitude.

Ye'll know my palace by its dress of green.
'Tis lighted by the moonbeam's silvery sheen.
The music that adorns my festive halls
Are sighing winds and murmuring waterfalls.
There shall you see, as oft mine eyes have seen

On every deepening shade and meadow green,
On every flower that blooms in beauty there
And spreads its sweetness to the scented air,
On every stream that rolls its rippling sound,
And every rock with moss-grown verdure crowned,
A glowing language speaking to the soul,
Love in each part, and grandeur in the whole,
Traced by eternal hands on Nature's page,
And stamped enduring there from age to age.

By night, by day, mid thunders, clouds and storms,
The lightning's lurid glare, the flashing forms
Revealed amid the tempest's awful roar,
Like foaming breakers on the desert shore,
Ye shall but see my guardian angels nigh,
Commissioned down from watch-towers in the sky.

Or if you rather choose the silent shade
Deep in the heart of some sequestered glade,
Where the low shadows gather o'er the dell,
And pensive Contemplation loves to dwell,
We'll wander there by twilight's solemn hour
And woo the calmness of the greenwood bower.
Far from the scenes of tumult and of strife,
The rolling din and busy hum of life,
Our path shall be where peaceful streamlets wind
And shed their hallowed influence on the mind ;
And when in robes of peerless beauty dressed,

The full-orbed moon is passing to the west,
When by the silvery light that gleams afar
And twinkles from the throne of every star,
We see the glories of the burning zone
Unveiled, undimmed, together, yet alone,
Then by the love that binds the rolling sphere,
By all the blessings of each opening year,
By Memory's silent shadows stealing on
From present joys to days of pleasure gone,
By all the hopes that pierce life's dismal gloom
And shine on worlds beyond the voiceless tomb,
Learn from the glorious order of their frame,
Through countless years, from age to age the same,
The truths by Nature thus conveyed to man,
And to those truths conform Life's little span.

Aye, for the same unchanging love, whose power
We know and feel in every passing hour,
When we and ours have left this transient scene
And joined the waveless tide of what has been,
Shall rule unchanged, harmonious and sublime,
And smile through nature to the end of time.

DEATH OF THE PATROON.

WHEN Spring, with blossoms bright and gay,
Lingers no longer on the earth,
When summer winds have died away
At Autumn's birth,
We pluck the rich and ripened grain
And yellow fruits that strew the ground,
Nor weep when Winter shuts again
The seasons round.

Thus, when I turn to those who die
And find how many friends appear,
I do not mourn them gone, but sigh
That I am here :
Though in their damp and gloomy bed,
Cold and decayed their bodies lie,
I know their spirits are not dead
But live on high.

There was a friend whom once I knew,
I miss in his accustomed place,
That aged form no more I view,
Nor see his face ;

Among the sons of men he stood
In deeds of love a peerless one,
And many hearts have blessed the good
His hands have done.

He rests in peace, and died the death
The righteous saint would wish to die,
In gentle sleep gave up life's breath
Without one sigh:
The eyes that spoke affection true,
And gathered round his dying bed,
Gazed on his soft repose, nor knew
That he was dead.

Farewell, departed, happy shade,
We hail thee in yon world of bliss,
They tell thee there that thou hast staid
Too long in this;
Weep not, dear friends who mourn him most,
This pledge to you by faith is given,
The sinless soul that earth has lost,
Is won in Heaven.



THE CITY EREMIT.

OFT I have read of hermits in their cells,
And how they lived on withered grass and nuts,
And drank the crystal stream ; and then, at eve,
They laid them down upon a bed of leaves,
And dreamed of heaven ; such dreams may come to
them,
But I, for one, would like to be excused
From tasting bliss upon this earth like that.
And if a vision of the unknown land,
Not yet explored by eyes of mortal men,
Is based upon the driest kind of chips,
I would much rather have a right good time
Before the worm crawls over me, than sleep
As if the earth and heavens were made of pulse.
And walking in the city's boundless stretch,
Most strange and wonderful it seems to me
That any friar of orders gray, or white,
Or black, or red, or colors otherwise,
Should ever seek a solitude elsewhere,
In mountains, ancient caves, or on old trees,
Held by the night-owl as a dwelling-place
On a perpetual lease, and where he leaves
No room for modern comers. If you found
The oldest man that ever plucked red berries,

And thought that he was serving God the best
By living out his life in such a way,
And asked him how much happiness he had
In his communion with the toads and snails,
You'd find that when he came to sum it up,
It would not count for sun-dried abstinence
More than a row of figs. There is a pride
In boasting poverty as boasting wealth,
And he who being poor, and knowing that he is,
Seeks to display his poverty in cells,
Might better step at once into that cell
Where not a lentil pulse of wrinkled beans
Would be of any necessary use
To hold his jointless body to his bones.

There is a solitude in crowded streets
That takes quite down the oldest eremite
Who ever wandered off to mountain caves,
In hopes to dwell entirely by himself.
If you are tired of the shows of earth,
Its fantasies and pomps and glittering scenes ;
Have been unfortunate, and find that friends
Depart like summer swallows, with your wealth :
And go upon the lively street,
And meet a dozen of those summer friends,
They will not wish to interrupt or break
Your meditations, and will pass you by
With a provoking, patronizing nod,
That puts you much in mind of other times,

And feel that you are in the vocative,
Where they would be if fortune's wheel should turn,
And throw out blanks where prizes came before.
Perhaps they greet you in an easy style,
And say with well-bred manner, How are you,
I did not know that you were in the city,
I thought you had gone Westward, bought a farm
Near the Pacific Railway, and had made
Quite a snug thing in golden corn and wheat,
And ending with a sale of city lots ;
Or striking on a rich bonanza mine,
Assaying many thousands to the ton.
I have no time to stop for any while ;
Ah, let me see, two balls on hand to-night,
The opera, and then a feast, to meet
The liveliest people of the town. Good night,
I'm glad to see you, but must be excused.
So on he goes, but if you watch his steps,
Why you will find he has full time to stop
With those who run with his peculiar crowd,
As the boys used to with their Fire Machine.

And such as these make up Society,
That grades its numbers by the longest purse.
Poor stupid fools, no drop of circling blood
In all your veins is half as thick as water.
No wonder that the world is upside down,
And women's heads are dangled with the sheen
Of your stupendous nonsense. If the brains

Of half of them that lie about your heels
Had been retained where nature first misplaced them,
There would not be so many flirting fans,
Nice simpering airs, and mincing jigs of style,
That quite confound the graceful warp and woof
Which nature weaves in her grand loom original.
A few years hence and some of you will pass
As utterly forgotten and unknown
As if you never floated in the air
Like butterflies of summer. When your wings
Are scorched too roughly, and your chrysalis state
Has lost its glittering sheen of starry eyes,
You'll find that newer insects will sail on,
As bright and gorgeous in their summer dyes,
And never take a thought for the poor worm
That crumbles in the dust, his glories gone.

I walk along this crowded thoroughfare,
Known as Broadway, and see a thousand forms
And faces, men and women made like me
In nature's likeness, with eyes, nose and mouth,
Familiar as the counterpart I see
In the reflection of the mirrored glass.
They use their hands and move their feet the same,
And when their lips are open, they pour forth
A sound just like the very words I speak
When I want something for my daily use.
They push and jostle, each one hurrying on,
As if they were a foreign race of beings

Trying to get ahead at lightning speed,
So fast that you would think the fate of worlds
Hung trembling in the balance on their steps,
And caring naught for such as lagged behind.

If you but stopped them on their rushing way,
They said they had no time to spare just then.
One said he had some company to meet,
And business matters could not wait on time.
Another had to see the steamer off;
A third was getting up a grand reception
In honor of a living fellow-man,
Or else in memory of some hero dead—
Of one, perhaps, who gained a Christian fame
By slaying thousands on the battle-field
In what is called, by way of irony,
A warfare civilized; as if a strife
Between two armies on that battle-field
Was any less a murder with intent
Than one where two men, on the duel ground,
Stood up to strike each other down to death.
A fourth was building palaces, where wealth
Could make the greatest show of modern times :
Renaissance, galleries of art and spode
Old pictures, black as is a mummified
Egyptian corpse that flourished as a man
When Rameses the Great looked down and saw
The overflowing of the ancient Nile,
And not a pyramid or obelisk

Been raised as a sepulchral monument,
Or shaft to tell, when hieroglyphic signs
Could be deciphered by the learned sage,
What Thothmes was three thousand years ago—
Whether the first or second made no odds.
But now an obelisk has got to be
Not much more than the ancient obolus
That paid the dead man's fare across the Styx,
And watered shares of modern railroad stock,
Like the old lever of Archimedes,
Can raise a world, and beat the scholar, too,
For that of money needs no resting prop.
Æsthetic ninnies talk as if they knew
The pastimes of a King in Nineveh,
And make you think that the Rosetta stone
Was not much use to them in working out
The oldest written records in the world.
They talk of Ptolemy Epiphanes
And scions of the Ptolemaic stock,
Of Nubian fortune-tellers, or the rites
Of some old shriveled, defunct specimen
Who lived in days when sacred crocodiles
And bulls were emblems of religious faith.
But of the mysteries of daily life,
And vivid pictures at their very door,
The toils and struggles of the mass of men—
These are as nothing to a “work of art,”
So called ;—well, let it pass, and let them go :
The world still moves and will keep moving on,

The same in years to come as those gone by.
A fifth had balls and charities and fairs,
To sell pincushions, beads and children's toys,
With many pretty women sitting round,
Coaxing the money from an old man's heart
Because he fancied he was getting young.
Another yet, the last, an ever-active fry,
Busy at nothing, turning day to night
At evening parties, spangled out in gloss,
And fashion's slaves; a drony race, that ape
The bees' industrious murmur with their sounds
Of silks and satins in the drawing-room,
With shining jewels, and a lisping speech,
That would be more affected if it could.
All these have just a touch of sympathy
In what can give them some new sense of joy:
As cold and dead to all humanity
As if there were not thousand aching souls
Who know not where to lay their weary heads.

I have seen forms of men with tattered skirts,
And women, too, whose garments trailed along
And swept the mud that soiled the oozy streets,
As if its congregated filth was there
To be swept up by garments dank and stained.
They wander to and fro in low resorts,
Eking a small and miserable pittance
From the first loafer: that young thing of scorn,

Whose first score years may count for forty full.
Old is he ere he yet has passed his youth,
With every form of vice familiar, too,
And growing gray before he leaves his teens.
What squalid forms of abjectness I've seen,
What curses heard upon the Almighty poured,
Because He left them poor and worn and old,
While others reveled in prosperity.
And then there came a man in those vile haunts.—
A good and Christian man, one above want—
Who never knew what lean-eyed hunger was,
Or half-clothed penury. He built a house,
Where a few hundred lived on bread and soup,
While thousands starved upon the pitiless streets.
The name he went by was called Charity,
And many tongues in daily newspapers
Proclaimed him as a public benefactor
And uttered heaps of praises on his head.
But still the wassailers lived on as high
As if there was no alms-house in the land,
And still the troop of thriftless prodigals
Went from a low depth to a lower, till
They lost their upright stature, and became
More like the groveling swine than God-like men.
And still "Society" moved on apace,
And palaces rose up in fashion's pale,
And lisping tongues soft affectations spoke,
And mincing gaits and dawdling ways kept on,

And will so long as paper shares shall be
An evidence of debt and greenbacks yet
Be no more than a bald and lying promise.

Oh, what are wealth and state and all the arts,
Bright pomp of highest law and ceremony,
With tinselled weeds and trappings worn but once,
Then cast aside like things of useless gear?
The gaudy butterfly, with all his hues,
No change of color knows, but sports and flaps
His liveries of summer pride, one speckled coat.
The silver fox and ermine wear their furs
Unchanged by winter cold or summer heat,
And hide beneath the depth of Arctic snows
When Arctic frosts send the thermometer
Away below the zero figure aught,
And make that indicator the reverse
Of what its Grecian name would seem to mean,
As if they knew that such an animal as man
Was trying to keep warm at their expense,
And wished he'd stay a long way fur-ther off.
Thus poverty forevermore will tread
Right on the heels of riches. Where you find
One man great in the world's esteem and blessed
With heaps of honors, titles, dignities,
Be sure that there will follow in his train
A tribe of parasites and satellites
To pick the gleanings of his harvest-fields;
Some lackeys dressed in clothes ornate and gay,

Looking askant upon the lower throng,
And then, in their turn, looking up to catch,
Through bribes and livery, the master's ear.
Wealth is the monarch, and Society
Means that and nothing more. You cannot set
A table out with artificial flowers,
Or blooming from the heated greenhouse beds,
Or have a higher-flavored juice of grape
Than e'er was pressed from a Falernian bunch ;
So you must take a back seat, and give room
To the last favored groom of Mammon's train.

Yet here I stay and wander day and night,
To church, to charities and theatres,
And if a new sensation is agog,
Where men or women are to be raiséd up
With a promise of a freer air of heaven ;
Or some original invention comes,
That has been long delayed through the base arts
Of unbelievers, I must give a puff
Or a subscription from my little pile,
That modern science may have wings to soar
In the Empyrean, and claim with God
The right to work a lever on a plan
That would upset the axis of the earth.
How bold is man, and yet how ignorant !
Dwelling upon the convex upper crust,
Permitted to scratch hen prints here and there,
And boasting that the dust he raises up

Is the great mist that rose o'er sea and land,
And made them pregnant when th' Omniscient Word
Rode into Chaos, and brought forth the light
From darkness then first broken and dispersed.

Here are the orders, titles and degrees
First instituted in the Court of Heaven,
When the majestic Lucifer broke off
From his allegiance, and his grand revolt
Stirred all the hierarchies of God's throne.
They would be greater, and with boldness tried
To win from loss itself, and losing all,
They tumbled downward from th' empyrean walls
Until they found that all they could regain
Would be as nothing, weighed against the bliss
They once had known upon the plains of Heaven.
Perhaps they drove fast horses, lively teams,
Precursors of the old Olympic games,
Or Isthmian, men with chariots broad and crooked,
Young Grecians whose brave blood had flowed far down
From Trojan sluices, or the golden band
That hailed the witch Medea's secret charms.
Others, like Phœbus, tried to run the goal
Of Heaven, and with bright axletrees well geared,
Thought to slip past the elliptic, and bring up
Where all his wain had just gone out before.
But the new driver could not hold the reins,
And both the fiery steeds would have gone off
In space, only the ancient charioteer,

Aware that such an accident might happen,
Took up the lines, and brought them back as straight
As if they never tried to swerve the track.
There's not the finest modern gentleman
Who wears white hair, long beard and ancient clothes,
Or woman with bright cincture long portrayed,
Or wealth of train in silks and satins bossed,
That would require a menial on each hand
To keep the ends from trailing, who can boast
A finer touch of homespun wool than this.
What are Assyria's boast, Egyptian looms,
Or Tyre or Sara, when compared with these?
With steam, and telegraphs, and printing power
Compared, they might as well have never been ;
And all their hieroglyphic signs, portents,
Dumb oracles, councils of gods in Crete,
Or on the colder top of high Olympus,
Or wandering forlorn among the western isles
Would only be read backward, meaning naught.
But Charity looks forward, and the curse
Of Cain may be averted, if we read
The gifts of God aright; he meant by that
To warn us of the strength and power of pride ;
And if we, being humble, or at least
With the appearance of it, cannot bend
Our thoughts to such a just and lowly strain,
We better should make wealth our chiefest good
And give to churches and to pieties
That small proportion of our worldly goods

Which is left over after paying out
For Christmas festivals and New Year's fêtes,
For birthday presents, patriotic Fourths,
For missions, dinners, balls and charities,
And mixing up of inconsistent things
That make a name for such as have the means ;
And all the pennies which we would not give
To a poor relative, if he was backed
By every precept written down since first
Our Saviour preached near blue Gennesaret.

I have been sick of pomp and pride, have lived
Where fashion, arrogance, and high-bred taste
Have looked askance upon a coat not cut
To the last newest model ; buttons glazed
With a trefoil of triple-plated gilt,
Showing that all beneath was false and hollow.
When the last matinée was over, and
The sons and daughters of gay fashion's tribe
Had shouted bravo till their smooth-set kids
Had burst in waving "wipes" of finest thread,
When pealing out a long and loud encore,
I have looked round for the first glimmering sign
Of reason, or perhaps a spark of sense,
That would not reach such quarters if it could.
Oh, men with senses framed on God's own model,
Oh, women still with senses more acute,
Why do ye strive to make these gew-gaw things

Of more account than if a world long steeped
In wretchedness and woe, had not been whirled
For many countless years through time and space,
And made slaves of your God-like images,
Condemned by penury and aching want
To toil for pittances, and make the soul
No less material than the corporal rind.
Shame to the skeptic curse that lies so deep
On nature's fairest works, shame to the men
Who think, because they pierce the outer crust,
That they are demi-gods, and know of earth,
Stars, suns, and solar systems vast and grand,
More than the great Omnific Word which first
Called them to being, and their darkness turned
From shades of chaos to the hues of light.
Oh, doubly shamed for men of highest thought,
And boasting they can chain the elements—
The vaporizing steam that flies off in mid-air
Harmless, and in a minute leaves no trace,
The lightning playing high fantastic tricks,
But chained in a small space of common wire
At man's command, and binding earth and seas
In one electric cord of life and light.
Oh, doubly shamed, that finite mind should boast
A new creation, and usurp those powers
That slumbered when creation first began,
And might have still, if the Almighty Word
Had not permitted man to work with Fate.

On a high Sabbath when the air is clear,
And all the sky is bluest of the blue,
When flowers look out upon the greenhouse shelf,
And drink the fragrance of the opening spring,
Waiting the coming of a joyous feast,
Where they might bloom in scent of sweet bouquets
On beauty's shrine, or destined yet to be
Wove into floral wreaths for Easter morn,
That jubilee when Christian saints come forth
Once in a twelvemonth, making jingling sounds
Of some small coins to help the needy poor,
While the broad carat dollars went to fill
Their stomachs full, or else adorn their backs.
On such a morn, when silence lay supreme
Upon the city streets, and through the length
And breadth of the vast business mart, that teems
With active stirring sounds when week-day life
Runs on with roaring, rushing, whirling tide,
I have gone forth free as the circling air,
And joyous in my elder pride, as if
Youth and his tutor, Hope, had come again.
And first to Mass, where bowing lowly down
As if an idol never was set up,
A priestly celebrant before the pyx,
That carved resemblance of the ancient Ark,
Stands where the Host is elevated, and
All knees bend down, as if the living God
Who does not dwell in temples made by hands,
Was there Himself, arrayed in majesty;

This represents the Father, and behind,
The other two who form the Trinity.
One pictures forth the Filial Deity,
The other that mysterious Personage who breathes
The sinless Spirit of the Holy Ghost.
And so, now in the depths of silent prayer,
Where each is kneeling down in reverence low,
Now when the pealing organ sounds its notes,
And choral anthems swell the rising strain,
High Mass is said at the high hour of noon.
It closes with these types of Trinity
Passing without the Altar's sacred rail,
Bearing aloft the elevated Host,
Before which all in reverent worship bow ;
Then, with another genuflexion given,
The throngs depart, and all is silent there,
And I, reared in the faith of that stern creed
Whose exiles made the name of Plymouth Rock
To be as famous in all after time,
In their historic annals, as the Rock
On which Saint Peter built the See of Rome,
Listen, and go forth with the leaving mass.
These think that miracles are done on earth,
The same as in the Apostle's early time,
So this old form of worship yet can see
The Saviour visibly present in the bread,
And all may eat of that ; but of the wine,
The pure libation, emblem of the blood
That flowed on Calvary, washing out sin,

And fighting Death e'en at his dismal trade—
That never was designed for Gentile lips.
Perhaps these ceremonial rites began
When Christians worshiped in sepulchral caves,
And places shut out from the light of Heaven.
Perhaps the fishers on Lake Galilee,
When called to leave their nets upon the shore,
And thenceforth fishers to become of men,
Used seines like these to catch the human soul.
I judge not others ; faith and love and works
And holy lives seem more than these to me.
I count a Christian as a Christian still,
If these bright virtues mark his daily way.
Ten thousand martyrs may have suffered death,
Rather than bow down to the Roman host ;
May they not answer this in kind ? list now,
Servetus perished on the funeral pyre.

Another form of worship I have seen,
Differing not much from this, the same in form,
And claiming to preserve the early rites.
Rubrics in manuscripts of red or blue,
Headed in gaudy colors like old books
Still to be seen on Athos' ancient mount,
Where monks and monasteries most abound,—
Though these the Grecian Patriarch oversees,
Not he of Rome, who holds Saint Peter's Rock—
Or those rich scrolls of early classic lore,
Tacitus, Livy, or Menander old,

Or Ennius, like our Chaucer's morning star,
Shining on Roman hills and glimmering through
Etrurian shades, where ages long and deep
Had built Prænestum, ere the twins were born.
Witness the Portland Vase, whose glorious blue,
Rivals almost the canopy of heaven.
All these washed out by monkish legends, tales
Of saints whose miracles are thick as bees
When summer flowers collect the morning dew.
The worshipers at such a shrine as this
Seem but as shadows, trying to eclipse
The elder Pagans, better versed than they
In beads, confessionals, and rosaries,
And all that makes up sacrificial pomp.

* * * * *

PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY.

THREE is no reverend pile or ruin gray,
That here the siren architects of time
Can weave a memory from its classic lay,
And consecrate the past in storied rhyme.

No castled walls or sculptured forms are seen,
Breathing the wail of centuries as they stand ;
But a bright living beauty dwells serene,
And fades not, passing over sea and land.

The rising morn and the Atlantic wave
Are brethren in the sunshine and the storm,
And mists that come when the sea-maidens lave
Their golden hair, and from each radiant form

Shake the thin radiance, burst with higher light,
Till in the noontide all the sunbeams pour
Their silver-tipped effulgence, sparkling white,
On the clear waters rolling to the shore.

Stranger, there is not here that meets the eye
Aught that can stir the blood, or move the mind
To ecstasy of thought ; no tale of high
Ambition need you seek or hope to find.

Our ancestors came hither o'er the sea
To build their homes along the river shore,
Where the waves fall in murmurs peacefully,
Or break in tones of sullen, deeper roar.

They lived, as others did, their span, and died,
Sleeping within the consecrated ground,
Whose turf slopes down to meet the changing tide,
Rising or falling still in ceaseless sound.

In summer time the west winds sing and sigh,
And suns stream thro' the branches of the pine
Over God's Acre, where their ashes lie,
And far out on the waters slanting shine.

It is a sight to call that blessed Power
Which guides the mind's creation here to hover
Around, when in the full-orbed moonlight hour
All things are painted with her beauty over.

And man and boy, I've seen the rainbow there,
Born of clear western showers, resting its span
Upon the waters, while its seven-fold air,
Doubly reflected, up and downward ran,

And faded dimly : under all was seen
The light-house, like a beacon looming through,
Of purest white, more pure from its own sheen,
That flashed out boldly o'er the shaded blue.

But life for me, with change of passing time,
In its outgoings has not been too bright;
And sadly waning through the morning prime,
All things look sobered by the lesser light.

I stand upon its highest hill to-day,
And lay my hand on the unwritten page
And sealed up volume, looking now each way,
Memory to Youth, and Hope and Love to Age.

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

THESE are the winter quarters, this is where
The Patriot Chieftain with his army lay,
When frosty winds swept down and chilled the air,
And long, cold nights closed out the shorter day.

The bell still rings within the white church spire,
Rising toward heaven upon the village green,
Whose chimes then called the people, pastor, choir,
To praise and pray each Sabbath morn and e'en.

And there with them, the Christian soldier sealed
The common covenant which a dying Lord,
To those who broke bread with him last revealed,
And bade them ever thus His love record.

A country hamlet then, nor did it lose
Its rural charms and beauties for long years ;
The stranger would its quiet glories choose,
Far from the toils and strife of daily cares.

The people, too, were simple in their ways,
And dwelt contented in their humble sphere,
The morning and the evening of their days,
Passing the same with every closing year.

There were the Deacons, solemn, sober, staid,
Beneath the pulpit each Communion Sunday,
They never smiled, but sung their psalms and prayed ;
And then made whiskey at the still on Monday.

Perhaps you smile just here. I only say,
Men did not deem it then a heinous crime ;
Such was the common custom of the day,
As those can tell who recollect the time.

For further proof of this, look up the tract
Of Deacon Giles and his distillery,
Where you will find that for this very fact,
He was set up high in the pillory.

Young life for me began its early spring,
Here in the freshness of the mountain air,
When nature seemed in fullest tune to sing,
And all the world was beautiful and fair.

And Death—who stays to think of him, till age
Comes stealing on with sure and silent tread ?
Nor even then can he the thoughts engage,
Till his cold fingers touch the dying bed—

He called one then in withered leaf and sere,
And sent a warning, so wiseacres said,
By causing apple blossoms to appear
In winter, and the old man soon was dead.

The Guinea Chieftain too, a century old,
Born a young Prince beneath his native sky,
Who with his banjo sang rare tales of gold—
I saw him strive and struggle, gasp and die.

A child was brought one evening, lived, and died,
Almost before its eyes beheld the day ;
The infant and the old men, side by side,
Were in the quiet churchyard laid away.

I learned of Life and Death, but know no more
Of their mysterious secrets now than then;
No Sesame can open wide the door,
That veils those mysteries from the light of men;

Upon the summit of the rock-bound hill
That looks down on the lowland plains afar,
Are seen the outlines of the earthworks still
Remaining there, rude vestiges of war.

That was a day to be remembered long,
When crowds were gathered on the village green,
To welcome with warm hearts and floral song,
Him who a friend in war's dark hour had been.

And not while nature's suns shall pour their light,
Will Freedom's sons that honored name forget,
Nor cease to, until worlds shall pass from sight,
Keep green the memory of Lafayette.

Hark, on the air tolls out the passing bell,
Fourscore and ten and yet again fourscore ;
Tread lightly now, it is the parting knell
For two great spirits gone out evermore.

Together they had lived, together died
As Freedom's Bell rang in her natal day,
And what than this could be more meet beside,
That twinned in death, their souls should pass away ?

There comes a memory of the bugle horn,
Winding a blast, as with their daily load,
The prancing coach-steeds dashed out in the morn
To run the toll-gates of the turnpike road.

Behold the change ! now brakes are whistled down,
And screaming engines wake the mountain air ;
There is no longer, as of old, a Town
Committee, but a Council and Lord Mayor.

Go where the lake sleeps in the summer night,
Kissed by the winds that on its bosom play,
When the round moon sends down her fullest light,
And evening glories in soft splendor lay,

And you can almost fancy there that over
The moonlit mirror of the tranquil tide,
You see the water spirits rise and hover,
And on the sheen in laughing lightness glide.

And I have traced those waters as they flow
Down on their course past bridge and wheel and mill,
Where we as boys would "in a-swimming go":
Do the boys swim in "Sunnygony" still?

Oh, fellow-scholar who along with me
Learned the first rudiments of ball and book
Within the grounds of the Academy,
In vain for that old landmark now you look.

Gone with the Master, yet a memory lingers,
And will forever consecrate the spot,
Nor can the power of Time's effacing fingers,
While life shall last, the recollection blot.

Teacher and pupils, few remain, and they,
Far on in years, lean on a slender staff;
The School-house, all you see of that to-day
Is shown you there upon its photograph.

Change is on all things, and I see it here;
Land then that grew the turnip and "potater,"
Now blooms in flowers and costs exceeding dear,
Bringing some thousand dollars by the acre,

And villas crown the rising hill-tops round,
And stately mansions stand adorned with art,
And liveried coaches roll with rumbling sound
Where once jogged on the wagon wheel and cart.

Hail to the future, ages come and go,
And men are borne upon the sweeping tide ;
Wave follows wave in ever-ceaseless flow,
The present stays not by the dweller's side.

I stand to-day far down the farthest slope,
And up the lengthened pathway turn and look,
Where on the summit once stood Youth and Hope,
Now soon to turn the last leaf of the Book.

And I am glad that while there come to me
These fragrant memories of life's early scene,
That still in robes of purest white I see
The Church Spire rising on the village green.

RESURGAM.

BURY my heart where first it fell,
Pierced by the blessed shafts of Love,
And let the white-winged powers above
Shout as they hear the closing knell.

It was a battle waged for life,
A cypress wreath or laurel crown,
Not of defeat or bright renown,
Such as attends Ambition's strife.

It was a war where blows are given,
That would have broke the corslet sheer,
Part for the hope of manhood here,
And part for God and faith in heaven.

The grave of Love is often shown
In memory's greenest burial-place,
Where sometimes a faint, shadowy trace,
Like lines on the recording stone,

Grows pale before the inner eye,
Showing the marble's spotless white,
Read by the rays of thinner light,
That lengthen on the Past, and lie

Like radiance from a distant star,
Myriads of miles away from earth,
And traveling when time's eldest birth
Was hid in future ages far.

No mourners gather round the bier,
That stands beside this living tomb,
A sepulchre within whose gloom
Not e'en the glistening of a tear

Has fallen like dewy light, and given
A counterfeit of what may be,
When the dark eye of mystery
Shall look unclouded into heaven.

Sing, then, a requiem for the dead
Who have not parted yet with life,
Struggling against the harder strife,
The sterner tramp and heavier tread

Of mailéd footsteps trampling o'er
A breaking mesh of exquisite strings,
That snap, but to each fragment clings
A deep vibration evermore,

That trembles to a less rude touch,
Which even the more skillful hand
Can never fully understand,
Because the chords were shivered too much.

When Autumn painted all the trees,
In gold and scarlet, soft and gay,
And summer birds had passed away,
Hushing their silver melodies ;

When from the bush and stubble thick,
In open field or sheltered vale,
The woodcock and the fluttering quail
Close to the setter's nose whirred quick

And clumsy, heedless of their way,
And robins to the cedars flew,
Picking the berries where they grew,
And in the closing eye of day,

Fluttered among the tops that swung
With their light fringes to and fro ;
It was a pure delight to go
And stand where one old grape-vine hung,

Its frosty clusters scattered through
A knotted oak, whose branches spread
This way and that way overhead,
And caught the tendrils as they grew.

And when the twilight fell serene,
O'er the rough glebe and in the wood,
Often in silent thought I've stood
By the half-fallen fence between,

Brown leaves and dry or ragged fern,
That cracked beneath my lightest tread,
Until the dying day had fled,
And the neglected dog would turn

And mildly whine for the lost game
His master had but in his eye,
And turn again, and creep and lie,
His white coat in the light that came

From the full moon now shining fair,
That rising on the brow of night,
Had blended with day's fading light,
And shed its colder radiance there ;

Then would thick-coming fancies rise,
And spread their soft and shadowy wings,
Gathering delights from many things :
From songs that under far-off skies

Poured melting music in the ear
Of love, and strains that higher rang,
To the loud trump and battle's clang :
And bard and priest and holy seer,

To whom the Oracle was given
Darkly foreshadowing human fate,
Upon whose presence princes wait,
And learn of things in hell and heaven,

And whatsoe'er the heavenly muse
Has sung with truth of God and Man,
How peace on earth and love began—
Then home beneath the autumn dews.

Oh, thought of human love that o'er
All thoughts of earth still rises bright !
Oh, glimpse of more diviner light !
That from the far immortal shore

Of the blest heaven to childhood came,
And fell unfathomably deep
Into the curtained eye of sleep,
And kindled there the unconscious flame.

Still, as the years come and depart,
I hear thy silver voice and song,
Chanting forever, fresh and strong,
The first green lyric of the heart.

I stood upon the ocean shore,
And saw the waves roll to and fro
Forever in their ceaseless flow,
As they will do forevermore.

White sails appeared far out to sea,
Like specks upon the world of blue,
And farther sinking, lost to view,
How calm, how clear, how silently.

We sang along the unshaded hill,
We sang along that sounding sea,
A voice was speaking there to me
In dreams, when everything was still.

Child of the free and sunny brow,
I see thee in the shade of years,
Thy form of light again appears,
I see thy blue eyes shining now.

By fireside hearth I hear them say
That thou art happy ; blessings be
Around thy path, and love for thee,
Early begun, be thine alway.

Here is the hallowed, quiet spot
Where the old quaint cathedral stood,
Emblem of faith and holy rood,
I seek thee there, but thou art not.

For thou art builded up anew,
I see no more thy ancient spire,
Reflected in the sun god's fire,
Look far out on the waters blue.

This was the path our fathers trod,
Their resting-place and calm retreat,
When, with more simple thoughts, their feet
Of old went up to worship God.

One and another, they are past,
And the new generation comes,
To build by the ancestral tombs,
Where all shall equal sleep at last.

Would that my verse might live as thou,
Green with the gathered years, a song
Living by household firesides long,
Then dying, be immortal too.

Symbol and cross and starry sign,
And Babylonian emblem bold,
Turned not to purple and to gold,
The altar of the heart divine.

Oh, firm in faith and high accord,
Not vainly moved by sight or sense,
But humbly and with low pretence,
Worship in holiness the Lord.

The sun shines soft on vale and hill
When Autumn's early days are here,
And hazy skies and mists appear,
In dreamy silence sleeping still.

Along the clear unclouded sky
Blue wreaths and smoky vapors rise,
Breathing out Summer's latest sighs,
Then with the fading year to die.

It is the hour of slumbrous calm,
The Indian Summer of the year,
Of falling leaves and meadows sere,
The Autumn hour of softest balm.

Oh, love ! at such a time as this :
 Oh, love ! in such a heart as mine :
 What of the time, the hour, the sign,
And what of life that was and is ?

Yes, misty skies and falling leaves
 Have lessons for the thoughtful mind,
 Content in common things to find
Both what it knows and what believes.

Death came one evening to my bed,
And reached his arrow over me,
Where one was sleeping quietly,
And, almost sighing, stopped and said :

Thou hast been watching night and day,
And I have stood beside thee here,
And dreamed into thy startled ear,
Of slow consumption and decay,

Drawing all lovely things on earth
Down to the wormy grave, but thou—
The wondrous look upon thy brow
Seemed like a smile of serious mirth :

So like a laugh of life and love,
I would not break the unconscious spell,
But touched on Memory's silver bell,
And backward sent thy heart to rove.



THE DOOMED STEAMBOAT.

A REQUIEM for the doomed,
A dirge of mournful sound,
For the hundred in the waves entombed,
In the sullen waters drowned.

An hundred hearts beat high,
When the sun sank in the west ;
Ere his beams illumed the eastern sky,
An hundred are at rest.

The lurid flames rose bright,
No arm was stretched to save ;
In the freezing blasts of a wild midnight,
They sank to their burning grave.

From the living they are gone,
From the loving left to mourn ;
The unchanging tide of time rolls on,
But they never can return.

Call to them from their home,
From their couch in the watery main,
Aye, call for the loved of earth to come,
But the dead come not again.

A requiem for the doomed,
A dirge of mournful sound,
For the hundred in the waves entombed,
In the winter waters drowned.

EVENING.

THE quiet evening hour is come,
The softest of the day ;
The sun has shed upon the hills
His last departing ray ;
A glow is in the western sky,
A light upon the air,
The mellow tints are waning dim,
As shadows gather there.

Come, walk with me along the vale,
And in the forest shade,
And where the vine and branches twine,
In thicket and in glade ;
And hear me tell of early days,
And happy pleasures gone,
When I my steps their paths pursued,
In silence and alone.

I'll tell how in those woods I strayed,
And by the sounding shore,
And how the foaming waters fell
With music in their roar ;
And in the fields the pale young flower,
The sparkle on the stream,
The dews that glistened at my feet,
Under the sun's bright gleam.

I'll tell how beauty charmed my eye
In every opening Spring,
The glories of its newest birth
And earliest blossoming ;
How, on the plant, the tree, the flower,
Its leafy gladness lay,
And how I whiled the gentle hours,
In silent thought away.

But life is like a summer sigh,
Or like an autumn sound,
When falling leaves give out their notes,
In silent shades around.
So glides the ceaseless tide of time,
Till by the solemn shore,
And through the vales or by the streams,
Our footsteps roam no more.

GWAEN AWAY.

OLD house and home, and sunshine bright,
Where oft I've wandered many a day,
Ye may not longer bless my sight,
I'm gwaen away.

Here's hill and vale, and shady glen,
Where I would often walk and stray,
I may not see those haunts again,
I'm gwaen away.

Here by the brook we all have met,
In early, happy boyhood's play,
But these I shall not soon forget,
Though gwaen away.

Through the sweet walks and meadows green,
We took our light and smiling way,
Ours the wild chase, the sylvan scene—
I'm gwaen away.

Gloom for the sad, I'm free, I'm free,
O'er the wide world's wide paths to stray ;
A song, a shout, a kiss for me,
I'm gwaen away.

RESURRECTION HYMN.

ON the sepulchral stone,
Ere the third morning shone,
Far in the east a golden cloud hung bright,
Foreheralding the sun,
That he his course might run
Through the glad day in full celestial light,
Nor longer hide his cheerful rays,
For the black deed which held all earth in fixed
amaze.

Darkness, in that dread hour,
Resumed her ancient power,
The Prince of Darkness for a time was strong ;
Around the dismal coast,
The black infernal host
Half-seemed to triumph in a groaning song,
And high through all the realms of air
Went up a dying sound of wailing and despair.

The graves gave up their dead,
Forth from their lonely bed,
In robes of white, the saints who slept arose ;
The earth with terror shook,
The sun refused to look
In dark eclipse on such transcendent woes ;

The Temple's veil was rent in twain,
And rocks were heaved apart and seemed to sigh
in pain.

In agony He cried,
And bowed His head and died,
While sighing spirits caught His dying breath;
In the dark grave He laid,
The heavy ransom paid,
And so by dying conquered sin and death.
No more the gates of hell prevail,
Nor stars affrighted turn and fly in courses pale.

For now o'er all the ground,
Celestial brightness round,
In a full orb of heavenly radiance shone.
And by the glittering light,
Arrayed in dazzling white,
A glorious troupe surrounds the seal'd stone,
Like them whom erst in dreams of old,
And solemn visions deep, the holy prophets told.

And as the purple day
Full in the Orient lay,
Up rose the sun, his journey to begin :
But far exceeding his,
Their shining glory is,
Now watching round their sleeping Lord within ;
When lo ! the stone was rolled away,
And forth, appareled bright, He rose to meet the day.

Not like the angelic band
Who round in wonder stand,
No robes of glory yet are His to wear ;
In mortal shape He stood,
A form of flesh and blood,
Like those whose sins He came on earth to bear.
And with the blessed light of day
The bitter cup of death forever passed away.

And now, with circling wing,
They form in glittering ring,
Ere to the empyreal heavens they wheel their
flight,
With harps of stringéd noise,
Their pure, celestial voice
In strains of ninefold harmony unite :
Glory, they sing, to God most high,
By all the hosts on earth, and armies in the sky.

Now Truth and Mercy meet,
In full-orbed bliss complete,
And Peace and Righteousness to earth descend ;
And like a bow of showers,
The light celestial pours
Far as the crystal bounds of heaven extend :
Nor longer dare the shadows stay,
But fly like spectres pale on their night steeds
away.

For He is risen to-day,
Who in the sealed grave lay,
And all the powers of hell are captive led.
Let the wide earth around
Ring out in joyful sound,
Till to the farthest heavens the news is spread,
And wake in songs and anthems clear
A universal chant through every starry sphere.

This is the reign on earth
Of Him whose wondrous birth
The Wise Men hailed from Bethlehem's leading star.
We hail Thee, Prince of Peace,
Thy reign shall never cease,
While planets roll in bright procession far.
Glory and honor, love and power,
Be unto Thee, O God, henceforth and evermore.



MILTON'S DREAM.

THE leaves in Valambrosa lay
Like sands upon the wild sea-shore,
And in the soft autumnal day,
Their mellow light the sunbeams pour.

Beneath the winds that gently played,
Nature, half-robed, in beauty lies,
A blended depth of sun and shade,
Known only to Italian skies.

The brook glides on with murmuring sound,
Its waters laughing as they run,
Now kissed by bending shrubs around,
Or tossed by pebbles to the sun.

It was a place like that of old,
Where all delights the garden yields,
By elder poets dreamed and told
In fables of Elysian fields.

One spot there was where lofty trees,
High over-arched, a shade embower ;
Most fit it seemed and formed to please
Gay Fancy in her dreaming hour.

Here where the turf was strewn with leaves,
His head reclining on his hand,
Was one whose form and features wore
The impress of a foreign land.

His looks bespoke that fair-haired race
Of old Teutonic lineage sprung,
The flowing curls that veiled his face
Round from his parted forelock hung.

The dreamy airs that murmured round
Thro' all his limbs voluptuous crept;
Gently his head fell to the ground,
And soul and sense together slept.

And still the murmuring airs arise,
And now they grow distinct and clear.
From the pure sky a spirit voice
Called to him in his dreaming ear.

Awake! awake! rise up and come,
For thou shalt wander far with me;
In yon bright fields where lies my home
Visions of glory thou shalt see.

All things in heaven and all on earth
Before thine eyes shall stand revealed,
With power to tell their wondrous birth,
Yet still in holy silence sealed.

But lest thy spirit prove too strong,
To thee the choice is freely given,
This charge to keep, or if thou failest,
Thine eyes shall lose the sight of heaven.

While yet the Vision round him lay,
By breath or touch or voice unstirred,
Far through the pure ethereal day
A clear and ringing sound was heard.

It was the trump heard once before,
From Oreb's veiled and secret gloom,
And to be heard perhaps once more,
When sounding at the general doom.

And by a waft of fragrant air,
A veil seemed lifted at his side,
And in celestial likeness there
Before him stood his heavenly guide.

Immortal beauty round him spread,
With radiant smiles in every look,
A crown of stars was on his head,
His wings ambrosial fragrance shook.

From him in brightness unexpressed,
It seemed the light celestial ran,
Gently he waved his starry crest,
And then in accents mild began :

To us, the praises of our King
From men on earth are ever dear,
And all the songs of love they sing
Come up with glad acceptance here.

Thy voice well pleased, we heard what time
Its song was of the winter wild ;
When in the East the Wise Men hailed
The coming of the heaven-born Child.

Yet some through faith, aspire to lay
Their hand upon the golden Key,
That turns the glittering gates before
The palace of Eternity.

Like them, if found on earth, are they
Who still in patience waited long ;
The rest thou knowest ; if such thy choice,
Thine be the darkness and the song.

He ceased, and from life's well distilled,
Three crystal water-drops he drew,
And in his eyelids deep instilled,
Clear purged with euphrasy and rue.

And this, he said, if still in song
Thy spirit pants with struggles vain,
New strength will give so that thou mayest,
In dreams of God, ascend again.

Scarce in his ear these words were spoke,
When with soft sighs his bosom heaves,
And in the twilight shades he woke,
By Valambrosa's brooks and leaves.

Far from the land of sunny skies,
He seeks his northern home again,
Where sterner scenes before him rise,
Among the blue-eyed race of men.

Through all the changes of the hour,
Nor smiles nor frowns his course could sway
While darkness broods and tempests lower,
And crown and sceptre pass away.

Yet still would memory travel back,
Still would his spirit soar on high,
And wander up the heavenly track,
To dream immortal in the sky.

But oft as time and years went by,
And friends were false and faithless found,
His soul to that blest dream would fly,
And join the heavenly harpings round.

And so, as if in second birth,
She came to put all fear away ;
Who would not lose his sight on earth,
To bask in heaven's eternal day ?

His eyes, true to the promise given,
Received the radiance inward cast,
Full in the noontide blaze of heaven,
The Poet to his blindness passed.

And, like when sleeping in the shade,
Once more the murmuring airs arise,
And all the Vision stands displayed,
He dreamed beneath Italian skies.

Again those strains of music rung,
Those glorious sounds again he hears,
The songs the sons of morning sung,
The ringing of the crystal spheres.

It was the prophet's holy fire,
Burning and glowing wondrous strong ;
With rapid hand he struck the lyre,
And all his spirit woke in song.

All, all its magic influence own,
As Orpheus moved the rocks and trees,
Equal with him of old renown,
The second blind Mæonides.

This is the dream Urania sent,
When called in meaning, not in name,
Above what elder bards invent,
Aonian or Olympic fame :

Revealed by him in song sublime,
Who to the Vision veiled his eyes,
And ever to the end of Time,
Is called the Bard of Paradise.

TO THE PAST.

RETURN, O Spirit of the Past,
Come back to life again ;
Though bound by iron fetters fast,
Break, break the dismal chain.
I've sought thee in the ancient wood,
Beside the water rill ;
I've called thee in the solitude
That veils the lonely hill.

Far in the depths of vanished years
I hear thy answering strain :
Oh, dweller in a vale of tears,
I cannot come again.
Thy dreams are idle, let them pass,
Awake to better life,
The sands are running from thy glass,
Arm for the sterner strife.

Press onward still, and ever press,
The war soon will be o'er,
Thou canst not make thy trials less,
Thy triumphs shall be more :
All things, while hastening to their doom,
Their destiny fulfill,
And from the silence of the tomb
A voice is calling still.

Life is the boon thy Maker gave,
And here alone by faith
Canst thou retrieve beyond the grave
The final blow of death.
Then let each hour redeem the past,
Till the sure summons come,
And faith grow brighter to the last,
When God shall call thee home.

I hear, O Spirit, and would heed
Thy words of warning given,
And by thy lessons let me read
My title clear to heaven :
So when the night shall come I'll lay
My earthly armor down,
And wait the rising of the day
To take my heavenly crown.

PRAISE.

PRAISE is the tribute given by love
To Him who formed the earth so fair ;
All things around us and above,
The impress of His glory wear.

The silent air is full of praise,
When cloudless sleeps the summer sky,
And in the noontide's fullest blaze
The fields in tranquil beauty lie.

Night with her voices utters praise,
It beams in every shining star,
Forever with their golden rays
Sparkling in beauty from afar.

Praise is the language of the heart,
When kneeling at the shrine of truth,
The streams of Nature drawn by Art,
In rivers of perpetual youth.

Praise is an honor to the brow
Where Time has set his silver seal,
With all life's hopes thick clustering now,
That tongue can speak or heart can feel.

Praise is the soul's exalted theme
When earth and time have passed and gone,
When we shall be not what we seem,
But see and know as we are known.

Praise is the noblest anthem sung
By angels round the heavenly throne,
The harp of gold forever strung,
To one triumphant, ceaseless tone.

Mountains and valleys echo praise,
In a full tide the song is poured,
Their voices all the people raise,
Who dwell on earth, Praise ye the Lord.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

LIFE, like a river deep and strong,
Its ceaseless current rolls along,
And bears us ever on its wave,
Through storm and sunshine to the grave.

Oft on its shining banks are seen
Bright summer flowers and leaves of green,
And calm and smooth we seem to glide,
Like vessels on the glassy tide.

And oft its silent waters sleep,
In channeled caverns dark and deep,
While beetling crags above them frown,
And from their ragged heights look down.

Below, the banks spread wide away,
Revealing meadows rich and gay,
And not a ripple seems to break
The beauty of the crystal lake.

Now storms come up and waves run high,
And toss their arms against the sky,
And lightnings flash their lurid gleam
Across the dark tumultuous stream.

Again a change, and all is bright,
The sea seems bathed in living light,
While the vexed waves with sullen roar
Now gently break along the shore.

Of all the many living things
Who started from the river's springs,
A myriad-tongued and banded train,
Not one went up that stream again.

Some battled long and well in life ;
To others, short and sharp the strife :
But one by one each tattered sail
Went down before the driving gale.

So shall its waters ever run,
Now in the shade, now in the sun,
And in their course no change shall be,
Until they join the eternal sea.

OVER THE FERRY.

Ueber diesen, Strom, vor jahren,
Bin ich einmal scon gefahren.

ONCE in years long past and buried,
O'er this water I was ferried ;
Here on castle, lake and river,
Fall the evening shades as ever.

And beside me in the wherry,
Two dear friends then crossed this ferry,
One a grave and thoughtful brother,
Strong in youth and hope the other.

One toiled on with faith before him,
And the grave closed peaceful o'er him :
While his comrade, bold, free-hearted,
In the battle-strife departed.

Thus, when through the past I wander,
And its happy days would ponder,
Must I miss loved friends and cherished,
Who by death's fell hand have perished.

This is friendship ne'er deceiving,
Soul and soul together cleaving,
Happy were those spirit greetings,
Happier still our spirit meetings.

Take, then, Boatman, thrice I owe thee,
With this coin I offer thee,
For unseen with me thus carried,
Two bright spirits thou hast ferried.

THE SINGER.

A LITTLE bird sang in my ear,
A song of gladness rich and clear,
Such as young hearts delight to hear,
In that glad season of the year
When flowers begin to bloom,
And in the soft and vernal prime,
Low winds and leaves melodious chime
And rustle in unlettered rhyme,
To welcome bright-eyed Spring : the time
Of singing birds was come.

Beneath, with thoughtful step and slow,
A boy was walking to and fro,
And on his cheeks a crimson glow,
And in his hands a bended bow,
 And wings he seemed to wear.
He stopped, and looking in the tree,
Ah, this will never do, said he ;
This song is not what it should be,
The singer yet must learn of me ;
 Such notes I cannot bear.

Then from his side a shaft he drew,
Its point was dipped in honey-dew ;
His bow he bended taut and true,
And straight and swift the arrow flew,
 Full at the singer's throat.
With sudden start and fluttering,
Alarmed, in vain it tried to spring,
Then turned, and as at evening,
Folded its head upon its wing,
 And hushed its tuneful note.



BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

REWRITTEN, 1881.

I HEARD a voice from Heaven which said,
From henceforth blessed are the dead
Who sleep forever with the Lord,
By faith in His eternal Word :
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest
From all their labors and are blessed.

They rest from earthly cares afar,
And calm and deep their slumbers are,
From all the stormy scenes and strife,
The tempests and the toils of life,
From foes without and fears within,
Temptations and the snares of sin.

They rest in that lone land of sleep,
Where shadows lie, unbroken, deep,
Upon that silent, solemn shore
Where rude alarms are heard no more,
In whose wide realm no voice or sound
Goes up to break the peace profound.

They wrestled hard and suffered sore,
And many weary burdens bore,
While pressing forward to the prize
Of their high calling in the skies ;
But never fainting, at the last
To an eternal rest have passed.

He giveth His beloved sleep,
From which they shall not wake to weep,
But slumber in their waiting trust,
Earth unto earth and dust to dust,
Till the last trumpet bids them rise
And join the armies of the skies.

And as I silent stood beside
Their graves who in the Lord had died,
I heard a voice from Heaven which said,
Write, henceforth blessed are the dead
Who in the Lord their Saviour rest :
Yea, saith the Spirit, they are blest.



AARON BURR.

WHERE the Passaic waters glide
And run to meet the ocean tide,
Through Jersey meadows green and fair,
Was born a youth of talents rare.
His sire the striking union bore
Of steadfast faith and solid lore,
Not often found to meet and blend
In one ; both monitor and friend ;
Among the first to hold the rule
Over the now time-honored school
He founded by the river's side,
Whose sons have gone forth far and wide
Upon life's busy solemn tide,
And equal honor with them shares
The College of New Jersey bears ;
His grandsire mighty in the Will,
Triumphant and unanswered still,
And the Affections freely given
To lead us gently on to Heaven.
These were the ancestors he knew,
In Christian love and labor true,
Working together for an aim,

The highest Christian men can claim,
And this his grand ancestral tree
Foreshadowing what he too might be.
In Nassau Hall that life began
When boyhood passes into man,
Under the teaching of a mind
That knew the rights of all mankind,
And our immortal charter signed.
There Madison was learning then
How to make laws to govern men,
And Frenau with his olive face,
First poet of our Indian race,
Who sang the Indian maiden fair,
Pale Marian of the braided hair,
With Bedford, Bradford, Lewis, Lee,
A far-famed host of high degree—
Mother of Statesmen, right well named,
Whose sons our Constitution framed.
Run down her roll and see just here
The list of honored names appear,
While two bright stars right on this line,
Above the rest in splendor shine.
One, first and foremost in the State,
And this one ranking second mate,
Who in their country's prizes drew
The first and second honor too;
Fair Mother yet, though on her head
More than a hundred years have shed
Their leaves and snows, and may she be

A century hence as fair to see—
Our blooming, grand old Mother Queen,
But wearing still the Emerald Green,
And at her feet her sons still pay
Their homage each Commencement day.

While here his early life was past,
The clouds of war were rising fast,
Around them mutterings were heard
Of the deep notes that later stirred
Those rebels to King George the Third,
Our Patriot Sires, to do or die
For hearth, for home, for liberty,
For God, the right and victory.

Scarce had he left these college shades,
Their pleasant walks and quiet glades,
When all around, from near and far,
Came up the darkening clouds of war ;
And soon the tempest broke, and then
Was heard the cry for arméd men,
They gathered from the setting sun
To Bunker Hill and Lexington,
And fast and fierce, and far and wide
Rolled on the seething, surging tide ;
Farewell to Peace, from England's Crown
The brightest of its stars went down,
Went down in blood, to rise again
In Freedom on our western main.

The stripling youth of twenty years,
In his war toga now appears,
Marching along the front with those
Who wandered mid Canadian snows,
Thro' trackless forests dark and vast,
And long and dreary wilds they passed,
Until they reached the town at last,
Where Wolfe had fallen, and there had died,
In the full flush of victory's pride.
The youthful warrior onward pressed—
He knows no fear, he seeks no rest ;
Here on the left, there on the right,
But always foremost in the fight,
Until his leader fell ; he saw,
Upon the snow-crest red and raw,
Montgomery fall, green Ireland's pride.
This Jersey youth stood by his side,
And took him as he fell and died,
And bore him from the battle's tide—
His tomb looks out on Broadway side.

But broken down by war's hard strife,
He sought the shades of peaceful life,
Retired awhile to read and stray
Where Raritan's red waters play,
Twin stream to that blue river fair,
Upon whose banks his mother bare
And nursed him with the tenderest care,
Breathing, 'tis said, a reverent prayer,

That this, her Boy, one day might be
First among men of high degree ;
For him, her deepest prayers were said,
For him, her holiest tears were shed—
God took her early—Esther slept
Before one bitter tear was wept.

When the strife closed, there opened far
Beyond the clearing clouds of war,
A landscape on which never yet
The sun's bright beams had risen or set ;
Then our young Eagle, soaring high
On full-plumed pinions, cleaved the sky,
One wing was resting on the shore
Where breaks the wild Atlantic roar,
Over the stern and rock-bound coast
That barred the Mayflower's hoping host,
And one was waving o'er the seas
That drink the mild Pacific breeze.
New leases drawn by Truth were signed
Between high Heaven and free mankind.

So in this Western Hemisphere
The Stars and Stripes float full and clear,
The One in Many, yet when done,
The Many were but only One.

In the full flush of manhood's prime,
His dark eye read the coming time,
Scanned the horizon's ruddy glow,

And bright before its radiance throw,
Noted the beacon signs, and then
Went forth a leader among men ;
Waited the coming hour to bring
The Eagle plume on Victory's wing,
Nor waited long, for soon it came.
Soon high upon the hill of fame
Was heard his rising Jersey name,
If not the first, right on the line
Where only he could second shine.

This was his zenith, then full high
His star ascending rode the sky.
Vice-President, one step remains,
And then the highest prize he gains.

But not for him : Oh, how record
The fatal day by that green sward,
When on Weehawken's blood-dyed sod,
A soul went up to meet its God ;
Went up, in mortal combat riven,
To stand before the bar of Heaven,
Went up in blood by brother slain,
As Abel by his brother Cain.
Oh, ye who win your worlds thro' fear,
Whose triumphs cost your country dear,
Who march your armies to the roll
Of sounding drum, and flaming scroll,
While living crowned with honors high,

And mourned as heroes when you die,
Ye slay your thousands, he killed one ;
Green be the grave of Hamilton :
Enough, no more ; who casts a stone ?
That verdict rests with God alone.

Turn once again, around him stand
The mighty leaders of the land,
Grave Senators, their country's pride,
For law and learning famous wide.
He speaks, and silence reigns profound,
He speaks, they gather closer round,
He speaks, and tears unbidden flow,
He speaks farewell to friend and foe ;
Farewell to high and honored name,
Farewell Ambition, Glory, Fame,
Farewell the glittering, golden Crown ;
The Eagle droops, the Star goes down,
Farewell to all the world still gives—
To all but this, his Daughter lives.

Far, far beneath the southern sky,
A waiting empire seemed to lie,
Reaching to that romantic land
Where Cortez led his daring band,
And thence its richest treasure bore
To heap more high the Spaniards' store
Upon his proud Castilian shore.
Wreathed in Ohio's fairest smile,

Lay Blennerhassett's lovely isle,
A garden that could rival then
The glowing trace of poet's pen,
Thrown off in flowers that blossomed where
They grew by woman's tenderest care.
Now all is desolate and lone,
With wild flowers, weeds and moss o'ergrown,
The stock-dove comes at eve no more,
The bittern screams along the shore,
And where the stranger found a home,
The red deer of the forest roam.

Virginia, Mother of our States,
Within thy realm a prisoner waits.
Once highest of his peers, he stands
To answer to the law's demands,
Before the same tribunal where
He oft had stood unequaled there,
Arraigned for crime of deepest dye,
Against his country's liberty.
Is this the Plume of Victory high
That waved before his dark bright eye,
Across the clearing verge of sky ;
The glittering Crown that seemed to shed
Its radiant glories round his head ;
The beaming orb, the morning star,
That shone for him away and far
Beyond the closing clouds of war ?
Not while the listening ear believes

The tale a glowing fancy weaves,
And paints and pictures on the mind,
By eloquence and art combined,
Can ermined judge to him restore
The Victor Plume that once he wore,
Or verdict of his peers reclaim
The tarnished lustre of his name.
No home for him—he goes forth free,
But goes an exile o'er the sea,
Free to draw nature's vital breath,
A living freedom worse than death.

Turn yet again : his wanderings o'er,
The Exile seeks his native shore.
One link remains, it is the last
That binds him to the honored past.

A little bark with flowing sail
Rides forth to meet the winter gale ;
From Carolina's vine-clad shore,
To Hudson's silvery stream it bore
A loving child to meet once more
A lonely sire who waited still,
Near the green banks of Richmond Hill.
For Love the darkest heart can fill
With fond Affection's holy light,
With joys and fancies purely bright,
And visions of supreme delight :
He waits in hoping, trembling fear

Some tidings of his child to hear,
He waited long, he waits in vain,
He waits with beating, bursting brain,
He waited long, still waits in vain,
He ne'er shall see that child again.
Down in the coral caverns deep,
She slumbers in eternal sleep,
She sleeps beneath the ocean wild,
His peerless, lost, his only child,
Wife, daughter, daughter's son are gone,
The sire is in the world alone.

Upon a summer afternoon
In the bright rosy month of June,
When bees and flowers are all in tune,
I saw him stand by the elm tree
That looked in towering majesty,
Where still it looks, out toward the sea,
Just on the street and near the shore,
Where six and twenty years before,
He landed on a Sabbath day,
When fleeing from the fatal fray
That tore him from his home away,
That stained his high and rising name,
And clouded his fair shining fame.
The clear, dark eye still was as bright
As in its full meridian light,
Although the barefoot boys who saw,
And looked with wonder and with awe

Upon the man who silent staid
Beneath that elm-tree's summer shade,
Then did not dream the reason why
He gazed on them with that dark eye ;
Later they learned how he had strayed,
Near the fair stream by which they played,
With their ancestors, and began
The life then run beyond the span
Alloted to the days of man.
Three years pass by, and in that school
Where once his honored sire bore rule,
And in the shades of that same Hall,
Devoted to the Muses' call,
He founded with his college-mates,
Then barred within those classic gates,
They asked him to come there once more
As he was wont in days of yore.
Kind acts, though small, and kinder words,
Will stir long-silent notes and chords,
And touch the heart in age grown cold
With memories of the days of old.
And so this man, then friendless, lone,
But as a fallen meteor known,
Who might have carved a noble name
Forever on the scroll of Fame,
Felt to the full this kindness shown,
By Brothers scarce to manhood grown,
To meet as chief among them, where

He stood in youth a Clio there;
No high estate, no name, but yet
They did not the lone man forget.
Almost the last, soon all is o'er,
He nears the dark and silent shore
That each must touch ; in three years more
There comes the end, a pall appears,
Veiling the form of fourscore years.
Dimly before my misty eyes,
I see a funeral train arise,
Beneath a clear, September sky.
I see that funeral train pass by
To Nassau's ground, where slumbering deep,
Our honored dead forever sleep,
Where, when shall come their turn and day,
The living shall be laid away,
And thus together, one and all,
Await the summons, final call.
There mid autumnal glories mild,
He goes to rest and all is past,
He sleeps with them, that is the last
Of Esther's great, unhonored child.

Then, traveler, who shall pass that way,
A moment in our graveyard stay,
A moment there your homage pay,
A moment stand and pause, nor stir
Beside the grave of Aaron Burr,
Think of the dust that lies within,

Of all it was and might have been,
Of one by God and nature given
To win the heritage of Heaven,
In fortune, fame, and lineage blest,
His only work to do the rest.

Think how he sported with the prize,
And lost a world for woman's eyes ;
Think how, upon the height of fame,
He just escaped a traitor's name ;
Think how in manhood's pride and bloom,
He barely shunned a felon's doom ;
Think how, bereft of daughter, wife,
Of home and all most dear in life,
He wandered through the world alone,
Alike unhonored and unknown ;
Think, when his eighty years were run,
And at the close when all was done,
How strangers bore that wayward son,
His last great debt of nature paid,
And by his honored fathers laid,
With even the recording stone,
Placed on his grave by hands unknown.

Then turn, and passing on your way,
Think out the moral of this lay,
While swallows twitter in the eaves,
And west winds play among the leaves,
And sunset shadows softly fall
Beneath the elms of Nassau Hall.

ALUMNI MEETING, 1879.

A BOUT the time an earthquake sunk fair Lisbon
from men's sight,
And a Virginia Buckskin showed one Braddock how
to fight,
A Royal Governor christened Burr's new pile of ma-
sonry,
In honor of King William's blest immortal memory.
Hence came the colors that you see from Nassau's
standard float,
And under which the Orange crew bend to their light-
oared boat,
The same that streamed on Derry's walls, and Ulster's
Pale and soil,
Where Walker's statue still looks down upon the flow-
ing Foyle.
Our great philosopher just then had caught his spark of
light,
By that familiar process known to boys as "knuckle
tight,"
'Tis harnessed now and flies apace, outstripping Hermes'
speed,
And flashing through the watery stalls of Neptune's
briny steed.
While round the earth it dashes on, a lightning express
train.

No steam then stemmed the river's tide, or plowed the ocean main,
And where the iron courser snorts and sports in fiery glee,
The Indian path through wild woods ran from mountain to the sea.

A hundred years almost had passed, and all the George Kings too,
And fire had swept through Nassau's Halls and war-blasts round them blew,
Some of the Boys had grown great men, in camp and court and gown,
One had become High Sheriff in the wards of London town,
And one became the President of this Confederation,
Or, if you like it better, say Consolidated Nation ;—
We talk much larger now than when we started out in life,
And blow a full-sized trumpet where we tooted then a fife.
Another Boy had grown to be a chief in legal lore ;
Of grave and reverend Senators there had been full a score ;
And many others had gone up to high and honored name,
Reflecting in their rising course a Mother's growing fame.

For fourscore years the sun had shone on lawns and leaves and snows,
Before upon the campus green a second college rose.
Since then, of course, you know the rest, how thick and fast they came,
And how the Branches grow and thrive around the Mother Dame.

There is the chapel, well it looks, in shape and form the same
As what the Holy Father sets before St. Peter's name—
His mark; why not? who scorns the sign? upon those benches bare,
Where once we sat, prelates have knelt and bowed in reverent prayer,
And if no outward form was seen, that inward sign was there;
That is sufficient, do not judge or undertake to scan
The differing faith and sentiments that mark each fellow-man.
Believe, and you shall live, such is the promise to all given,
No other way than this can lead a sinful soul to heaven.
Think as you please; let others, too; who gives you to decry
The simpler service, sterner creed, in which I choose to die,
Or sneer upon the idol-cross a dying mother gave

In prayers and tears, and hopes and fears, her loving
child to save?

The blood that flowed upon that cross for all men did
atone—

Judgment belongs not here to man, but to the Lord
alone.

A preacher known to fame was asked especially to pray
That some who went another road might find a better way;
Hear now the answer which he gave: This letter grieves
me much,

For these are Christians like ourselves, I'll pray with
them as such.

'Tis said of one who highest in an ancient priesthood
stood,

Who left that line but late, the Ninth and last of those
called Good,

That when a convert humbly knelt, his blessing to re-
ceive,

And sought his grace that one most dear might in their
faith believe,

So that as they had lived on earth, united in their love,
When called to part below, they might forever meet
above,

And let a holy prayer for this, good Father dear, be
given;

Daughter, he said, they who love God will meet again
in heaven.

The moral that my stories tell, all ye who run may read,
A Christian is a Christian still, whatever be his creed.

Just at the time I came up here a lively scrimmage
grew
Between some theologians, styled the Old School and
the New;
They passed fine compliments, and called each other
heterodox,
Schismatical, and gave and got stout apostolic knocks,
Threw fast and fierce as hailstones fall the hardest kind
of rocks,
As hard as Royal Mary got from sturdy old John Knox,
Or as the Pilgrim Fathers found the shale of Plymouth
Rock;
It is not certain even now if men have yet found out,
Like Peterkin and Wilhelmine, what all that was about:
Those little wise ones, as you know, were puzzled sore
to see
Why men should strive and slay just for a "famous vic-
tory."
And so these champions "sloshed" around, with press
and tongue and pen,
As if the harder that they wrote the better they were
men:
But when our President came here they reconciled the
schism,
And stood as first they had upon Westminster Cate-
chism,
The Deacons and the Elders gave a Presbyterian Bawl,
And then, baptized in tears and love, arose Reunion
Hall.

And now, like these, the sacred flame of academic fire
With every annual catalogue goes up a grade still higher.
Great Cæsar! what a lucky thing, if this be truly so,
Your flame and mine, Old Boys, went out a hundred
years ago,

For what with both the calculi, with conic sections,
signs

And secants, tangents, arcs and chords, and straight and
crooked lines,

With Greek and Latin now pronounced in Continental
style,

The k for c, and e for i, that is the way they teach ye.

As *vide* Kaisar, Kikero, and ven-ee, vee-de, vcech-ee.

Astronomy, topography, and forms of sea and "sile,"

The properties and foc-ee of the singular ellipse,

And all that crams the knowledge-box would daze us in
eclipse,

For in this second century of freedom fair and bright,

When people rush along by steam, or by electric light,
When every instrument is wound up to the highest
tone,

And thought and speech are caught and caged within
the telephone,

Why, we must fire our engine up, crowd on all steam
and sail,

Must fly astraddle of a wire, or ride upon a rail.

Our College but keeps pace with these, in buildings,
boys and books,

And every one who comes up here can see how green
she looks,
Can see that brains and spondulics are something more
than bosh,
And all the Boys now swear in Dutch, ze work's vell
tone, by Cosh.

So then, Old Boys, you learn from this how great the
change appears,
When measured by the silent flow of the long vanished
years
Since we were gathered on these grounds, or in the
pleasant shade,
Or through the woods or by the brook with bounding
pulse we strayed.
The years have rolled above our heads, we've had our
share of fun—
Perhaps we never shall be men, but still our race is run.
We linger on the camping grounds, full-bearded stalks
of grain,
The statesman, senator and sage, together Boys again.
You recollect the wooden fence that ran along the
street,
Where in the summer evenings a lot of Boys would
meet,
And ogle all the pretty girls who passed along that way,
As they were pretty sure to do, the close of every day.
We may be wiser now, but if that same fence stood
there yet,

And we were loitering by its side, we'd do just so, you bet.

'Tis human nature ; what would be this world without their smiles,

Their pretty graces, saucy airs, their winning ways and wiles ;

For has not a great poet said, who highest fame has won,
That if they do not shine on us we'll never have a son ?

But now no more that fence is seen, old things give way to new,

And gone the ancient Halls through which the tin horn rouser blew.

Gone, too, the stately poplars, with their spires so slim and tall,

And gone the merry game we played with crooked stick and ball,

When, in the stoutest of the fray, we hailed the telling blow,

That sent the ball across the line with shouts of Domino.

One prank of mischief here I tell, to which the Boy aspires,

How rose the Calvinistic flames from necessary fires.

But we did penance, too, though not by rubric or by priest,

We fasted six days in the week and Friday had a feast :
Roast pig, boiled onions, apple-sauce, pastry and pies,
and oh !

What memories here come rolling up of rolls and Henry Clow.

I hear you say, Time's up, Old Boy, you're whirling
round your top,
And spinning out your line as if you never meant to
stop.
But let me, ere the curtain falls, admitting that is so,
Upon the canvass here unrolled one or more portraits
throw,
Of some still living and some gone where all the living
go.

There was a Boy in spectacles and camlet cloak and
gown,
Who kept a warm and loving heart beneath a seeming
frown,
Professor of the Classics, wise in dactyls and spondees,
The hypercatalectic crowd, iambics and trochees.
So here's to his health, which kind Providence bless,
May he live mille years, nor his umbra be less,
And though he has come to be senex in life,
Without even a puer, puella or wife,
Yet his family's large, and in much loving noise,
He is greeted with, Salve ! Hail, Boss of the Boys ;
For the nomen most dear to us all we proclaim,
Is that of our honored Boss, you know his name.

Two Boys came up to read and walk among the pleasant trees,
Green as their leaves, slim as their shoots, alike as two twin peas,

And then in sterner conflict tried to ripened manhood
grew ;
One now is silent in the tomb, and one now speaks to
you.

A tear for him, the youth who stood high on the honor
roll,
Assigned to speak the farewell word, of chivalry the
soul,
Who gave his life where glory called, back to his
mother earth ;
On Maryland, his Maryland, the land that gave him
birth,
He fell upon the battle-field, and to his memory here,
We leave a parting sigh of love and drop a silent tear.

Sing now a requiem for the dead, the learned, the wise,
the good,
Who, on the side of light and truth, the earnest leaders
stood ;
Not on the bloody field of strife, but to their God they
gave
The fullness of their strength, themselves, their fellow-
men to save ;
A requiem for our mighty dead, in life, a holy throng,
Their memories live forever green, fragrant in fame and
song.
They left a fair young Ward to those who follow in
their tread,

With brighter bays immortal wreaths to lay upon her head,
Behold her now amid these shades, a blooming, peerless Dame,
Who, as she greener grows in years, still greener grows in fame.

Now, glory to the sturdy men from good Saint Patrick's isle,
Who reared this stately fabric, our Mother's goodly pile,
And glory from ten thousand tongues to this their honored Queen,
Who, though an Orange man, is still a Wearer of the Green.
And new or old, in spring-time clear, or autumn ripe and sere,
In manhood's prime or life's decline, with every passing year,
Still may the reverent strain ascend from those who come up here ;
God bless our honored Dame and Queen, our good old Mother dear,
And may she wear the flowing robes and crown of royalty,
And unto all who follow on a light and glory be,
While suns shall shine upon the land, and stars set on the sea,
And over all our Flag of States, is floating full and free.

PRINCETON TO HARVARD.

MATER CLARISSIMA, in robes
Of courtly red and green,
Of all your Sister Colleges,
The high and honored Queen,
Hear now while in this running verse,
The Boys of Nassau Hall,
Pay you the homage due to worth,
Good Mother of us all.

Rare Matron of the early date,
Of sixteen thirty-six,
We hail you as our first and great,
Maternal specimen brix.
You come of old ancestral stock,
That runs back to the day,
Your sires stood free on Plymouth Rock,
And Massachusetts Bay.

Of that strong lineage they came,
That by the arm of might,
Has made the power of England's name,
A tower on Alpine height:

That first the nobler strife began,
For liberty and right,
And still are leaders in the van,
Where truth shines clear and bright.

As oaks from little acorns burst,
So you your growth begun ;
From small Commencements as when first,
Your graduates were one :
Now in this nineteenth century
You count them by ten score,
While all your rising numbers be,
A thousand fellows more.

Their name seems legion, and they go,
From Alba's snowy mount,
And where the summer waters flow,
From Ponce de Leon's fount ;
From shores where stately ships ride on,
Atlantic's stormy seas,
To those whose golden billows drink,
Pacific's balmy breeze.

So let them still come up and stand,
Full of young life and noise,
Within your halls, a stalwart band,
And growing host of Boys ;
And when two thousand years begin,
May in your precincts dwell,
Two thousand nobby Harvard men,
And every man a swell.

Ours is a sapling shoot, and so,
 Of course, it is quite true,
As long a line we cannot show,
 Or many sons as you :
But we can point you to a roll,
 That bears a numerous throng,
Of sages, statesmen, and famed scroll,
 In sermon, story, song.

Still, we will mark the path you lead,
 Will keep it near in view,
And as the higher steps you tread,
 Will follow after you,
Will take you as our monitor,
 Preceptor, pattern, guide,
And pressing onward as you go,
 Be ever by your side.

And, honored Mother, should you chance,
 To pass along our way,
Just turn within our church-yard gates,
 And there a moment stay :
Think of the rare, immortal dust,
 That sleeps beneath your tread,
And read the names upon the tombs,
 Of our illustrious dead :

Who sleep together there at rest,
 Forever side by side,
Who sleep together where they lived,
 Together where they died ;

While still, as when they trod her paths,
The chimes of Nassau sound,
Forever still are borne above,
Their consecrated ground.

They gave the fullness of their days
To teach the rising youth,
To lead them on in wisdom's ways,
And up to God and truth.
Be ours to keep in every age,
Their legacy and trust,
And leave the same pure heritage,
When we too sleep in dust.

So, Mother of the Colleges,
In age and honor grown,
And all your royal glory clad,
We greet you on your throne ;
Nor envy you your long career,
Of lustre and renown,
But trust that you may set each year,
New jewels in your crown.

Then onward still, dressed in your robes,
Of flowing red and green,
And be in days to come as now,
Our royal Mother Queen :
While Charles shall roll in ceaseless song,
Near by Memorial Hall,
And Stony Brook still runs along
The banks of the "Canawl."

THE CLOSE OF THE CENTENNIAL.

ALUMNI, N. Y., 30TH DECEMBER, 1876.

In these fast days of steam and rail, this first centennial year,
How strange the tales of chivalry and feudal times appear,
Of Kate and gallant Hotspur, the one renowned in arms,
The other no less famous for beauty's fairest charms ;
Of knight and bold retainer, and high-born cavalier,
Of tournament and troubadour, my, don't it all seem queer ?
Then, no man lived in brown-stone front or rode on iron rail,
But dwelt in moated castle, and strode in iron mail,
He wore the spur and helmet, threw down the gage of glove,
The only ring he sought to win was that of ladye love.
And so from youth to manhood in every age he goes,
With rings upon his fingers and bells upon his toes ;
Ring out, says Alfred Tennyson, ring out your chime of bells ;
How many a tale, says Thomas Moore, their evening music tells . . .

And not a man but echoes back, we'll ring the pretty
belles ;
And you, my fine young gentleman, the dashing nobby
swell,
Dressing yourself up handsomely, and looking very
well,
Will go around on Monday and ring a New Year bell.

Where now are all the mighty deeds by mailéd war-
rior bold,
Recounted in the chronicles and storied lays of old,
To listening ear of ladye dear, by bard and minstrel
told ?
Where is the gleaming broadsword, the glittering spear
and blade,
That flashed amid the battle, where swept the famed
crusade ;
When the Good Father's champions beat back the Pay-
nim foes,
And high above the Infidel the Christian Banner rose ?
Where now the haughty heroes who fought for glory's
crown,
And challenged friend and foeman to strife for high
renown ?
Where are the gallant Englishmen with battle-axe and
lance,
Who crossed the waters to defy the gentlemen of
France ?

Oh, for an hour of Agincourt, or Cressy come again,
A walk through Sherwood Forest with Robin's merry
men,
Then were the jousts for glory, and tournaments of
love,
And every knight who won his spurs must lift the gage
and glove.
But now no more the lordly tower that stood against
the sky,
From crested wall and battlement gives out the feudal
cry,
No more the bugle's challenge comes ringing from afar,
Champing, the curved and foaming steed impatient for
the war,
And all unheard the splintering charge, when through
the mailed form,
In dusky streaks the rider's blood was flowing red and
warm.

Look! Hotspur, of Northumberland, how fiery is the
pace
Of iron horses snorting past your field of Chevy Chace ;
Amid the forges' roaring blast, the factories' din and
whirr,
How can you sleep, old John of Gaunt, time-honored
Lancaster ?
And Richard of the Iron Heart, and Godfrey of Bou-
logne,
How now are all your honors and ancient glories flown,

For see, your blows with sword and trump, at Ascalon
and Acre,
Are nothing to the blows that fall from the peach-blow
“Potater.”
And lo, your famous snow-white plume, King Henry
of Navarre,
That on the field of Ivry shone as a guiding star,
Waving above the Lilies, the oriflamme of war,
When thickest rolled the battle’s tide, a signal near and
far,
Now pales before the sunlight of Monsieur Daguerre,
And scions of high lineage, of chivalry the soul,
Have bartered royalty in rank for royalty on coal,
They boast not their proud acres by sword and falchion
won,
But sell their lots by running feet, their minerals by the
ton ;
Gone is the gleam of armor and burnished coat of mail,
Vanished before the rumble of car and iron rail,
No more they ride the tournament with lance and bat-
tle-axe,
But gallop round their corn-fields, and pull their wool
and flax,
And Warwick, who, on Barnet Field—nay, drop that
angry frown—
And pluck the Roses, Red and White, to deck thy
Kingly crown ;
For still the polished blade gleams bright, and still the
edge we feel,

As on the chin we test the cut of Rogers' patent steel ;
For broadsword, spear and helmet, and chieftain with
his plume,
And stalwart knight and henchman, all fade and sink in
gloom,
Before the power of capital, the engine and the loom.

Hail to the line of steamships, hail to the railroad train,
Loaded with ore and merchandise, with passengers and
grain,
Hail to the cabled lightning and to the telephone,
From rising to the setting sun, circling the earth's
broad zone ;
Hail to the good time coming and may it come right
soon,
When we shall pay a visit to the Mountain in the Moon,
Upon the wings of morning fly through the upper air,
And call upon the lunatic in fullest moonshine there,
See Jupiter and Juno, and Mercury and Mars,
And all the other planets and satellites and stars ;
So be the power acknowledged, and felt throughout
the land,
Of railways, steamships, telegraphs, greenbacks and
notes of hand,
While flow the custom duties, while flourishes the
mill,
The lords of cotton, coal and corn shall be exalted
still,
And coming generations in wonder shall be told

Of all the great inventions that mark this age of gold.
Hail to the Christmas Carols, nor let their music cease,
Hail to the first Centennial, and hail the reign of Peace.

Ho, English Lords whose ancestors stood on the walls
of Troy,
Ye count not now your vassals, but men in your em-
ploy,
Nor boast your list of trophies all vanished, but instead,
Of gage of glove and ladye love, ye gauge your wine
and bread.

Farewell to ancient glory, farewell to honor grand,
And let the people's freedom be the bulwark of our
land ;
Green are our fields, and clear our streams, and tall our
mountains rise,
And lovely are our valleys beneath our sunny skies,
And beauteous are our maidens, the light of freemen's
eyes ;
For real, true nobility lies in the men-at-arms,
Who flag not on the tented fields, or cultivated farms,
And strike their colors only to woman's fairest charms ;
And they shall wear the scroll and crest of Nature's
heraldry,
While cars are running on the land, and ships sail on
the sea,
And telegrams are flying fast and gas is flowing free,
And so the first Centennial goes and we are here to see,
This is the ending of my talk and all you'll get from me.

THE CORNER-STONE.

HERE in this fragrant month of June
When summer flowers are all in tune,
We meet on the green turf to lay
A corner-stone of praise to-day.

Almighty Father, sovereign King,
Accept the worship that we bring,
Thy glory and Thy grace we sing—
Thine is this votive offering.

Look down upon us as we meet
Around our honored Mother's feet,
Her loving sons who come to greet,
And here once more their vows repeat.

We lay this new foundation stone,
For worship at Thy heavenly throne,
And grant in Thy good time it be,
A house of prayer and praise to Thee.

Here may preceptors guide the youth,
In paths of righteousness and truth,
And point them to the noblest aim,
That crowns the close of life and fame.

Teach them to live so that they may,
Walk in the pure and perfect way,
And living, learn the lesson high,
Of all life's lessons, how to die.

Let morning incense here arise
From thankful voices to the skies,
And songs of praise ascend on high,
When evening's hour is drawing nigh.

To Thee, eternal Lord and King,
Thy children this their tribute bring,
And consecrate in love anew,
The work their hands have found to do.

THE XXIIIRD PSALM.

THE Lord, my Shepherd, gently leads
My weary feet through verdant meads,
In fields where tender pastures grow,
And living waters freely flow.

He guides me in his righteous way,
He guards me, lest I go astray,
Restores my soul, and he is near,
My fainting steps with strength to cheer.

When I shall walk in death's dark shade,
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
I'll fear no ill, for God will guide,
And lead me safely through the tide.

With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
With plenty hast my table spread,
My cup with choicest blessings fills,
And goodness on my path distills.

Mercy shall crown my following days,
Then will I teach my lips Thy praise,
No more a wanderer I will roam,
But rest with God, in heaven my home.

THE CXXII^D PSALM.

MY heart was glad to hear them say,
Come, to His House repair,
And with united voices pay
Our thanks and honors there.

I love Thy habitations, Lord,
Thy holy courts divine,
The beauteous temples of Thy Word,
With milder glories shine.

Up to the City of our God,
The tribes with gladness go,
There peace and joy in her abode,
Like living waters flow.

The son of David there shall sit,
In judgment on His throne,
While nations bow before His feet,
And His salvation own.

Peace shall attend on Zion's gates,
And crown her temples still,
While plenty on her altar waits,
And palaces shall fill.

My soul shall spend her latest breath
For Salem's peace in prayer,
Then joyful meet my friends in death,
And join my Saviour there.



THE 151ST PSALM.

LONG METRE.

BLEST is the man who does not look,
Upon a day or ledger book,
And happy he who in hard times,
Owes neither dollars, debts nor dimes.

No trouble in his looks he bears,
His temper tries or patience wears,
But free from business and cares,
Attends to only his affairs.

No storms by day or fires by night,
No speculators keen and bright,
Or drafts that meet the eye at sight,
Or telegrams can him affright.

No dread of bailiff, bill or dun,
No friends to fear, no streets to shun,
Or notes of sixty days that run
As if the sixty all were one.

Remote from town he tends his flocks,
Regardless of the price of stocks,
And with his money is content,
Although it pays but three per cent..

So by the fire he toasts his shins,
Feels no remorse for business sins,
Nor cares a single row of pins,
Whether his fellow fails or wins.

Contented with his lot, he sees
The rest not quite so much at ease,
And he shall flourish, while his friends,
Are at their wits' and fingers' ends,

To raise the wind, but naught cares he,
If money tight or easy be,
All one to him on land or sea,
He rides upon his railway free.

Such be, young man, your happy lot,
And in some calm and quiet spot,
Some shady, cool and pleasant grot,
With gentle maid to share your cot,

May you all worldly cares forget,
Find nothing about which to fret,
Hold on to all that you can get,
And only live in Nature's debt.

Blest is the man who does not look
Upon a day or ledger book,
And blest beyond expression he,
Who passes on the railroad free.

THE LAST LONG SLEEP.

A LITTLE while and I shall keep,
My last and long eternal sleep,
A few days more and men will tread,
On the green turf above my head,
And read the name upon the stone,
Of one now living flesh and bone.

I lived, and ran my race, and died,
Who can do more than this beside,
Lived my appointed term and span,
The same as any fellow-man ;
It is not all of life, but yet,
What more can any mortal get !

And what of life and what of death,
One loss, one gain of vital breath,
And which the greater mystery,
The life that is, or is to be ?
We speak of death as being far,
A greater mystery than we are.

My feet must soon pass to the shore,
Whence none return forevermore,
With folded hands upon my breast,
I shall be laid away to rest ;
The morning and the noonday light,
Will be to me the same as night.

The sunset rays will stream and shine,
As softly through the singing pine,
Above the spot where I shall sleep,
Out to the waters of the deep,
As when before me on the bay,
Their beauties in full glory lay.

The summer wind and winter gale,
Will stretch the sheet or swell the sail,
The waves in whitecaps roll and beat,
Or fall in murmurs at my feet,
The same as when in life I trod,
The pathway to the house of God.

THE CORN-FIELD.

I STOOD on one midsummer morn,
Beside a field of growing corn,
Ripening along the wayside lane,
Beneath the sunshine and the rain.

The heavy night-dews sparkled still,
Like diamonds on each green-clad hill,
Reflected in the morning ray,
Of the clear risen god of day.

A wavelet rippled on the air,
And stirred the rustling corn-leaves there,
No other voice or sound was heard,
Save of the early singing bird.

The stalks were green of darkest hue,
And rising tall and straight to view,
While from their side the broad leaf-blade,
Luxuriant in the sunshine played.

It stood full tasseled to the light,
The silken ears hung thick and bright,
All was so growing, faultless, fair,
No charm seemed lost or wanting there.

Fragrant the perfume from the corn,
Came up on that midsummer morn,
A perfume rare and only known,
To the full-blooming maize alone.

The river in soft summer song,
And gentle gladness rolled along,
While just beyond, the opening bay,
In full and quiet glory lay.

I gazed upon the peaceful scene,
The river and the corn-field green,
And thought how soon the time must come,
The harvest would be gathered home.

The blades must wither, stalks be bare,
The yellow grain be ripe and fair,
And all would die and pass away,
To grow another summer day.

So, thus will life's full harvest field,
When reaped, another harvest yield,
Whose golden seeds shall spring and rise,
And bloom immortal in the skies.

NOTHING NEW.

THE light of other days is gone,
But still the sun shines brightly on,
And ever will, as full and clear,
As when it rose on life's new year.

The stars will twinkle in the sky,
The moon will ride the heavens as high,
The flower will kiss the morning ray,
The bud will open to the day.

Youth soon must pass to ripened age,
That pass in turn from off the stage,
But nature will forever sing
The song of a returning spring.

PRESS ON.

PRESS on the road, nor stop nor stay,
Though doubt and chance are in the way;
Life's signal gun is heard afar,
Amid the clouds and smoke of war.

Before you here the good and wise,
And they who gained the golden prize,
Closing in faith their starry eyes,
Now shine in glory from the skies

Have won the fight by striving long,
To seek the right and shun the wrong,
And crowned at last have been made strong,
Their victory a triumphant song.

All things that in this world seem bright,
Are touched with nature's common light,
The sunbeams and the shades of night,
Fall just the same on every sight.

Are we so learned and so refined,
So weak in heart, so strong in mind,
That we cannot so much as find,
One thought in common with mankind ?

Be sure that there is something wrong,
One is too weak and one too strong,
Life but a fancied dream may be,
An unseen shape of misery.

One beam of that same common light,
One silver ray of sunshine bright,
Surpasses all that human art,
Or skill and science can impart.

And what would be this world of ours,
Without its sunshine and its showers,
Without its thorns, without its flowers,
Without its sad and joyous hours?

Without its hopes, without its fears,
Without its smiles, without its tears,
Without its joys, without its grief,
The blossom and the withered leaf?

These all in different courses run,
Yet meet and mingle all as one,
So act together mind and heart,
Nor let the falser system part,

That which to us by God is given,
To rise on earth and soar to heaven,
That which He gives to make the man,
His own pure work and perfect plan.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

LET there be Light, the dawn awoke,
And day upon the darkness broke,
The world in finished beauty stood,
And God declared that all was good.

The heavens on high His praises rang,
The morning stars together sang,
The floods the joyful strains prolong,
And earth responsive swells the song.

Created Nature stands arrayed,
In fairest tint of light and shade,
While of their kind, each living thing,
To Him their earliest tribute bring.

There, in the likeness of his face,
Adam, the first of all our race,
Upon the paths of Eden trod,
And on its altar worshiped God.

Lord, while thy heavenly building stands,
A house on high not made with hands,
Here on this verdant turf of thine,
Our faith shall rear an humbler shrine.

THE EGG.

A PULLET laid an egg one day,
Not in a nest of straw or hay ;
I saw it on the wagon floor,
As I threw open wide the door.
I told a little five-year maid,
I found the egg that pullet laid.
Did you, she said, tell me I beg,
How did the pullet get that egg ?
Where did it come from ? I'm afraid,
You ask too much, my little maid,
As you grow older you may know
What puzzles little people so.

Thus answered I the little maid,
Where did it come from ? still she said.



LIVING ON A FARM.

HOW brightly through the mist of years,
My early boyhood's home appears,
Within the valley calm and still,
Beneath the forest-crested hill,
Where, happy in our sports and play,
We children tracked the pebbled way,
On which the streamlet, starting free,
Ran from its fount to meet the sea ;
The blood of life was flowing warm,
When I was living on a farm.

The scene comes up to-day as fair,
As if life still was passing there,
The fragrance of the dewy morn,
The winding of the noon-day horn,
The fields and meadows where we strayed,
And rural paths in which we played,
The wild flower blooming in the glade,
The woodland's pleasant summer shade ;
The sun of life was shining warm,
When I was living on a farm.

In spring, we hailed the cherry blows,
And apple-trees with blossoming snows,
Followed the plough when first it threw,
The furrow to the sun and dew,
And when the ground was ready, fill
With golden corn the new-made drill :
So thus in healthful work and play,
The daily hours would pass away ;
The spring of life was bright and warm,
When I was living on a farm.

Then summer came with fruits and flowers,
With sunny days and growing showers,
With tasseled corn and bearded grain,
Waving on hillside and on plain,
Meadows on which the new-mown hay,
In spreading swaths or winrows lay,
Harvests of garnered sheaves of wheat,
And harvest-apples ripe and sweet ;
The summer had its fairest charm,
When I was living on a farm.

In autumn time what joy to see,
The gathering for the husking-bee,
To hear the voices keeping tune,
Of girls and boys beneath the moon,
To mark the golden corn-ear bright,

More golden in the yellow light,
The nuts touched with the early cold,
Threshed from the limb by stripling bold ;
Oh, autumn had a mellow charm,
When I was living on a farm.

Then winter shows his frosty toes,
And comes with ice and fleecy snows,
When sleigh-bells ring upon the street,
And youths and maids for frolic meet,
Around the blazing chimney fire,
Piling the hickory logs up higher,
For fast and full flowed on the fun,
When day closed in and night begun ;
Old winter wore his rarest charm,
When I was living on a farm.

I hear the sweet church-going bell,
As o'er the fields its music fell,
I see the country neighbors round,
Gathering beneath the pleasant sound ;
They stop awhile beside the door,
To talk their rural matters o'er—
The growing meadows, ripening grain,
And how we need a little rain ;
A little sun would do no harm,
We want good weather for the farm.

Life then was simple, honest, plain,
And often do I think again,
Of all the homely country joys,
That circled round the romping boys,
Recall the scenes of early days,
Their pleasant dreams and merry ways,
And as that quiet home appears,
Thus brightly through the mist of years,
I think life wore its highest charm,
When I was living on a farm.

THE PINE TREE SONG.

SAY, have you heard from way down east,
The singing of the Pine,
Among the green tree branches, where
September glories shine?
Borne on the wings of whispering winds,
And fraught with fragrant balm,
The notes go swelling to the land,
Of orange grove and palm.

Along the Hudson's silvery stream,
The floating murmurs rise,
And o'er the Storm King's lofty crest,
Are carried to the skies:

The rippling wavelets dance and play,
Harmonious to the strain,
Sent by the Pine's Æolian harp,
From Ocean to Champlain.

The Alleghanies catch the song,
That comes from fir-clad Maine,
While the glad melody rolls on,
The prairie and the plain :
Across the Mississippi floods,
The Rocky Mountain snows,
And Sierre Nevada's highest range,
The welcome music flows.

Thus, starting from away down east,
And borne by autumn's breeze,
The piney murmurs die upon,
Pacific's golden seas ;
From northern lake to southern gulf,
From east to western plain,
Goes out the ringing music of,
The Pine Tree song of Maine.

FEBRUARY.

THOU, shortest month of all the year,
But strong in cold of lengthening days,
I hail and bid thee welcome here,
Wrapt in a mist of frosty haze.

The circling air around my head
Makes heart and pulse in vigor glow,
The plaintive sounds beneath my tread,
Are sighings of the trampled snow.

Still with thy frosts young life-springs start,
The fountain streams begin to flow,
And in their unseen channels dart,
Again in budding bloom to grow.

What youth or maiden fails to greet,
Thy coming with a welcome strain,
When loving hearts together meet
And bless their patron saint again.

Whether thy days are twenty-eight,
Or leap-year gives them twenty-nine,
Still in thy time the birds will mate,
And lovers choose their valentine.

ON A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

'T IS said, you know, that man proposes,
But that some higher power disposes :
We also know sometimes he chooses,
And that a fairer power refuses ;
That fairer power here interposes,
And this is what it now discloses,
Right under all our eyes and noses :
I thank you for these pretty posies,
And won't forget your gift of roses.

WINTER.

THE snow began with parting light,
And in the gloaming softly fell,
Lying in vestments pure and white,
As only fabled stories tell.

All night the silent showers came down,
By no dark cloud or cross wind driven,
And in the morn a sunny crown,
Of radiance streamed afar from heaven.

There was no breath of air to break,
The stillness of the opening day,
When suns began from sleep to wake,
And sped upon their rising way.

The skies were bluest of the blue,
No cloud hung in the frosty air,
Earth wore a robe of spotless hue,
No sight could be more soft and fair.

The sun gleamed on the firs and pines,
Like jewels on the brow of night,
Or where amid the diamond mines,
He poured his rays of living light.

And soon the sound of coming feet,
Passed by me on the untrodden snow,
While bells rang out old Time to greet,
And bid him shake his frosty toe.

They sounded here, they sounded there,
As gayly as a burst of Spring,
And on the circling, winter air,
I heard a full-voiced chorus ring.

It lingered far into the morn,
Long past the midnight hour that shed,
The borrowed light that filled her horn,
From the sun's leveled western bed.

And as Time's changes come and go,
Those sounds my memory loves to bear,
When sleigh-bells rang across the snow,
And merry voices filled the air.

No more those bells shail ring for me,
No more those voices fill my ear,
For I the last long winter see,
The Winter of Life's closing year.

MAY.

HERE comes the smiling month of May,
Of mingled showers and sunshine born,
When flowers begin to deck the day,
And fields grow green with springing corn.

The brooks, set free from winter frost,
Full to the brim rejoicing run,
Now in the woodland shadows lost,
Now sparkling in the noontide sun.

Emblem of Hope, young Life appears,
In thee, in budding beauty dressed,
And singing down the stream of years,
Thou com'st, an ever-welcome guest.

I see thy footsteps as they pass,
I hear thy milder murmurs play,
The wild flower blossoms in the grass,
The robin chirps his matin lay.

And then I think, fair month, of those,
Whose eyes first opened to the light,
When suns shone on thy violet-blows,
And Nature wore her livery white.

A mother, now long passed from earth,
Came with thy roses' early bloom,
And we her boys, twinned at birth,
One lies beside her in the tomb.

The other left to follow soon,
Where they have gone, and all must go,
For when the sun has passed high noon,
How fast his sinking glories flow.

Another, not of me, still mine,
Child of blue eye and fairy strain,
On thee the suns began to shine,
When Spring, full-flowered, returned again.

Too soon thy song has ceased to sing,
Too soon the light closed on thine eye,
The sun has shone on thy last spring,
And I have lived to see thee die.

Bury me when the apple-blows,
Are brightest in the bloom of May,
My life came in with their soft snows,
So let it with them pass away.

SPRING.

IN that sweet season of the year when kine go forth
to graze,
And bees are on the lilac bloom, and farmers plant the
maize,
I laid my daily cares aside and walked one day abroad,
Among the fields and flowers that kept the holiday of
God.

The grass was green along the lane and on each tufted
hill,
The perfume of the violet appeared to linger still:
The brook as beautiful and bright went on its winding
way,
As when, a barefoot boy, I came, along its banks to
stray.

The robin in the apple-tree was singing full and clear,
As if to welcome with his song the bridal of the year,
While high above, the rising sun his radiant lustre
threw,

Bathing in silvery sheen the blades bright with the
morning dew.

I heard the laughing children fill the forest with their
glee,

As bounding o'er the turf they ran, from school and
lessons free:

They plucked the wild flowers by the stream, as merrily
they played,

And sang the choral song of youth under the forest
shade.

And long I lingered listening to the pleasant sounds,
that make,

The dream of manhood's memory more dear for child-
hood's sake,

While distant still, though seeming near, the village
evening bell,

From out the church-spire on the green, across the
meadows fell.

Though years have passed, and I have learned a little
in life's school,

Not much, but still enough to keep from being quite a
fool,

Yet often do I think again of that bright day in
spring,
When farmers dropped the golden grain and bees were
on the wing :

When fields and flowers were all in bloom and south
winds all abroad,
And in the woods or on the hills the merry children
trod,
Or by the murmuring water-rill they bounded o'er the
sod,
While Nature in full glory kept the holiday of God.

THE BEECH-TREE.

SUB TEGMINE FAGI.

BEECH-TREE planted by my hand,
Where upon the turf you stand,
Many years have passed and gone,
Since I set you on the lawn.

Then a slim and sapling shoot,
Short in stature, small in root,
Now your leaves above my head,
Deep their darkened shadows spread.

Like old Tityrus, I have staid,
In your pleasant beechen shade,
When the summer sun rode high,
There at noontime I would lie :

Lie and think how fair and bright,
Nature opened to my sight,
When I planted you to grow,
Now so many years ago.

Then I looked with starry eyes,
Out upon the earth and skies,
All the world seemed very fair,
All was light and sunshine there.

You were starting up in life,
I, beginning care and strife,
Winter suns now fall on me,
You are still a growing tree.

Years may roll around, ere yet,
To your root the axe is set,
Generations in your shade,
Yet may lie as I have laid.

Soon the time will come that I,
No more in your shade can lie ;
Flourish in full vigor when
I have passed away from men.

Beech-tree, spread your branches wide,
Farther still on every side,
Grow for years when I am gone,
Where I set you on the lawn.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

THE INVOCATION.

SISTER, thou hast passed to glory,
Entered in the promised rest,
Singing there the wondrous story,
With the ransomed spirits blest.

Thou art near to Him who liveth,
And will all His loved ones keep,
Safe there in His arms, who giveth
His beloved children sleep.

Finished every earthly sorrow,
Life and all its labors done,
Now for thee a heavenly morrow,
Now triumphant thou hast won.

Lay thee in thy dark home lowly,
And press lightly on the sod,
Pure and good, and meek, and holy,
Thou art with thy Saviour, God.

THE ANSWER.

Friends beloved, I hear your voices,
Borne on love's angelic wing,
Here in heaven my heart rejoices,
Here a ceaseless song I sing.

I have done with sin and sighing,
Passed the dark and gloomy vale,
I have conquered death in dying,
And my welcome is, All Hail.

Hark, they greet me, Sister Spirit,
Put thy robes of glory on,
These, from Him thou dost inherit,
Through whose victory thou hast won.

Enter now the gates of Zion,
Pass and tread the golden street,
Look, before you Judah's Lion
Guards the Ark—the Mercy Seat.

DECORATION DAY.

YOU stand here by the graves that hold,
The ashes of the brave,
Who, on the battle-field, their souls,
To death and glory gave ;
Ho, comrades of the living line,
While yet ye linger here,
Gather around the hallowed shrine,
And drop a silent tear.

Come, lay upon the spring-clad turf,
Your offerings of love,
And, as on these dark lowly homes,
The grass grows green above,
So keep their memory green till you,
No more these paths shall tread,
And others chant the funeral march,
And requiem for the dead.

The trump of war no longer calls,
The rolling thunders cease,
And harp and voice together sing,
The victories of Peace ;
All over all these States now floats,
One Flag of Stripes and Stars,
From sunrise shore to where the waves,
Break on the sunset bars.

Forget not, as you deck their tombs,
Who thus in battle fell,
That those with whom they strove to death,
Mourn their dead brave as well :
Like you, they set their fortune, name,
And all of hope in life,
To win a crown of lasting fame,
Or perish in the strife.

Ye may not meet again as now,
Here at the sculptured shrine,
Or round the monumental shaft,
Affection's roses twine ;
Then let the flowers you strew, where sleep,
Your dead in long repose,
A wave of incense waft to rest,
On brave and fallen foes.

Thus shall the Pine keep green their fame,
Who for the Union died,
The Palm embalm their name who fell,
Upon the losing side ;
Comrades and friends shall hither come,
And in their memory lay,
These votive offerings of love,
Each Decoration Day.

Then, Soldiers of the Blue and Gray,
Now that your work is done,
No longer enemies in war,

In peace be ye all one ;
And glory from your living throng,
That you still see the day,
When on your fallen comrades graves,
The flowers of love you lay.

THE BARRON OF LIBRARY HALL.

COME, all ye good people, come out at our call,
The music is playing to open the ball,
And the church bells are ringing, for one and for all,
To honor the Barron of Library Hall.

Come up from all quarters and join in our feast,
Let your business cease for one day at the least ;
Come old and come young, we will welcome the throng,
With anthems, and speeches, and sermon, and song.

Our feast is of reason, the spirit, the fire,
Whose flame, as it burns, rises clearer and higher ;
You may drink at that fountain without any harm,
And the deeper the draught the purer the charm.

A baron is one of the nobles, you know,
Who in feudal times kept his retainers, and so,
You retain a young lawyer to make you a speech,
And also a parson to pray and to preach.

We call a book liber, liber homo, one free,
As the winds of the air, or the waves of the sea ;
So in famed Magna Charta 'twas said by King John,
When he laid down that statute on Runnymede lawn.

This Barron, whose post-mortem praises you speak,
Was born in your valley of Papiac Creek,
So 'twas called by the Red Men and warriors brave,
When they dwelt by the shore of fair Raritan's wave.

But like others, he left the green shades of his home,
And went forth in the wide world to wander and roam,
In the battle of manhood to shiver a lance,
And as winner or loser, to run the main chance.

Thus he piled up by years of industrious toil,
Huge bowlders of rocks, and great barrels of oil,
Known also as rhino, spondulics, and tin,
Said to be, you know where, the root of all sin.

I doubt not the precept, the practice is what,
Even pious divines sometimes have forgot,
And so will continue, most likely, until,
The time comes for a mortal to make his last will.

There's a law of our nature, when age grows apace,
And Time draws his drafts on our bank without grace,
When the tire is worn down pretty close to the wheel,
That the visions of morning will over us steal ;

And thought will, in fancy, go back to the time,
When nature appeared in her glory and prime,
The spring season of life, when all things seemed fair,
Unshaded by sorrow, unclouded by care ;

When the fields and the forests were fragrant with
flowers,
And all the young tribe born of sunshine and showers,
When the bee sipped the bloom, and the brook ran
along,
On its murmuring way in its musical song.

There are moments in life-time to memory dear,
When the visions of youth come up cloudless and clear,
And bring back the features of life's early scene,—
May the Lord in our hearts keep such memories green.

No doubt such reflections as these will engage,
And mellow the heart in the winter of age,
For the rough traits of nature are softened away,
As the journey of life nears the close of the day.

So, when he had garnered in autumn his hoard,
And the sheaves of life's harvest all snugly were stored,
He called up the memory of each early scene,
That his fancy still robed in the freshness of green.

The hill in the sunshine, the vale in the mist,
The boys he had thrashed, and the girls he had kissed,
The nuts he shook down from the hickory limb,
The brook by the rain-floods filled up to the brim :

The snow-slide in winter, where many a younker,
Went coasting down hill in a style something bunker ;
The old meeting-house, with its quaint and white steeple,
The parson, the deacon, fore-singer and people ;

Where he learned Watts' Songs, and each little 'ism
Contained in the Westminster Short Catechism,
Familiar to each one without any doubt,
Who has drank at that clear Calvinistical spout.

And there he thought too of his ancestor's graves,
As they slept by the margin of Papiac's waves,
And how soon he must lie down to sleep by their side,
While the waters forever would flow in their tide.

A rumor is current, I know not how true—
Just as it was told me, I tell it to you,
I give it as part of a chronicler's news,
And you may believe it or not, as you choose—

That one of these sleepers was roused from his bed,
By a thundering noise going on overhead,
Such a pounding and sounding, a clatter and patter,
He could not conceive what the deuce was the matter.

It kept on so long, that he thought he'd go out,
And see what the rumpus and noise was about ;
So he put on his ghostly apparel and jacket,
And went up to speer out the cause of the racket.

The night was unclouded, and the full moon shone clear,
As that lady should do when such spirits appear ;
As he gazed, he exclaimed, good gracious, how strange,
I can't make it out, what a wonderful change :

I see something quite dark, but where's the white spire,
Reflected of old by the setting sun's fire ?
Dear me, it is gone, and I guess I'll go down,
For I'm blest if the church folks hain't done it up brown.

Presbyterian friends, you may learn from this story,
That your old Meeting-house loses all its old glory,
By clothing its spire, once a monument bright,
In any robe other than pure, saintly white.

But this Barron, ere called to pay Nature's last Bill,
Signed, sealed and delivered his true and last Will,
And the special device, made thereon you now see
In this beautiful, finished and fine Libra-ry.

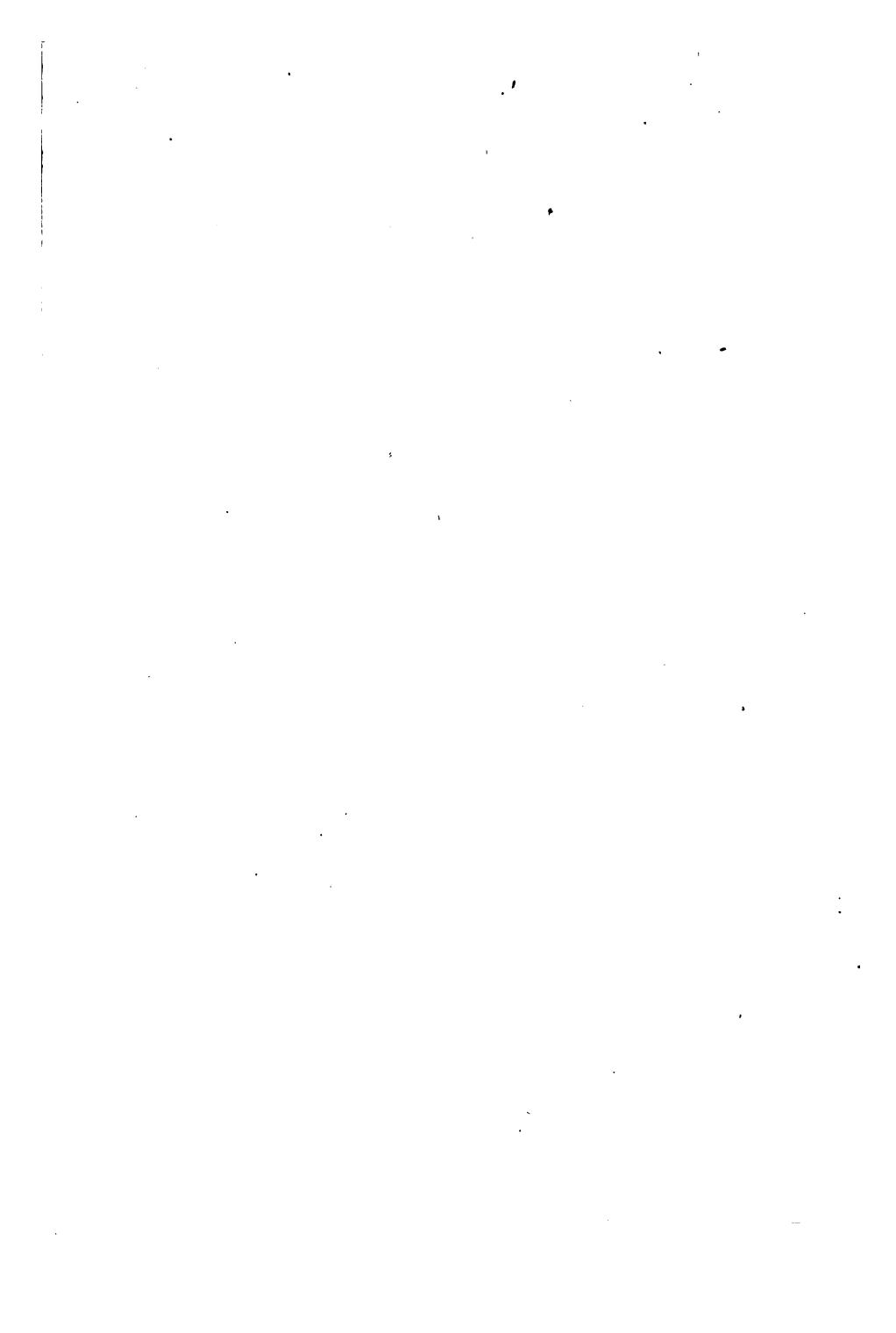
And as long as the waters of Papiac roll,
And the Flag shall float free from your Liberty Pole,
So long let this Building continue to stand,
A tribute to Learning and monument grand.

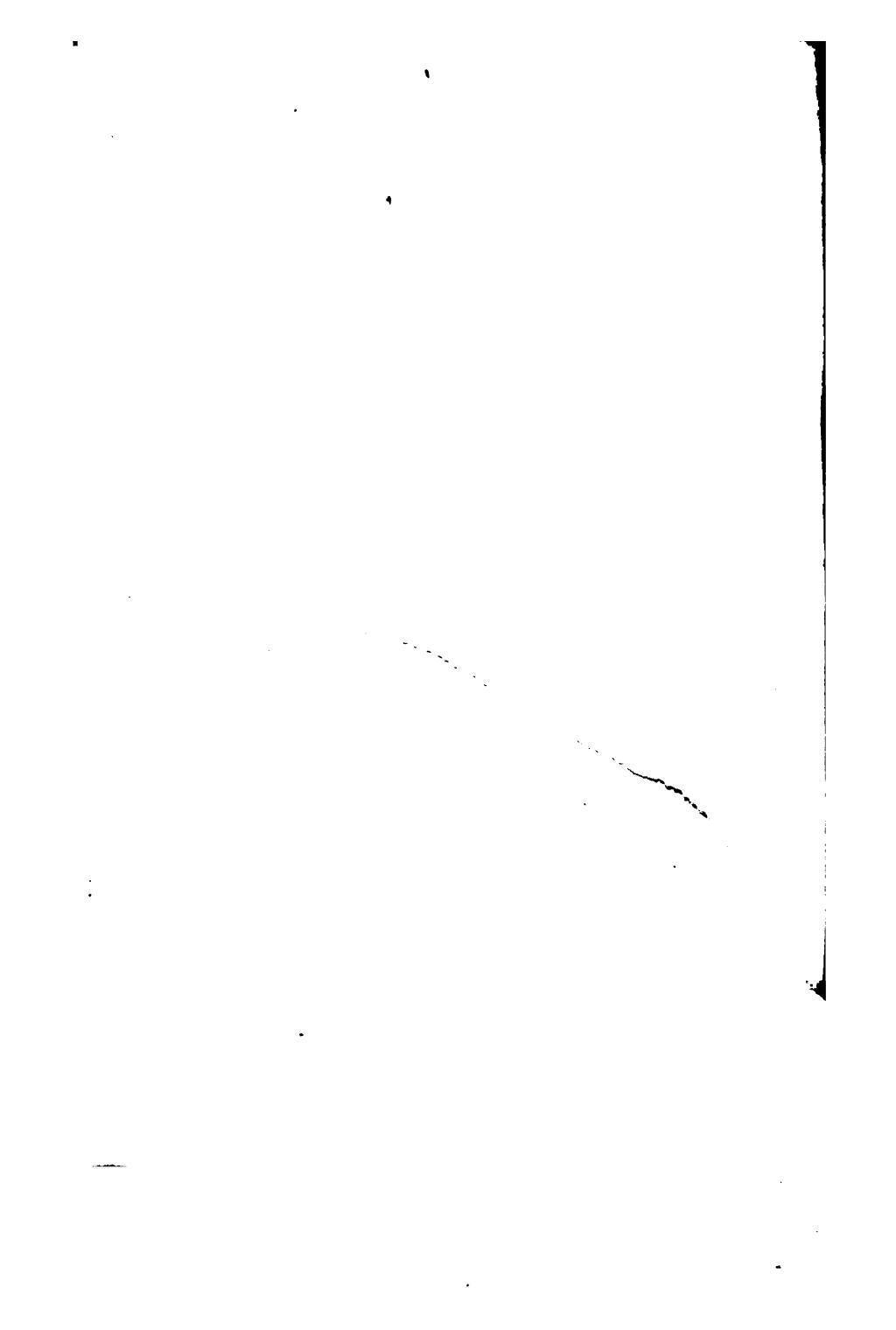
But I fear that I weary your patience too long,
So now as I finish this sermon and song,
Let there go up a psalm of thanksgiving from all,
To the Barron who founded this Library Hall.

TO MARGERY DAW, AT NORFOLK.

1ST JANUARY, 1880.

DEAR Margery Daw, I now write you to say,
That this here New Year is a very fine day,
'Tis as splendid a New Year as ever you saw,
You had better believe it, dear Margery Daw.
The Christmas was gloomy, and rainy and sad,
But this is a day that will make you feel glad,
For it comes in clear, bracing and silver sunshine,
On house-top, and meadow, and green-growing pine.
The ground is all covered with "beautiful snow,"
Trees, bushes and branches are all in a glow,
For the feathery white drops were turned into rain,
And the icicles glisten on hill-side and plain,
On city hall, school-house, and steeple and vane,
We may never behold it as pretty again.
What a beautiful day to begin the New Year,
When Nature's grand works in such glory appear,
When all to the eye is so calm, clear and bright,
Magnificent, glowing, all sparkling and light,
Just that which will make you resolve to be good,
Be moral and so forth, as every one should.







THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ACTOR, LENORE AND
TILDEN F. C. L. N.S.
R

I look out on the river that runs to the sea,
And behold it flow on in its course full and free,
As it has since the waters passed on in their stream,
Or have shone in the light of the shining sunbeam.
The current glides on and seems ever the same,
We know but too well that is only in name ;
Now I hear the shrill whistle, my dear Margey Daw,
Of the engine that rushes across the wide draw,
Of the Bridge that spans over the River with ties,
On which the rails run, sure a Bridge of great Size,
Like that on which Byron stood some years ago,
That stands near the Sea Adriatic, you know :
A great many vessels and steamers with freight,
And tows of coal barges pass through Jersey State,
By means of this river and ditch that men call,
An inland, internal, commercial "canawl,"
Which connects its tide-waters with those that divide,
The State of New Jersey from one t'other side :
It was claimed that this Bridge of great size would or
 might,
A-bridge of such maritime traders the right,
They had gained by the custom of old common law,
So the Bridge was required to be built with a draw,
Which draw is the longest that ever you saw.
It is set on a pivot, and so it makes two
Draw openings in which all the craft can draw
 through.
There is reason in this, and you see it was wise,
To put a large draw in a bridge of great size,

And so now I have told you, dear Margery Daw,
How that Bridge of great Size came to have a great
Draw.

The River will run on the same in its kind,
And the Engine will shriek with its tender behind,
As now the stream flows on between either shore,
And I hear the shrill whistle, the train's rumbling roar,
And others will listen, as I do to-day,
Perhaps draw a moral, and then pass away.

Good gracious, old g. p.! I think you will say,
What makes you get up such a prosy old lay,
On what you have said is a fine New Year's day?
No more of your Rivers and Bridges, I pray;
I care not for Bridges of great or small kind,
And less for the Engine and tender behind,
But write about things that are awfully jolly,
Immense—not in bridges—and not melancholy,
And if you'll inclose me, when closing your letter,
A letter V note, it will be all the better.

Oh, yes, that's the way of the world when you're
young,
And the strings of life's harp to a full pitch are strung:
Do you think that I don't know what all that style
means?
Better teach your old g. p. first how to spell beans.

But still it is 'cording to nature, so, well,
I will try very hard to do as you tell.—
There goes that blamed Engine, a-screaming again,
Across the Draw Bridge, with its thundering train.

Your landscape has come ; what a fanciful swell !
Pray, how did you strike such a fine poise, do tell.
Your Ma is quite jealous, and says it is queer,
You did not send one to their house for New Year ;
She said so a short time ago, when I see her,
As she came down to call upon all the folks here ;
When I shall get mine I will send one to you,
And so I will pay you in kind what is due.
I cannot say when I shall pose for that work,
It will be when your Auntie goes up to New York ;
She will boss that there job as a priestess of art,
For she wishes to make your old g. p. look smart.

This morning the city bells all were about,
And tolled to the people the Old Year was out,
While steam whistles, horns and tin pans without
number,
Roused up at midnight all the sleepers from slumber,
Who looked out, I suppose, on the light of the moon,
And welcomed the morn with the old New Year tune.

I can't think, dear Margey, what more I can say,
Than repeat it has been a most beautiful day,
As pretty as ever a New Year could be,

And the Raritan River still runs to the sea,
And over the Draw Bridge, that great Bridge of Size,
The Engine screams, rushes, and whistles and flies,
And whether your g. p. shall go or shall stay,
It will be just the same on next New Year's day.
I hope you may see many more of the same,
Though not without changing a part of your name.
I cannot expect to do either, that's plain,
For my time is most up, and so now I remain,
By the side of the river that runs to the sea,
The Bridge, Draw and Engine, your ancient G. P.

WHO WROTE THE HATCHET STORY ?

PUBLIC SCHOOL, 24TH JUNE, 1880.

COME all ye young people who go to school here,
Once more gather round, for vacation is near,
Again on your forms and your benches appear,
And give to your teacher the last of your ear ;
For this is the last time for two months you'll see her,
So a last word at parting, a sigh and a tear,
A song and a speech, and a smile, and a cheer,
In a toast of the water men call Adam's beer—
A pure crystal fountain that no one need fear—
And then through the door you will all disappear,

And be going around in your holiday gear,
As jolly and lively, as merry and free;
As the winds of the air or the waves of the sea,
Or a troop of loose juveniles always can be.
But I know we shall see you again pretty soon,
For the cherries are ripe in this red month of June,
And with roses and bees, you will be in full tune,
Will be bounding in spirits and bursting in song,
And as other young people, be going it strong.
Besides, we remember the Fourth of July,
Is coming along, and is now very nigh,
When you will be round with "tin" in your pockets,
And firing off crackers and squibs and sky-rockets,
In your sports and your games and your holiday jacket,
Getting up, for a small boy, a mighty big racket.

I have sung an old song for you and your Pa,
Your sisters and cousins, your aunts and your Ma,
It is time I should cease filing up my old saw,
And be nearing the end of this elderly jaw.
Young people would rather be out of doors playing,
Than listen to what we old fellows are saying ;
'Tis the way of young life and will always be so,
In all ages to come, and wherever you go.

The talks are all done, and the pieces are read,
The speeches are spoken, the lessons are said,
The prizes are given to those who are head.
You heard how those big folks were puzzled and tasked,

To answer the one simple question I asked ;
They tell you the story and say you must mind it,
Of Washington's Hatchet, but not where to find it ;
The Superintendent says, blest if I know,
And the Principal " Schoolmarm " to that says dit-to,
And the President mutters, well this is a go,
The old fellow has got us, and I must say " do,"
While the Ex-President and Reverend D. D.,
The Modera-tor of a learned Presby-try,
Declares that with them he will have to agree,
For he does not know where he can find the sto-ry,
Of that wonderful Hatchet and famed Cherry-tree
And then those old covies who sit in a row,
Looking wise from the platform, all shake their heads so,
The same as if each one had said, I don't know.
A set of know-nothings, not one of them dreams,
That the story was told by a Parson named Weems ;
A rare lot of teachers to point rising youth,
To this Cherry-tree tale, as a moral for truth,
And now I shall leave it to each lad and lass,
To say which of such scholars is head of the class,
While on to the end of this talking I pass,
For the minutes run on, and 'tis time I should set,
And not weary your patience by keeping on yet.

But before I shall close, let me bid you remember,
That the School will reopen some time in September,
When most of you then should be glad to get back,
For nothing but play makes a dull boy of Jack ;

Still some of your number will come here no more,
As pupils you will not pass in that school door,
You will pass out as others have gone out before,
And as those who will follow hereafter must do,
For the School is the same but the scholars are new :
Your miniature world has been found in this hall,
Henceforward that world must be outside its wall ;
This Commencement beginneth life's journey for you,
To these early indentures you now bid adieu,
And that is just what I must say to you here,
Good-bye, little people, vacation is near,
Good-bye till we meet again some other year.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

THIS grave you strew with flowers holds,
All that remains of one,
Who fell where Rappahannock rolls,
Its waters to the sun.

His was the half-inspired light,
Coming but now and then,
That marks the Hero in the fight,
The Leader among men.

He was a Christian strong in deed,
To do his Master's work,
An Elder in Geneva's creed,
And Scotland's simple Kirk.

A foeman's arm the blow dealt not,
But hands he held most dear,
Winged on its course the fatal shot,
That makes them mourn him here.

To win his cause he ventured all,
Nor stopped to count the cost,
And it was meet that he should fall,
Before that cause was lost.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

1492.

Nearly four centuries of years have passed,
Since on the deep a little bark had rode,
For many days and nights : the last long hope,
To find the promised shore, had died away,
When lo ! a cry upon an autumn eve,
Breaks from the watchman in the topmast shroud ;
The land birds come ; wait till the morn appears ;

Land Ho ! the Western Continent is there.
Where are the doubters? all are silent now ;
No more suspicion lingers in their hearts.
The Genoese Mariner to the Virgin then,
Returns his thanks, and in her honor calls,
The new-found land he sees, San Salvador.
Ave Maria, Blessed Mother, Hail,
For this fulfillment of our steadfast prayer,
We do all in the name of thy dear Son,
To whom with thee, with all the Holy Saints,
And Father God, Ave Maria, Hail.

His was the science and the faith that gave,
This Continent to Freedom, as a place,
Where Liberty in after years might turn,
And find a home for exiled man or creed,
Where all could seek in every age and clime,
A refuge from the iron rod of power,
And live as owners of themselves, in all
The attributes that make a man a man.
His was a learning wiser than the schools.
Had he not known so well how to apply
In practice what he learned, where now would be
This western heritage, with all its wealth,
Of population, land, and growing strength,
Industrial energies, and highest art?
Where now would be academies or schools,
Or temples of the ever-living God,
To teach the young the way to truth and heaven?

1880.

How strange, surpassing strange, that in these days,
This nineteenth century of grace and hope,
Of mercy, peace and love, of light and life,
That men who worship the same Son of God,
As he who at the Virgin Mother's shrine,
Offered the thanks of those who knew no faith,
Beside that taught on Peter's Holy Rock,
Simply because no other then was preached,
To those who gathered in the Christian fold :
That Christian men with Christian hearts are found,
Who think a worshiper before the shrine,
At which Columbus knelt when first he touched,
The shores now peopled by a mighty host,
Should hold no public trust, because his faith,
A faith of more than eighteen hundred years,
Would sap the schools on which are based the art,
The science, without which these States, this land,
Had never been, and where no woodman's axe,
Had leveled down the forest, and let in
The warmth of nature's sun. How passing strange,
That this should be, and Christian men should hail,
The infidel as being worthier far,
Than one who wears the Christian Master's sign :
And this is seen within a land that boasts,
Of civil and religious liberty !

THE CHARITY FAIR.

FARE, "TIN CINTS."

HERE'S a song of the Fair, the Charity Fair,
A double entendre, for two kinds are there,
Young life in the beauty and fullness of prime,
And old articles hallowed by age and by time;
How strange that such merit and excellence rare,
Should combine, as you see, to make a Poor Fair.

First then to the fair ones without whose bright smiles,
And beautiful presence, attractions and wiles,
This world where we live would be wanting in fun,
The same as if nature had never a sun.
We know that in good works they always excel,
And whatever they do, they are sure to do well,
And in what they do now, we all will agree,
No man in the crowd should be let go scot-free.
We owe to their patience, devotion and art,
This tribute of love flowing free from the heart,
And although it is plain they have plenty in store,
Yet, like Oliver Twist, they are asking for more.

This Poor Fair is not a centennial show,
Though made up of things made a long time ago,
To which age gives a value more precious than gold,
The most of them more than a hundred years old.
We think a full century of years a long span,
In the journey of life as traveled by man,
Though not very much in the age of a nation,
Nor more than a flea-bite in that of creation.
Here's a book on your shelves was printed before,
Columbus had trod on American shore,
And the first commission, here too you will find,
For the Port of Perth Amboy, by Washington signed,
On the fourth day of August, seventeen eighty-nine.
Here are lots of Keramics and China called Spode,
And dresses our g. g. g. grandmothers sewed.
I see here a paddle and there an old hat,
And under this glass here, dear me, what is that?
You tell me the thing is a mummified rat,
Which long in an old wall had requies-cat.
But to number the articles gathered up here,
Would keep me on writing the rest of the year.

'Tis a fair sight to look on, these treasures of old,
These relics of parchments, keramics and gold,
Still one kind is wanting, these all are too thin,
Unless you come down with a lot of old "tin,"
For without that spondulic, you cannot come in;
"Tin cints" is the fee which the fair ones declare,
You must pay as a fare to this Charity Fair.

I have told of the Belles that are lively and witty,
And gentle and loving, good, too, as they're pretty,
With hearts ever open to generous pity :
But yet there is one Bell that has not been tolled,
By no means an old Maid, though made still of old,
The Bell of the Church that looks out to the sea,
From as pretty a church spot as ever you see,
Whose charter dates back to the reign of a Queen,
That produced a great Duke, and a bold Prince Eugene,
For famous in war is the field of Blenheim,
And her laurels in peace are equally green,
When statesmen, and poets, and men of renown,
Threw a glory and lustre upon her fair crown.
Theologians may differ, but still let us hope,
They will never dispute the power of A. Pope,
Nor demur to the praise of the heretic, he,
Who sang of King David, the dogs and the bee.
If any should ask me to tell what's his name,
I should say that in asking you told just that same ;
Ecclesia Sancta, 'twas by her green sod,
Our fathers went up to the worship of God,
And there by the murmur of Raritan's waves,
You can see the gray tombs of our ancestor's graves.

I have spun out this story already too long,
But say as I close out this Charity Song,
That herein ye live up to the Saviour's decree,
What ye do to the least, ye do unto Me.

SILENCE IN THE SKY.

OFT as I try to wander out, among the stars on high,
I wonder more and more why reigns such silence
in the sky.

The earth is moving at a pace, that would if it were free,
Within one little moment's space, reveal Eternity,

And orbs on orbs are rolling far, beyond this mortal ken,
Whose rays of light have never reached the eyes of
mortal men.

Yet not a sound in all their course, is heard of voice or air,
While silence guards the ceaseless track of nature every-
where.

If worlds on worlds their voices joined, to raise one
chorus high,
It could not reach the utmost verge of silence in the sky.

But man is vain enough to think, his homeopathic skill,
Can show the causes that ordain, the work of sovereign
will:

Can measure suns and stars and skies, by finite rod and rule,
As if he could create anew ; presumptuous mortal fool,

Be still, for God the Lord is God, and knows the reason why,
When worlds are rolling on thro' space, there's silence in the sky.

MY LAST CIGAR.

OCTOBER 16, 1878-81.

THREE years ago in autumn time, I smoked my last cigar,
And all now left me is to scent the fragrance from afar ;
I bought it at the Essex Club, one fine October day,
And, after smoking it was seized with the mali-a ;
There are five senses, as you know, one sense, two sense,
three sense,
Four sense, five sense, that last cigar cost me just five red cents.
I have not smoked another since, so saved a lot of pence;
Perhaps you fail to scent in this, a lot of common sense,
For it will happen, when we think to crack a pun or joke,
That like my last cigar it fades, and dies away in smoke.

How many years have passed and gone, since unknown
to my "Par,"

I stole a weed and stole away, to smoke a first cigar.
I draw a curtain here, nor tell about the reeling head,
That lay within the valance folds, drawn close around
the bed,

Nor how they did not hide me from the scenting nose
of "Mar,"

Who soon smelled out how I had tried to smoke, a first
cigar.

How high along the track of time, has shone our rising
star,

What wondrous things have come to pass, around us,
near and far,

And revolutions have turned up, in peace as well as war,
Between the days in which I smoked that first and last
cigar;

'Twas more than fifty years ago, and old John Adams
then,

And he who our free Charter drew, were living among
men;

They flung aloft this Flag of States, in seventeen seventy
six,

And saw it float just fifty years, till eighteen twenty-six.
Their counsels brought us safely out of a rebellious fix,
And so we hail them two of our ancestral specimen bricks.
No copper-boilered steamboat then, ran up the river's
stream,

Or down its course, or by the shore, under low pressure steam,
And men went traveling by land, in the old stage-coach slow,
With four-horse power, and that was just as fast as they could go :
No iron steed went snorting by, with train of palace cars, From sunrise shore to where he sets on gates of golden bars ;
There were no thousand-dollar teams, or silver forks or spoons,
No man wore drawers with his " pants," or woman, pantaloons :
The farmer dressed in home-spun clothes, and raised his " craps and sass,"
And candle dips, but never dreamed of raising light by gas.
There were no brown-stone palaces, along the city street,
No marble mansion rose to mark the nabob's country-seat,
No anthracite had been drawn from the bowels of the earth—
Black diamonds now, and minerals of sterling use and worth ;
But people built their winter fires of oak and hickory wood,
And warmed their fingers and their toes, as by the blaze they stood :

The wool and flax were pulled by hand, and run off on
a reel,
Lord, how our mothers spun around the big and little
wheel;
No reaper cut the ripened grain, or horse-power raked
it up,
Men cradled it afield, and drank their whiskey from the
cup:
You could not find in all the world a *loco foco* match,
And men were mighty glad to have a bull's-eye silver
watch.
They wrote short-hand, but not the kind known as
stenography,
That was like algebraic *x*, an unknown quantity;
Steel-yards were quite a common thing, but no one who
wrote then,
Thought that the ancient stylus would appear in a steel
pen.
Pot-hooks were fashioned with a quill that had a feather
end,
And every day the teacher had a lot of pens to mend.
The Deacons passed the penny-box and kept a cider mill,
And manufactured apple-jack and whiskey in a still,
And not a Deacon ever thought he was a naughty man,
Or by such work he other than a sober machine ran.
A Church was called a Meeting-house, where prayers
were prayed, not said,
And Bibles the sole rule of faith, and Watts' Psalms
were read,

And everlasting thunders hurled right on the sinner's head ;
Their thoughts on awful subjects rolled, damnation and the dead,
For when the Parson struck the text, he in full glory shone ;
Sometimes he tried to sing in tune, but never to intone.
Lamp and sperm oil were furnished by the whale's prolific blubber,
Men played a rubber game of whist, but had no India rubber,
And if a navigator sailed upon an Arctic cruise,
He could not take among his stores a lot of arctic shoes ;
Nor could a man in those old days walk in a crooked gait,
Because the shoe-lasts all were made, not right and left,
but straight.
Before the combination lock no lock was hard to pick,
And U. S. mail locks could be knocked wide open by a stick.
It was an easy thing to learn the science of that trick,
And when once learned, the lock could be broke open mighty quick ;
I've seen it done and done it too, with very little bother,
And lots were opened in this way, one right upon another.
We saw the heavens send out a stream and shower of shooting stars,

That seemed as if the skies might then let down their
gates and bars ;
Good gracious, what a sight that was, to see those falling
sparks,
It really looked as if their fall would catch more things
than larks.

A College then was but a school, that taught youth
a, b, c,
And nothing like as now, a great big u-ni-ver-si-ty,
With fellows, schools of science, mines, geology and
stones,
Silurian relics, tertian forms, old fossils and dry bones,
And other scientific traps, to name which time would
fail :
Are you a doubting Thomas, look at Harvard, Princeton,
Yale,
For what with books, balls, bats and boats, with paper,
press and pen,
The Boys have grown to be more wise and older far
than men.

Within that time her subjects crowned a youthful
maiden Queen,
Fair as the blushing rose in June, ætatis, just eighteen ;
Since the first Hanoverian George began to fill the
throne,
The only female woman who had worn that royal
crown ;

Queen of the Isles, Defender then, and Mistress of the Seas,
Now sixty-two, and Empress of all the Ind-i-es ;
Proclaimed as Imperatrix, by Lord Beaconsfield's decree,
He a Prime Novelist, once known as plain D'Israeli,
Then a Prime Minister of State, from whence he downward fell,
Shorn of his power by Jingoes, and Home Rulers, and Parnell.

It is not likely that the line of her descent can fail,
For she has been what lawyers call a fruitful tail female.

The ships went down upon the sea, with flowing sheet and sail,
To woo the ocean's favoring breeze, or ride the stormy gale,
While Neptune in his wide domain did not so much as dream
That his tremendous water-power would be cut up by steam,
And Mermaids, Nereids, Tritons, Sprites, and all his elfin crew,
Be imprisoned in their emerald caves, beneath the waters blue ;
But they soon found their time had come, *et homines nunc rident*,
Nor care, the biggest blow or gust, for Neptune or his trident ;

Then Poseidon knew that the wind was taken from his
sails,

And with old Eolus the loss in moaning numbers wails.
So thus the telegraph began to bind the earth's broad
zone,

And now there comes a sister twin, the speaking
telephone.

Anon the war-clouds rise and burst, where rolls the Rio
Grande,

Amid the ancient wonders of a prehistoric land,
And higher yet our Star ascends, and farther on till, lo !
The Flag of Freedom floats above the domes of Mexico,
And Brother Jonathan goes in, with banners, bands, and
balls,

And plays his Yankee Doodle tunes in Montezuma's
Halls.

Thence come the riches and the wealth, and heaps of
shining ore,

Drawn from the treasured mines that lay on California's
shore,

As still upon its westward course the Car of Empire
rolled,

And opened up another land, another age of gold.

Now, in those days there lived a man whose early life
began,

By cruising in the channels of the River Raritan ;
He sailed a steamboat line upon that water's flowing tide,

And kept an inn for travelers along the river's side.
His vessel bore no guns of war, though christened the
Bellona,
But carried passengers and fruits of Ceres and Pomona.
I saw him drive a chariot across that running stream,
Drawn by three pair of champing grays, a lively-step-
ping team,
Amid the flags, and flowers, and crowds that welcomed
Lafayette.
The glory of that festal day lives in my memory yet,
As green and bright as when the throng, in that autumn-
al sun,
Hailed with glad shouts the patriot, friend and aid of
Washington.
This man lived fourscore years,—then died, but not with-
out a sign,
Because he left of “spondulics” an everlasting mine,
And notwithstanding what is said, in sermon and in
song,
About the love of money and its awful sin and wrong,
Still men in every age will strive for that forbidden fruit,
Nor stop until they have panned out the very bottom
root ;
Their willing souls would stay, one says, in such a state
as this,
And sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss.
The last two lines are writ among the everlasting lots,
Of Psalms in rhyme and Hymns in verse by Dr. Isaac
Watts.

Of these fine bricks of sin and tin he raised a heaping load,
By watering stock and horses at the stations on his road.
The pile grows less, I hear, because, I only state the facts,
His legatee has sworn there are no personals to tax.
Hence you may draw this inference, if any of you axes,
The richer that we get, the less we like to pay of taxes.

There was no chloroform to ease the aching jaw or tooth,
No balm or elixir restored the withered bloom of youth,
The needle and the thread were worked by slow and weary stitch,
And no one ever dreamed that was a way of getting rich ;
But now the saucy machine runs, by light and nimble finger,
And makes a humming music to the song sung by a Singer ;
So thus the wheel of fortune winds a thread of gold,
although
The way the yellow line is spun is nothing but sew, sew.

Once more the clouds of war roll up, above our broad domain,
And break upon these peaceful States, in iron hail and rain :
'Twas all about the African, who was an Institution,

When we got free, peculiar to our States and Constitution.

Still people thought it rather queer, when we ourselves were free,

We did not give that dusky crowd the same equality.

But when we put rebellion down we gave them liberty,
And, like the Duke of Marlborough, won a "famous victory."

It is not hard to take away another's property,

Particularly if he don't in that with you agree.

So now in all this loyal land we hail the man and brother,
And reckon him as good, perhaps as better than another,
And when he sleeps the last great sleep, and comes to where we are,

As we stood equal here on earth, we'll lie there on a par.
Thus civil war preserved us from disunion and destruction,

And then we finished up the job by civil reconstruction.
But, notwithstanding all, it seems that danger still lurks near,

And stalwart hearts are paralyzed, their nerves unstrung by fear,

And threaten that they will again in full war-paint appear,

Because with every sound that breaks upon their startled ear,

And in their going out by day and dreams at night they hear,

The rebel yell, and shriek of the confederate brigadier.

But this may pass for talk and gas, as you may safely bet,
That politicians only want fat offices to get,
And capital is sure to scent all danger from afar,
And that will be but smoke so long as four per cents are par.

It was no easy work to free the brother man and black,
So it was necessary for to issue the greenback,
Which was a piece of paper print which promised to pay,
The dollars called for on its face at no partic'lar day.
Still it was good as gold to us, and Chased our fears away,
And paid the men who fought the fight and won the fearful fray.
But when the clouds of war had passed, the thunders ceased to roar,
And Peace lay over all these States from ocean shore to shore,
Why, then, somehow it was, but how, I never understood,
Declared by those who issued it, this greenback was not good ;
Although it had the fiat stamp of our old Uncle Sam,
Yet still they said it was not worth one continental damn,
Denounced it as a cheat and fraud, dishonest, and then swore,

That on its paper face the thing a lying promise bore,
Had no intrinsic value, like an old French Assignat,
An un-con-sti-tu-tion-al, false legal tender brat.
It paid the soldier who stood up and faced the battle's
 storm,
It paid the laborer who toiled and slaved upon the farm,
It earned the bread men eat, and bought the clothes to
 keep them warm,
And none could ever say it did a particle of harm.
It paid the lawyer for the costs he taxed in equity,
It paid the allopath M. D. his allopathic fee,
And paid the homeopathic charge in homeopath degree,
It paid the reverend D. D. his annual salary,
It paid the mariner who braved the ocean's stormy
 pond,
But was not good enough to pay the man who held the
 bond.
A favored son of fortune he, a strong lone hand to hold,
He scorned to take the fiat trash, and must have flesh
 or gold.
The people hailed it as their own, and thought it mighty
 queer,
Their loyal promise did not suit the golden financier.
Just keep that greenback as it is, and mind you never
 let.
Those bonded "fellers" turn your notes into a funded
 debt :
It is the interest of all to keep all interest down,

And a non-interest-bearing debt will do that up just
brown.

If one per cent. is saved by five, and two per cent. by four,
And three by three, why, all is saved when use is paid
no more:

And that is what the greenback does, is doing now,
to-day,

The people have no interest on their own notes to pay,
Because it is their currency, and so becomes their gain,
When used in business, to sell and purchase coal and
grain,

And other articles, which seems, to me at least, quite
plain;

Pray tell me what there is in this financially insane.

Men thought that powder was in strength the first and
superfine,

But it is nothing on a bust to nitro-glycerine,
For if you wish to blast a rock, in tunnel or on height,
Or blow this earthly planet up in chaos and in night,
All you need do is just to fire a lot of dynamite.

Less than a score of years ago, the metal known as
nickel

Was of no use until dissolved by means of sulphate
pickle;

The electric battery gives it now a value wide and far,
And plates the five-cent piece with which I bought that
last cigar.

Steel rails are wrought as cheaply now as iron ones
were made,

And if that steel had not been found, no "divvy" could
be paid,

For iron tracks wore out so fast the traffic did not
pay,

And with the other kind of steel, the profits ran away.
There are two steels—one, double *e*, known as the
Bessemer,

The other *e* and *a*, and called in Latin Pessimus.

There is the Base Ball Club of Nine and England's All
Eleven;

What a tremendous count was made by simple eight to
seven.

Here politicians learn this rule, beware how you
begin,

To play the game of tails some lose, the other side you
win;

But let the motives of your acts be only for the best,
And such as will most surely bear the strongest crucial
test:

Stand for the right, for God and Truth, let come what-
ever may,

And blazon on your highest scroll the words of Henry
Clay,

Written as with a pen of gold, of noble, grand intent,
I rather had be right than be of these States Presi-
dent.

The world moves on, and you can bet that it began to run,
When Galileo told the Pope the earth went round the sun ;
Who thinks the moral world, in view of what has gone before,
Will be the same in coming years as in the days of yore,
When matter has been progressing at such a mighty figure,
And all the elements of mind each day becoming bigger ?
The railroad whistle blows where flowers once "blowed"
in Paradise,
And Eve made apple dumplings, and her old man planted rice,
And obelisks now have become as common as the cent,
Or obolus, by which dead men across the Styx were sent.
You would not dream, to hear men talk, that the Rosetta Stone,
Known not a century, had made old hieroglyphics known.
These are some things that come up in the fifty years now passed,
Between the days in which I smoked the first cigar and last ;
I mention but one more, which is, the new electric light,
By which the man who runs may read, in Menlo Park at night,
More Light has been the cry of men since first the word was said,

That made Sol's calcium burner strike, and kill old
Chaos dead ;
The dying Poet sang the strain, as at death's door he
lay,
And streaming suns poured on his head the living
floods of day,
And that will be the ceaseless cry, till worlds have lost
their light,
And suns in darkness fade away, and pass from mortal
sight.
If things go on the way they have, look out, for very
soon,
The time will come when we must go, way up in a bal-
loon,
Right through immensity of space, in an aerial car,
And men no more will need to smoke a first or last
cigar.



IN CHANCERY.

COOPER VS. BLOODGOOD.

COOPER foreclosed a mortgage made by Bloodgood upon land,
A part whereof was river bank, and part was water strand;
Complainant's assignor conveyed, by deed of warrantee,
And covenant that he had full right to grant the same
in fee.
It seems, in drawing up the deed, the scrivener or his
“clark,”
Had made the title to extend, to mean low-water mark.

This was infringing State domain, so the Defendant, he
Put in for Answer to the Bill, a strong protesting Plea,
And said the title was not good, to what-ev-er of that,
Was water at high tide, not land, at low tide, a mud flat.
He was an oyster fisherman, and bought the property,
For purposes connected with his oyster fishery.
And he had made improvements there, and spent a lot
of “tin,”
In building docks and slips to keep his boats and bivalves in.

So, as his grantor had conveyed the waters of the State,
He was advised to go and see the man who was the
great

Head centre of "riparian" rights, who told him that in
law,

His lunar title was not worth an oyster shell or straw.
Then he took out a Lease and Map, as laid down by the
rule,

For which he pays an annual rent, to help the Public
School;

His lawyer told him not to pay the Mortgage he had
made,

Without offsetting what he had for such improvements
paid,

And so he had declined to give Complainant what
seemed due,

Upon the Bond and Mortgage, marked Exhibits One
and Two,

Unless Complainant first could show his title was O. K.,
And so from hence to be dismissed, with costs, he now
would pray.

Complainant urged Defendant was an expert oysterman,
And well acquainted with the laws of rights riparian,
Besides, he said, I have here now, and show you, worthy
sirs,

A License issued by the Board of Chosen Freeholders,
And by the Master in this cause, marked as Exhibit
Four,

Being a document herein of vital pith and core,
Because it was a part of the conditions of the sale,
And shows the tidal grant did not in any aspect fail ;
It was, besides, an older grant, than this riparian lease,
And from that lunar document, knocks every spot of
grease.

From all of which Complainant says, it fully now appears,

Defendant had the right to build docks, wharves, and
slips and piers,

And having that and knowing, too, just what he was
about,

He cannot plead his mother did not know that he was
out,

And ask relief to free him from the promise he had
made,

By entering a decree herein, the debt should not be
paid.

The Chancellor, advisare vult, and then he says, says
he,

Having considered, I adjudge, and order and decree,
Because from license, lease and facts, it does appear to
me,

The merits, law and principle, justice and equity,
Of this riparian lunar case, are with the mortgagee,
And by the transfer appertain unto his assignee,
As vide deed marked in this cause, Exhibit Number
Three,

All which appearing very plain, and free from any doubt,
My judgment in the matter is, Defendant must shell out;
Besides, he was familiar with riparian tidal right,
And knew precisely what he took, with land hermaphrodite.

The lawyers got their costs, and the Complainant got the land,
And still a part is river bank, and part is tidal strand;
And standing on the bluff, you see the sea at Sandy Hook,
Across the waters out of which the oyster-fish are took,
Hence, oyster fishermen may learn this lesson from the rule,
Don't take out a riparian lease, and don't be such a fool,
To pay an annual interest, to State or Public School,
Until you are quite certain, and, each surely remembers,
No License had been issued by the Chosen Freeholders,
For if you do, the two will cost, in rent and taxes double,
And Lease and License roll on you a tidal-wave of trouble,
Lawyers will get the oyster, and it will be mighty well,
If you get one, and t'other man the other oyster shell.

A DREAM AT SEA.

ON the broad Atlantic Ocean, in the steamship stout
and brave,
When the towering seas are rolling, wave right onward
after wave.
With the favoring winds and weather we would sail
before the breeze,
Or in spite of both together, they and all the stormy
seas.

As I leaned upon the taffrail, when the winds were piping high,
Gazing on the crested surges, seething, foaming, rushing by,
Visions and poetic fancies on my dreaming spirit fell,
Of the sea nymphs and romances, ancient fable stories tell.

So we rode the tossing billows, till the waves were stilled to calm,
And a minister on Sunday prayed and preached and sung a psalm,

And our vessel on her voyage had run past the sullen shore,
Where the roaming icebergs wander, on the coast of Labrabor.

Then, when mists and fogs had vanished, and from out the clearing skies,
We saw Phœbus in full glory from the waste of waters rise,
When the day had passed in sunshine, and the reckoning had shown,
Just the spot where we were sailing and the distance we had gone ;

And the evening star was shining in those northern skies so bright,
And the waves rolled phosphorescent in the calm and quiet night,
As I looked down on the waters, in their mingled green and white,
Then I heard a cry arising in that phosphorescent light.

And a voice came out distinctly from the flowing, crested sea,
As if knowing very surely I was in a reverie,
Waiting there upon that evening, watching lone and silently,
And in spirit half complaining, half upbraiding, speaks to me.

I have come from halls of amber, where old Nereus
keeps his state,
From our deep-green emerald chambers where the
kirtled Naiads wait,
Come to say how much we wonder what the mischief
you can be,
Who in such tremendous manner sail right through our
biggest sea.

Come to see your modern monsters, filling Neptune's
realm with dread,
Caring no more for his trident than if he were drowned
quite dead,
Tearing on a great deal faster than by any of our gales,
And with seeming less disaster than if driven by our
sails.

When old Glaucus the soothsayer wove his green and
wizard spell,
We but laughed at his opinion, thinking he could not
foretell,
How a people from the westward, far beyond the Hes-
perides,
Would be poking up their noses through our deep ma-
jestic seas.

Now we see old Jove is failing, for your philosophic
shocks,
Are too many for him, joined with your tall scientific
knocks,

And it looks most mighty likely that in spite of all his
thunder,
Our celestial high ambrosial and his curled locks must
go under.

I have followed in your foam track, hither from your
western strand,
And I wish that you would tell me, so that I may under-
stand,
Why you dash so madly onward, caring not for winds
or seas,
As if you had never listened to our wise Hippotades.

And I want you now to tell me, what is that queer look-
ing thing,
Running through our coral chambers, going all the
time kling ling,
Sounding as if plaintive music passed along the curious
string,
And beneath our deepest waters, always seems to sigh
and sing?

Then most courteously I answer, Beauteous maiden of
the sea,
You have never heard, I take it, of this nineteenth cen-
tury,
Or you would not ask such questions, if instead of
dwelling there,
In your dark mid-ocean caverns, you had lived in upper
air.

This is doubtless your first visit, for some thousand years above,
And I guess you still are thinking, we yet serve Olympian Jove,
But of progress you know nothing, living in your deepest brine,
Pointing not a finger forward, heeding not a coming sign.

What you see is modern science, bearing us as sure and fast,
As if Boreas the blower, loosened every dungeon blast,
And the things that dash right onward, and to you so wondrous seem,
Go not by your Master's bluster, but by blowing smoke and steam.

Then what passes through your stable, seeming there to sigh and sing,
That we call a marine cable, and the sounds that go kling ling,
Are but simply chained up lightning, caught and caged by modern science,
Setting Jove and Father Neptune at the most complete defiance.

Take this good advice I give you, when you reach your chamber door,
Drop your Governor a letter, that he is not wanted more,

Where you used to swim so snugly, round the hoarse
Trinacrian shore,
For these cables are a notice that things are not as of
yore.

Be an honest, upright mermaid, patient serve and patient
wait,
Don't complain if things keep moving, nor contend
against your fate ;
This is all I say now, only, when you go beneath your
brine,
Don't forget to drop your Pa there, just a little piece of
line.

Ah, how sad the maiden listened, listened as I said my
say,
And she smoothed her dripping ringlets, brushing two
bright tears away,
Then she said, while sighing deeply, you have made it
plain to me,
That the world has been progressing in your nineteenth
century.

Take my thanks, now I must leave you, go and lay my
weary head,
Down beneath our deepest waters, on my mother Ocean's
bed,
There remain and rest forever, in our coral caverns deep,
In my father's sea-roofed mansions, ever and forever
sleep.

Thank you kindly, now good-bye, sir: down the finny
Maiden goes,
And the last that I see of her disappearing, is her toes ;
Still I lean upon the taffrail, while the rolling waters
pass,
Still, as she is disappearing, I say only just, a lass,
That so fair a Sea-mermaiden should be like these
verses—gas.

CITY WATER.

COME out, all ye people, and join in the lay,
That welcomes the Water-works now in full play,
For with music, in speech, and in song you had “orter,”
Hail the day you begin to have plenty of water.

It is meet that at this time you meet to rehearse,
The running of water in some running verse,
And as the streams on in the water-mains flow,
You should sing of their flowing in strains apropos.

You have waited a long time and waited in vain,
When your cisterns were dry, for the coming of rain,
But hereafter you never need do so again,
For the water is coursing through hydrant and main.

There is plenty for fountain, and garden and hose,
For washing your windows, your floors, and your
clothes.

Yourselves and your children, their heads and their toes,
And the more that you use it the faster it flows.

Old apple and bourbon, and lager, good-bye,
Farewell to Jamaica, Scotch, Irish and rye,
Cold water alone is the pure eau de vy.,
The Frenchmen say *e*, but for rhyme I say *i*.

The Latin for water is aqua, you know,
And duct means the channel wherein the streams flow,
While together the two will bring to your door,
The theme of this song, which the Greeks called udore.

Hence hydrant in English, and now you can see,
How learned and pedantic at times we can be,
But first inter nos, don't you think we had "orter,"
Be somewhat æsthetic in singing of water?

Then hail to the water-works finished and done,
And hail to the waters that through the pipes run,
And hail to the Perth Amboy Water-works Co.,
And hail to the song that we sing apropos.

Ho, scoffers and sneerers, which one of you will,
Now say this old City is standing stock still,
When you see that the water is running up hill,
And the grist pouring fast into hopper and mill?

So ring all the church bells and fasten the hose,
Let on the full head and just see how she blows,
And how like a whale up the water-spout goes,
No song apropos could be sung in plain prose.

Over house-top and steeple behold the stream rise,
While from it the spray-cloud in silver mist flies,
You can bet a big pile that the tall water-tower,
Holds in its inclosure a tall water-power.

There is nothing that quickens humanity more,
Than to look from a plane through a very wide door,
We can see many things that we did not before,
And like a new fountain, will add to our lore.

When Columbus discovered this broad western main,
New life stirred the pulses to action again,
And the spirit of enterprise hailed with delight,
The fair realms thus opened to man's waking sight.

And so it is here on a homeopath scale,
Within the domain of this tiny old Pale,
You see what your eyes have not looked on before,
The water-pipes running full up to your door.

You never can know of a thing till it's past,
And so you keep learning right on to the last,
And now you have learned that the Water-works Co.,
Have caused living waters in plenty to flow.

You have learning in schools and lighting by gas,
And newspapers run with a full head of "sass,"
A Bridge of Great Size with a very long draw,
The longest that any one ever yet saw.

Here are railroads that carry the mineral ore,
From the depth of the mountain to tide-water shore,
And wherever you happen to look, why your eyes
See networks of tressels, of tracks and of ties.

There are lawyers and doctors and priests by the score,
Do you think that of "sich" kind, you need any more?
And now here comes water; well, I leave you this text,
In the name of the Prophet, pray tell me, What Next?



THE SIGN OF THE PINE.

These lines were written in October, 1877, when Henry J. Yates and William E. Pine were candidates for Mayor of Newark. The former held the office and was a Republican. The latter was a Democrat and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity. Mr. Yates succeeded by a majority of as many hundreds as he had thousands two years before. The verses did not appear in print.

COME, Democrats all, come, and hang out your sign,
And let it be cut from a plank of clear Pine ;
One kind grows in Maine that is white, soft and mellow,
And one in far Georgia, hard-hearted and yellow ;
A cross of the two kinds will make a fine fellow.
Just measure it out by the rule and the square,
And letter it, William E. Pine, for Lord Mayor ;
In hoc signo vince, you will win by the sign,
On the square and the level of William E. Pine.

Men fancy the apple of pine, and the're some,
Like that which is known as old pine-apple rum,
The same which one Stiggins, a reverend he,
Took three lumps in his glass and called vanity ;
I would not advise you take much of that,
For fear you'd get too many bricks in your hat,
But if you must drink of the juice of the vine,
And wish it to be most exceedingly fine,
Just give it a pretty good flavor of Pine.

There are those as you know, who think they had "orter"
Drink no vanity stronger than Adam's pure water,
But it will not be making them much of a brick,
By putting therein just a little Pine stick.
While the Emerald lads sing Mavourneen, 'tis fine,
To millow your poteen with issince of Pine,
And Mynheer fills his schooner and cries, Yaw, weegates,
Ve flavors our lager vid Pine, Bister Yates;
In hoc signo vince, you will see the full sign,
When you lay Mayor Yates in his coffin of Pine.

FAREWELL RHYMES.

READ AT A DINNER TO THE CHANCELLOR, JUNE 1, 1880.

OUR Chancellor is going to see,
Across the sea, the old count-ree,
And for the next three months will be,
From bills and pleas and answers free,
And every sort of a decree,
Including that of Exeat Ne :
In this the lawyers all agree,
In justice to himself that he,
Is doing but strict equity.
So here around these tables meeting,
They send him a subpoena greeting,

And bid him come with them and dine,
And pledge a glass of ruby wine,
Or if he thinks he should not "orter"
Smile in the balmy, then in water.

Nature prescribes that it is best,
A working-man should take some rest,
And all of us can truly vouch,
Our Boss in work is "nary" slouch ;
So as he goes on a vacation,
To take some needful recreation,
We here propose this legal fuss,
Or rather equitable muss,
Most honored Cancellarius,
Before you go from hence to brave,
The rolling of the ocean wave.
We take this social way to show,
The kind regard to you we owe,
And wish that we could do much more,
Ere yet your bark puts off from shore,
And carries you away and far,
From those who practice at your bar.
But much or little, what you get,
Flows freely from the heart, you bet.

Take our best wishes as you go,
May every breeze propitious blow,
And bear you safely to the strand,
That binds the shores of Mother-Land :
Land where the common law began,

To guard the liberty of man,
And measure justice by the foot,
Inclosed within the Chancellor's boot ;
Whence came the lordly Cavalier,
To found colonial empire here,
The Pilgrim and the Puri-tan,
Following on closely in the van ;
So came Virginia's F. F. Vees,
Across the stormy ocean seas,
And built their homes along the side,
Of James' warm and sunny tide,
While they of harder, sturdy stock,
Landed their traps on Plymouth Rock,
And with them every little 'ism,
Of the Westminster Catechism :
They have gone back upon the last,
But hold the 'isms mighty fast.
Such are the fountain-springs whence came,
These States, their glory and their fame ;
And all their high and honored name :
Stand by the States, if not, why then,
Spell Nation with a great, large N.

Another word just here, although
You must not think I mean to show,
The Chancellor where he ought to go.
No traveler from hence but turns,
Toward the land of Robert Burns,—
'Tis said a well-known infi-del,

Who doubts the fact of aspirate l,
Will find his error when he learns,
In what a fire he, Robert, burns,—
Turns where the Chieftan Roderick Dhu,
Summoned Clan Alpine's warriors true,
Before the Lowland soldier's view ;
Where Tam O'Shanter saw that sight,
When riding home one stormy night,
Across the rushing stream of Ayr,
And wished he had not then been there,
Had never stopped to wet his whistle,
By smiling at the Pig and Thistle.

And let him not forget the while,
To tread the shore of Erin's Isle,
Whose flag is green and sons are mellow,
Only the Orange one is yellow :
That saffron banner flies and floats
On Ulster men and Ulster coats,
And Nassau's College crew and boats ;
What a strange sight is to be seen,
In Orange horse-cars painted green,
Where every Orangeman must be,
A rider in green liver-y.
Ireland, where dreamy memories throng,
Land of tradition, bard and song,
Whose harp still murmurs on its strings,
The glories of ancestral kings,
Of minstrels, troubadours—and all,

The strains now mute in Tara's Hall :
The traveler may not pass you by,
But stop to leave a tear and sigh,
A hope your green flag yet may rise,
And float in freedom to the skies ;
Our sympathies go out to you,
Land of St. Patrick and Bo Rhu—
This rhymes exactly with Ro Dhu.
Fail not to kiss the stone of Blarney,
And see the lakes of famed Killarney,
Where dwelt the lovely maid, Kate Kearny,
The Bells of Shandon on the Lee,
Roscommon and its peasan-try,
And Limerick with its false treat-y,
And all the tales the music tells,
That echoes from " those evening bells " :
Derry, that stands on Ulster's soil,
Where Walker's shaft looks down the Foyle,
And from its walls the brave Defender,
Flung out the flag of " No Surrender."
Boyne Water with its melody,
That stirs an ugly memory,
A bloody wound that still is felt,
Between the Protestant and Celt ;
And Dublin Castle : read that story,
Of England's shame and Erin's glory,
Where Curran plead and Emmet died ;
Enough, no more than this beside.

The mill can turn out grist no more,
Still, let me first express the hope,
Our Boss will go and tell the Pope,
We've seen his new-made Monsignore,
A chap we never saw before,
And wonder what we'll see next come,
From his Eternal See of Rome.
Just think what a complete surprise,
Would meet their resurrected eyes,
If from their tombs there could arise,
The founders of the old First Kirk,
And see the Scarlet Woman's work,
In their stern Puritan Newark.

The toast I answer is, Good-bye,
The midnight hour is drawing nigh,
One farewell wish, one parting sigh,
And so, dear Chancellor, good-bye.



31ST MAY, A. D. 1881.

THIS is the thirty-first of May,
And I am sixty-four to-day,
And that is years one, two, three, four,
Beyond the limit of threescore.

Shall I be living among men,
When six and four will make the ten,
And ten and sixty mark the span,
Allotted to the days of man?

The boys say I am pretty old,
But they are saucy imps and bold,
Still it is said that fools and youth,
Are very apt to speak the truth.

Should any ask me if I feel,
The pall of age upon me steal,
I might just whisper that those boys,
Make a confounded deal of noise.

In some ways plainly it appears,
That I am going down in years,
In others, just as plain, that still,
My feet are toiling up the hill.

And so the rest of life will be,
No easy journey-work for me,
For spondulics are hard to get,
And that is up-hill you can bet.

Thus while with every passing day,
I feel I go the downward way,
Yet I am sure that in the race,
The home-stretch is an upward pace.

A twelvemonth hence, if then alive,
My years will number sixty-five,
And birth-days follow quickly on,
Till like the rest, the last has gone.

And when, as come it must, the last,
Of all, unknown as such, has past,
Why then the thirty-first of May,
Will be no more than any day.

Perhaps a critic here might say,
The moral of your native lay,
Is not a good one in its way ;
What is there bad about it, pray ?

I do not know enough to doubt,
Nor learned so much that I found out,
More than a great Creator knew,
Of all that He designed to do.

My faith is trusting faith, not fear,
Some One has made and placed me here,
He too will take me, and I pray,
Upon the thirty-first of May.

IN THE CONGRESSIONAL BURIAL GROUND.

APRIL, 1879.

I HEAR a whispering voice that comes,
From out these dark and silent tombs,
And pause to listen as I tread,
Among the dwellings of the dead :

“ We slumber just as soundly here,
As if we never walked your sphere,
Or known the pleasure and the strife,
That mingle in your daily life.

“ We rest along the flowing stream,
On which the rays of sunlight gleam,
But see them not, nor hear the tide,
Rising or falling at our side.

“ The dust that in our chamber lies,
Is much the same as round you flies,
Made ours by solemn deed of trust,
Earth unto earth and dust to dust.

“ Where you have monumental stones,
We have a field of bleaching bones,
No life estate or warrantee,
But yet we hold in fullest fee.

“ No devisee to take remainder,
Attachment, exeat ne, attainer,
A mortgage or a quit-claim deed,
Would not be worth an aspen reed.

“ Though all our people are increasing,
There is no selling or releasing,
Nor does it need a census figure,
To show our tribes grow daily bigger.

“ Our progress is a simple thing,
The flights of Time no changes bring,
To think of finance or reform,
Would do injustice to the worm.

“ Within our limits none can hold,
More than a little strip of mould ;
There are no tenancies at will,
Or lots to let or lease by bill.

“ We have a monarch just the same,
As yours who bears a royal name,
And while we fear him, none have heard,
From his closed lips, a single word.

“ His palace is built up of bones,
Instead of marble front of stones.
A coffin standing on each side,
Holds up the vaulted doorway wide.

“ A skull the keystone-niche supplies,
With jaw-bone teeth and vacant eyes,
You would not think so dark a hole,
Had ever held a human soul.

“ The sentinels that walk around,
Have never made the slightest sound,
They step on bones as if a mouse,
Was stealing through the quiet house.

“ A bell is hanging in the hall,
And wires run from it to the wall,
That once were used by an M.D.,
In stringing up anatomy.

“ They fasten to a hand of bone,
A hand that never yet was known,
To ring a bell or wake a man,
Since the great Monarch's reign began.

“ Instead of arts and new inventions,
Our streets are paved with good intentions,
And any traveler can pick,
From any lane a specimen brick.

“ Our empire is the largest yet,
On which the sun will rise or set,
But not a soul in all the nation,
So much as dreams of emigration.

“ Our last repose is just as quiet,
As if the worm had held no riot,
No one has ever made a muss,
Or raised a rumpus, row, or fuss.

“ All here are bound to keep the peace,
And so our streets need no police,
None of your cities ever saw,
Such strict compliance with the law.

“ One bone is equal to another,
And each one is a man and brother,
No use of any reconstruction,
Where all have met the same destruction.

“ When you shall come to where we are,
You'll find us sleeping on a par,
And marvel strangely to behold,
Six feet of earth as good as gold.”

I started quickly as I heard,
That magic talismanic word,
For greenback notes were paid just then,
In gold by living Congressmen.

And what, thought I, is that to those,
Who sleep here in their long repose ;
The vaults so thickly round me spread,
Hold all the treasures of the dead.

Treasures that must remain close sealed,
Till the last trumpet has revealed,
The secrets of the grave that lie,
Forever hid from mortal eye.

I see the spring flowers bud and bloom,
Upon the turf around the tomb,
Sweet blossoms shed a fragrance there,
And slumbrous voices fill the air.

Nature is in full glory seen,
Dressed in her robes of festal green,
The Anacostia at my feet,
Runs on Potomac's waves to meet.

I hear the locomotive scream,
Crossing the river's flowing stream,
And pass its living freight to land,
Upon the bustling city's strand.

The sky is clear, the air is balm,
Solemn and soft the sacred calm,
Life is above me and around,
And death is underneath the ground.

I turn upon the road, there comes,
A moving train along the tombs,
Down the lined pathway sad and slow,
I see the weeping mourners go.

Nor kith nor kin, but there I stay,
Till these have put their dead away,
And laid upon affection's shrine,
The symbol and the sacred sign.

I linger until through the pines,
The sun in setting radiance shines,
And then pass out upon the street,
The busy stream of life to meet.

In musing mood, while fades the light,
I mark the coming on of night,
And twinkling in the skies afar,
I see the quiet evening star—
Then, homeward in a sleeping car.

THE UNIVERSE.

WHEN I survey the heavens that spread,
Their wondrous glories round my head,
The sun, the fount of heat and light,
And moon and stars that rule by night,
I feel that God is present there,
Above, around, and everywhere.

All things arise at His command,
The boundless sea and spacious land,
The loftiest tree, the simplest flower,
Are emblems of almighty power,
And all the tribes of earth proclaim,
A great Creator's glorious name.

The thought of man has spanned the ray,
For countless years upon its way,
That half reveals a glimpse of Him,
Who sits beneath the Cherubim,
The light that travels from afar,
May teach us what its glories are.

And if such rays of light are sent,
From all the spangled firmament,
And I behold them standing far,
And wonder what their limits are,
How must those nearer glories shine,
That robe His Majesty divine.

To Thee, eternal King of Kings,
My soul her humblest tribute brings,
My faith would never higher soar,
Than just to wonder and adore,
For Thou shalt reign forever bright,
When suns and stars have lost their light.

MY SLEIGH-RIDE.

HE was in gushing girlhood's time,
When first I met her, fair and hearty,
Radiant in youth and beauty's prime,
And it was at an evening party ;
Her face was wreathed in sweetest smiles,
Her eyes in sparkling beauty glistened,
A captive to her winning wiles,
She played and sang, I looked and listened.

The Winter had brought on the ball,
And also splendid, tip-top sleighing,
To take her out I made a call,
And all the friends where she was staying ;

The skies were clear, the furs were warm,
We were not very "fur" asunder,
And if she took my heart by storm,
You need not think it any wonder.

The whiskey punch flew strong and hot,
Round the old tavern where we waited,
And the result was, that we got,
Quite full of fun and animated ;
And as we rode along that night,
I wound around her waist so slender,
An arm that like myself was tight,
And like my feelings, warm and tender.

I thought the bird was surely caged,
Beyond all doubt or power of jesting,
Next day I heard she was engaged,
Which was not quite so interesting ;
My spirits drooped, I could not stay,
The virgin snow but mocked my sorrow,
She was in bridal trim to-day,
And I in bridle gear to-morrow.

I wandered east, I wandered west,
Through every kind of wind and weather,
Till fate as usual, deemed it best,
That we should come again together ;
She was all full of art and song,
Of Church, Chopin, and Trovatore,
She sang the arias clear and strong,
And played them with a grand furore.

I saw her in her own bright home,
A happy troop of friends delighting,
She hoped that I would often come,
Nor wait for any more inviting;
I thought I would the promise keep,
Though all the present was bewildering,
But Oh, it threw me in a heap,
When I beheld her dozen children.

AUGUST.

O H, misty month of quiet skies,
When dreamy silence fills the air,
I hear around me everywhere,
Thy drowsy murmurs float and rise.

The sighing winds among the trees,
Give out a pleasant summer sound,
And all along the trampled ground,
Go forth the humming melodies,

That ever with thy August noon,
Are gathered in the quiet shade,
While the same slumbrous sound is made,
Ever to the same slumbrous tune.

Oh, wanderer, by the wooded path,
That winds along the plashy stream,
Or where the sun with slanting beam,
Falls on the meadow's aftermath,

Or when the full moon shines so clear,
So calm, so passionless, so still,
You would not think one human ill,
Was ever born or nurtured here ;

Or by the ocean's billowy strand,
Watching the waves receding there,
Coming and going, breaking where,
The children play on the smooth sand.

Dream now of Love, for by thy side,
A vision stands to lead thee on,
Where mildest Passion leans upon,
Imagination sanctified.

Youth has a partnership with Joy,
Unseen, unknown, till almost breaking,
And Reason silently awaking,
Snaps what it cannot quite destroy.

But Memory always works for Time,
And joins dissevered things again,
Short was the pleasure, sharp the pain,
A bridal and a funeral chime.

Old Church of reverent memory,
Sancta Ecclesia, by whose sod,
Our sires went up to worship God,
Thy altar looks far out to sea.

Sing for the dead a requiem here,
As through Thy portals open wide,
The sun-god pours a setting tide,
Upon the sleeping infant's bier.

Earth unto earth, symbol and sign,
And cross lay on the lowly grave,
While still the sun streams on the wave,
And west winds stir the singing pine.

And thus the summer's sounds still ring,
And thus the vision melts away,
I would not have that vision stay,
Nor ask those murmurs not to sing.



17TH AUGUST, 1882.

MY heart is full of memories,
And dreams of other years,
Mine eye a vanished vision sees,
And flows with silent tears.

I think of days forever past,
And now to me most dear,
For there has come of all the last,
And I am lonely here.

I wander on the busy street,
And in the quiet lane,
And fondly hope that I shall meet,
The loved and lost again.

The life that blossomed when the spring,
Burst in soft suns and showers,
Was all too brief, and ceased to sing,
With summer's latest flowers.

The same sun shines above me now,
The same stars in the sky,
The flowers still bloom as fair, but thou—
That I should see thee die.

OCTOBER.

O CTOBER'S suns are soft and bright,
And all along the cloudless sky,
A hazy mist creeps slumbrously,
And makes a singing sound of light.

Is there no legend for the word,
The Indian summer's hour of balm,
Mid falling leaves a quiet calm,
Earth's silent worship of the Lord?

Oh, sun and stars by day and night,
And skies of never-fading blue,
And summer flowers of fairest hue,
And autumn's living scarlet bright,

Why in the heart do ye arise,
And shine as beacons from afar,
Revealing what those visions are,
That sleep in Memory's veiled eyes?

Then sleep forever thus, nor wake,
Till on the darkness and the gloom,
That rise above the sealed up tomb,
The resurrection morn shall break.

WHY SHOULD SHE DIE?

WHY should she die, she was not old,
Time had not dimmed her lustrous eye,
But half the Psalmist's days were told,
And yet she died, ah, tell me why ?

She had rare gifts of mind and heart,
And aspirations pure and high,
And loved ones of her life a part,
Why should she die, ah, tell me why ?

She had her sorrows, still was blest,
There is no joy without a sigh,
There is no labor without rest,
These come to all, why should she die ?

True gold requires no setting rare,
To charm the taste or please the eye,
A pure soul shines a jewel fair,
And such was hers, why should she die ?

THANKSGIVING.

A LMIGHTY. God, whose sovereign power,
Crowns with rich grace each circling year,
Accept in this propitious hour,
The thanks and praise we offer here.

Thine was the beauty of the Spring,
That loosened all the frosty rills,
When bees and birds began to sing,
And farmers lined their golden drills.

And thine the perfect Summer air,
That ripened all the waving grain,
That blessed the toiler's daily care,
With mingled warmth of sun and rain.

Thy Autumn glories, too, we see,
In crisping network spread around,
Where nuts hang bare upon the tree,
Or drop like clock-tick on the ground.

For Spring's bright bloom and Summer flowers,
And Autumn's beauties, Thee we praise,
Nor less when come the shorter hours,
And fleecy snows of Winter days.

THE RAISING OF THE BANNER.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

UPON this fair autumnal night,
And in the moon's unclouded light,
The gathering masses hither meet,
Thronging the bustling city street,
And here their Banner raise on high,
Unfurled beneath the starry sky,
For right, for truth and liberty,
For freedom and for victory.

Our Flag is there, behold it rise,
Upward the streaming ensign flies,
A soldier-patriot always true,
Holds up the red, the white, the blue ;
To save it in the hour of strife,
He periled, almost lost, his life,
For when his hosts had won the day,
He, on the field sore wounded lay.

Who can assail his spotless name,
Impeach his record, slur his fame?
Not his brave comrades, only those,
Too noble, generous-feeling foes:
The people know what he has done,
And say their tried and trusted son,
Who led their armies in the van,
To rule in peace, is just the man.

Then fling your Banner high in air,
And let it ride triumphant there,
The Northern Pine sends kindly balm,
To greet the outstretched Southern Palm;
The Southern Palm will bless the sign,
Now sent down by the Northern Pine,
And all shall hail the happy day,
When Peace again shall hold full sway.



THE FISHERS OF MEN.

OUR Lord who reigns above the sky,
Was once a child like you or I ;
His mother bade the angels keep,
Their watch and ward around his sleep.

She thought, as any mother would,
A change of air would do him good,
And so she took him when just three,
From Bethlehem to Bethany.

From thence he often went to see,
The waters of Lake Galilee ;
And so it happens that he gets,
Where fishermen are casting nets.

And as the fish flapped on the beach,
He thought they might a lesson teach,
And so it struck him there and then,
To make a fishery of men.

Three persons with him undertook,
To draw a seine through Adam's brook :
Their names were Peter, James and John,
Who first the fishery carried on.

This is the way it then begun,
And still the fish bite as they run,
And from the record it appears,
For more than eighteen hundred years,

The fishing has been going on,
And still the stream is lined with spawn ;
With what success I cannot say,
That will be known some future day ;

Whether the fishing goes for naught,
Or if they hold on firm when caught,
Nor does it matter if they hope,
To gain salvation by a Pope,

By means of Bishop, Priest and Deacon,
Or in a simple Kirk or Meeting ;
The fact is all that I can state,
The fish still bite those fishers' bait.

The big ones bite with eager will,
The small ones nibble out their fill,
But big and little, all agree,
To bite until Eternity.

THE RETURNED PASS.

15TH JANUARY, 1880.

HERE, take this piece of pasteboard back,
It is not worth a ride,
Upon your Pennsylvania track,
So let it pass and slide ;
You tell me that the time is up,
When I can pass on free,
And that this free pass railway cup,
To-day must pass from me.

Within the year, old friend, just past,
We've traveled many a mile,
But now I fear this is the last,
For many a good long while,
That I will ride and never pay,
One continental red,
A New Year present the wrong way,
Cut off as a dead-head.

To-day the word goes forth, ho, there,
Clear off the railroad deck,
And every annual "pass-engair,"
Pass in your last year's check :

And they who then were riding free,
Had better just believe,
That each of them is bound to be,
A ticket man of leave.

You know the best of friends must part,
So now it is with us,
I really wish with all my heart,
The matter was not thus ;
Farewell until we meet again,
For I will not say die,
Hope on, hope ever, so, till then,
Old dead-head Pard, good-bye.

THE PASS RETURNED.

15TH MARCH, 1882.

A GAIN your smiling face I see,
And bid you once more hail,
Again behold me riding free,
Upon your running rail ;
And as the cuckoo in the Spring,
Returns, an annual guest,
Do you return on annual wing,
Nor ever take a rest.

You are, old friend, just the right sort,
Nor is it any steal,
To pass a Lay Judge of the Court,
Of Errors and Appeal ;
And all the others do just so,
And the same prizes draw,
Because they have the right to go,
Dead-heads by statute law.

That in this law there is no flaw,
We are unanimous,
And no appeal can lie to draw,
This right away from us ;
We pass, and that although we get,
Of tickets a full hand,
And while we pass, you just can bet,
We mean on that to stand.

Then welcome, friend of free-pass days,
And pass me on the track,
Be sure as on your face I gaze,
I'm glad to see you back ;
I bade good-bye when called to part,
The farewell words came hard,
But now I say with my whole heart,
All Hail, old dead-head Pard.

A NON-ACCEPTED DRAFT.

DEATH came one evening to my bed,
And holding out his hand he said:
I have a draft from Time on you,
That will become this evening due.

I looked him fully in the face,
And asked him, do you grant no grace?
Three days we always give and take,
Before the law puts down the brake.

And then, besides, we cannot call,
Upon a man to pay at all,
Unless we first protest that he,
Has shirked his liability.

And if he has no funds to pay,
The holder has another way,
Of getting what to him is due,
And this I recommend to you.

I'm not so short I cannot find,
Some willing friends to raise the wind,
To borrow, as I must, on call,
Is robbing Peter to pay Paul.

This only you can do and must,
The draft you hold was made on trust,
And you and Time both understood,
That the endorser must be good.

Just write another that shall run,
Three days beyond the setting sun,
And I'll accept it here for you,
And waive all protest when it's due.

The grim attorney thought a minute,
Then said that there was something in it,
Old Time a grave mistake had made,
In saying it must now be paid.

Before I can this draft collect,
It must be drawn in form correct,
By maker and acceptor too,
And then it will be paid when due.

He shook my hands to make amends,
And said we always must be friends,
And if I failed to pay the score,
He would collect for Time no more.

A SIMILE.

L IKE summer's fragrant rose,
L That opens to the day,
Whose beauties soon begin to fade,
Then wither and decay ;

But, lovely still in death,
Its perfumes yet survive,
So sink the loved ones to their rest,—
Though dead, their virtues live.

Like evening's mellow light,
That falls upon the eye,
When sinks the sun in splendor bright,
Beneath the western sky ;

And as the parting hues,
Of twilight melt in shade,
Shedding afar a mellow tint,
Of glory as they fade,

So with the passing souls,
Of those we hold most dear,
O'er them a milder glory grows,
As death approaches near.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE morning sun with golden ray,
Upon the Crescent City lay,
And in the rising floods of day,
The yellow waters rolled away.

Along the street the passer heard,
No sound of voice or song of bird,
And silence hung, with startled breath,
On the rapt city, hushed as death.

And men are listening to the roar,
That breaks along the river's shore,
And hear the thunders from afar,
Poured from the lurid throat of war.

And thus the silent minutes pass,
Slow as the hour-sands from the glass,
And whispers run among the throng,
Who waited all the morning long.

They wait in hoping, trembling fear,
Some tidings of the strife to hear,
Nor wait in vain, for soon the word,
That speaks the stirring news is heard.

And murmurs thicken in the crowd,
Now sinking low, now rising loud,
And then take higher shape and tell,
The joyful tidings, all goes well.

How went the morning's bloody fight,
That opened ere the close of night,
What met the soldiers' waking sight.
Before the dawn of early light;

The fierce assault on left and right,
The foeman charging in his might,
How broke the lines that saw the lights,
Which blazed on Torres Vedras heights.

And how in vain the foe assail,
The heroes of the cotton bale,
The sheets of flame and storms of hail,
That burst from out the fiery bale.

The mighty fall that overtook,
The soldiers of the Iron Duke,
Who in that battle lost the scars,
Of glory won in Spanish wars.

And men walk higher on the street,
And smiling friends each other greet,
And all in happy council meet,
And echo back the victors beat;

While beauty walks with springing feet,
To join her lover on the street,
And sleeps secure and safe that night,
For all the morning's bloody fight.

And lisping youth and hoary sage,
Shall rise and bless in every age,
And sing in storied verse and page,
The Hero of the Hermitage,

Who made the flower of England pale,
Before his bristling cotton bale,
And sleeps way down in Tennessee,
Beneath his grand old Hickory Tree.

Rest, warrior, patriot, statesman, rest,
In thy home garden of the West,
By all thy country's honors blest,
And in her greenest memory drest.



THE BURIAL DAY.

26TH SEPTEMBER, 1881.

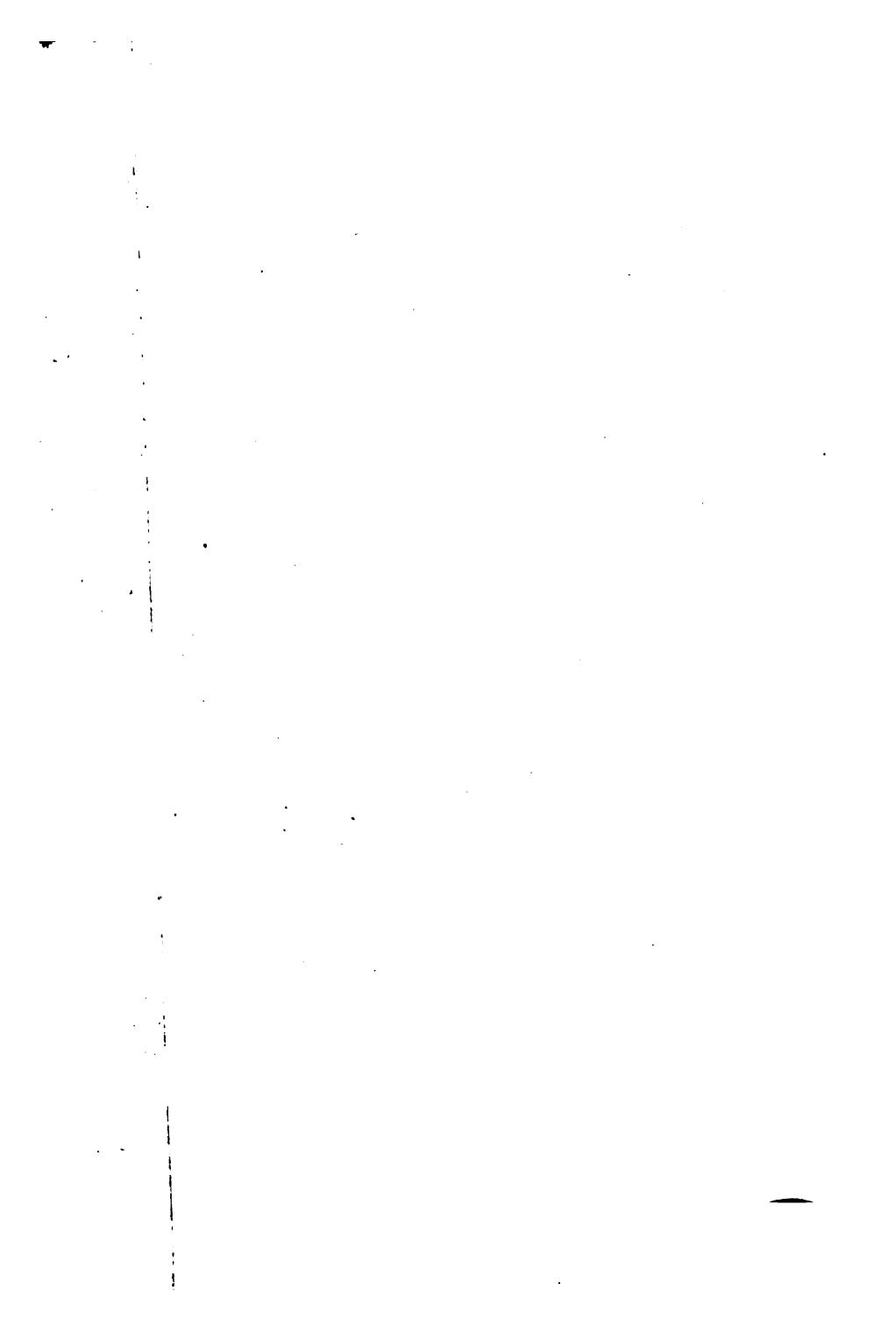
TODAY a mourning people stand,
Smitten by their Good Father's hand,
Beneath whose rod their leader fell,
His rod who doeth all things well.

It was a startling, fearful blow,
That laid their chosen chieftain low,
Swiftly the fatal bullet sped,
By which they mourn a ruler dead.

How deep the darkened shadows fall,
And cast around a gloomy pall,
As in this mellow autumn light,
Their dead is buried from their sight.

In village churches, city's street,
And rural groves, the mourners meet,
While from the gathered numbers there,
Goes up the solemn psalm of prayer.

Just in the strength of manhood's prime,
The passing bell tolls a last chime,
For him who, crowned with honors high,
Has laid all down in death to die.









Grant, Father, as his cross he bore,
In sorrow and in suffering sore,
That these now finished, he has passed,
To an eternal rest at last.

Earth unto earth, a chief is dead,
Dust unto dust, tread lightly, tread,
As on this mellow autumn day,
His last of earth is laid away.

POLLY.

I AM Polly, can't you see,
What a royal rogue I be?
Never mind the grammar, I
Will know better by and by :
Five years old and full of fun,
Busy till the day is done,
Romping, running, full of glee,
Racing, chasing, that is me ;
Like the bee upon the wing,
Don't you hear me laugh and sing,
Flit around from flower to flower,
Make the most of every hour ?
Where's my home? why, on the street,

Where the trees above you meet ;
Look, and you can see them spread,
Leaves and branches overhead,—
If you come along my way,
You can see me any day.
I can't stop, I'm full of play,—
What's that now to me you say ?
Seems to me you want to know,
All about me, I must go ;
Think I talk in poet-ree ?
Learned that from my old g. p.
Can't stay any longer, I
To you must now say good-bye.

PRINCETON, 1832—1882.

D EAR, honored Mother, years have fled,
Now half a century,
And Time has silvered o'er my head,
And strewn his frosts on me,
Since first my feet began to tread,
Where in your gray-grown walls,
The lore of sages long had shed,
A glory through your halls.

Young life was in full spring-time then,
And like it, I was green,
Just f, i, f, t, e, e, n,
A stripling lank and lean,
Come up to walk with busy men,
Upon this busy scene,
When algebra made five plus ten,
Equal to years fifteen.

But there is quite a difference when,
These figures come to be,
Each multiplied, for five times ten,
Are half a century ;
And that is just the length of days,
To fifteen years I see,
And oh, as William Wordsworth says,
The difference to me.

Recall, old Boys, the morn we lay,
Beneath the elm-tree shade,
On that last academic day,
And dreamed there as we laid,
Of life and hope, of fame and love,
That morning then so bright,
Clear suns shone in the skies above,
The world how very bright :

We parted there to meet no more,
Upon the campus green,
The future opening bright before,
The past, a faded scene :

The Elm-tree wears his crown of leaves,
A monarch grand and tall,
The birds still twitter in the eaves,
Of Nassau's honored Hall:

The same familiar bell-chimes ring,
And fall upon the ear,
What recollections round them cling,
Of prayers and lessons here;
But ah, how few now meet to sing,
The olden song each year,
Or touch with trembling hands the string,
We struck then full and clear.

Call down the Roll: who answer, here,
Of those who said good-bye,
How many dreamers now appear?
Just you, Old Boy, and I;
Some linger yet on all the plain,
More in the church-yard lie,
Will any come up here again,
Before the last shall die?

One wish is nearest to my heart,
One prayer I offer up,
Grant, Father, ere I am called to part,
And drink the bitter cup,
I may be gathered here with those,
Who still as Boys survive,
When fifty graduate years shall close,
In eighteen eighty-five.

MARCH AND APRIL.

BRYANT OR LONGFELLOW.

These verses were suggested by the death of Longfellow. The fourth only is original, and refers to early impressions made by reading the pieces of each, "March" and "April," respectively, as school lessons. The idea is to interweave phrases and lines taken from those pieces.

THE stormy March has come and past,
But he who sang its changing skies,
With wind and cloud and rushing blast,
Beneath the early violets lies.

Now, too, the bard who strung the lyre,
And tuned the April song of Spring,
When suns returned with warmer fire,
No more again his harp will string.

The brook runs on full to the brim,
The first flower blossoms on the plain,
But April suns shine not on him,
Nor for him will return again.

These songs were written on my heart,
In that fair morning time of life,
When blood and pulse began to start,
And quicken for the battle strife.

Long years have passed away since then,
And mouldering ashes fill my pipe,
And I walk now with graybeard men,
And autumn's golden fruit is ripe.

Yet still when March with changing skies,
And April with warm suns appear,
The memory of those songs will rise,
That woke the Muse in childhood's year.

THE APPLE-TREE.

OLD Apple-tree, thou standest there the last,
And single relic of the long gone past,
Of all thy mates who grew with thee, not one
Remains to-day, thou standest there alone.

Thou bear'st the mark of many passing years,
And mouldering ashes in thy trunk appears,
Time sets on thee the impress of decay,
And soon, as mine, will come thy latest day.

Upon thy lonely limb, with each returning May,
Thy blossoms open to the sun's warm ray,
And in the autumn, on thy last young shoot,
When leaves begin to fall, hangs thy ripe fruit.

Still, venerable scion, flourish there,
And still thy blossoms and thy red streaks bear,
Improved varieties will follow on,
And these by others, when their time has gone,

So, green in leaves, and greener still in years,
Flourish until thy latest bud appears,
Thou wast no little sapling shoot when I
First saw thee, but I may not see thee die.

THE SPRING ROBIN.

THE Robin Redbreast now has come,
Once more on annual wing,
To make again with us his home,
And welcome in the spring ;
We hear his voice when morning breaks,
And ushers in the day,
For with the early dawn he wakes,
And then begins his lay.

EXTRACTS.

I.

THE Land of Egypt is a famous land,
Teeming with many storied memories,
Of mighty deeds and high designs, that filled
The ancient dynasties when Rameses,
And great Sesostris reigned, and the first Pharaohs,
Building wide inland seas upon whose breasts,
Whole navies might have rode ; but chief that here,
God in his own appointed way worked out,
His people's safety, and by one man led,
His hosts victorious o'er the impious King,
Whom neither horse nor chariots boasting saved,
Nor treasure cities with their wealth availed.
And still more signal, when the Virgin came,
With her blest heavenly Babe, from that same land,
Where Abraham slept ; He whom the Angels hailed,
And whose bright Star the eastern sages saw,
And followed, worshiping in Bethlehem,
The Star of Peace now shining on the world,

In life and light, and ever-beaming hope.
The question once was asked, of Nazareth,
Can any good thing come? come, answer now,
Ye Kingdoms mightiest of the earth, to whom,
Old Greece and Rome are but remembered dreams,
And the new hemisphere, first known to him,
The Genoese, who, sailing from Castile,
To India, by the way the sun goes down,
Awoke the echo of its solitudes,
From their primeval sleep, and opened up,
The golden gates through which, like them of old,
The modern Argonauts have borne their fleece.

II.

He, who with loving heart aspires to look,
Beyond the veil, and in true wisdom meek,
Attunes its chords to holy harmonies,
Such as we dream the holy voices sing,
In full melodious choir on heavenly plains,
Will ever turn to that pure stream of song,
Which from celestial fountains springs and rolls,
With amber wave on beds of golden sand;
Hence came Isaiah's hymns sublime and his,
Whose strains lamenting fall upon the ear,
And David's royal Psalms which Israel heard,
With shawms and harps of instrumental sound.
Therefore it is whoever lofty treads,

The mount of song, and seeks according strains,
To which the music in his soul leaps forth,
Has breathed an invocation to the power,
Worshiped unseen, feigned it may be or true,
As on Olympia's top his sacred Nine,
The heathen poet knew ; or that bright god,
Whose chariot wheels went flaming round the world,
Unguided for a day, or Love's fair Queen,
From her sea birth-place rising in white foam ;
And not to mention more, the Red Man's speech,
All poetry and music flowing from the soul,
In hunting grounds and by his council fires,
Smoking the Pipe of Peace. Such language came
Of the Great Spirit born, whom, in the woods,
He saw, amid the waving of green boughs,
And graceful flowers upon the water's brink.
Untaught, his song began, not here to close,
But on the far off shore beyond the hills,
To wake, where with the brave men of his tribe,
All shall be hunters in a land of game.

III.

Oh, for those palmy days which Israel knew,
When that sweet singer tuned his royal harp,
Waking its melodies in songs of praise,
And choral hymns sublime, now breathing low,
In music softer than the strings that poured
Aeolian numbers, or the Doric lyre,

To which the rocks and trees responsive moved,
Or sweeping loud the notes of heavenly strain,
Harmonious trembling to the full-voiced choir,
Who sing by night and day around the throne.
And while on earth a love of song remains,
And heart and spirit to its sound rejoice,
From its deep fountains gushing with their springs,
Of living waters far beyond the clouds,
Drinking ambrosial dews, thy voice shall still,
Rise, welcome as the balmy evening hour,
That brings the laborer rest, or as the news,
Of joyous tidings which the tongues of men,
Proclaim with merry noise, with shout and song.
To thee, the Holy One, shall Israel bow,
And at thy coming all his sons be glad ;
For thee the timbrel and the lute shall play,
The cymbal's clang be heard in chorus joined
With stringéd instruments of many stops,
Repeating now the numbers in full time,
Or breathing gentle airs, making such sounds,
As Concord loves to hear, and Silence woos,
To break her contemplation, and would still,
Be ever thus disturbed, yet over all,
Thy voice shall rise, leading in sacred song,
And to its cadences all stops and chords,
Harmonious pause and catch th' inspiring word,
To which accompanying their movements flow,
And soft or louder, blend in rapturous tone.

IV.

Now had soft evening with her mantle gray,
Come from her fading sunlight in the west,
And o'er the hills that rose to kiss the heavens,
Her twilight halo spread, reflected down,
Where Jordan's silver waters wound away,
In streams of mellow light, and circling swept,
Round Mahanaim's sacred field which erst,
Was guarded by those arméd angels bright,
Whom Jacob saw : departing day not yet,
Had closed his light, but on the bending grass,
The early dews had just begun to weep,
And the sweet fragrance slowly in the air,
Was gathering upon grateful wings to rise,
In silent adoration. Nature thus,
Her evening tribute pays, sleeping in peace,
The flowers and trees, waters and winds at rest,
And birds with folded wing, but none the less,
With the fresh morning to renew her praise,
And sing the song her works have ever sung.
How beautiful, how wonderful, how grand !
Would that its voice might to the heart of men,
Rise unforgotten by its language taught,
Though storms and thunder near or far are heard,
Only to pass before a brighter sun.
How still that universal law moves on,
From its far centre rolling swift and sure,
Which gives to earth the bounteous stores of heaven,
Forever while the covenant-bow remains.

V.

There lives perhaps no memory on earth,
More pleasant than the Hebrew Psalmist's songs.
Wherever Faith the evidence has found,
Of things not seen, or on her angel-wings,
Wherever Hope exulting rides sublime,
And with clear eye of blue sees from afar,
All glories in the skies: where'er the flame,
Of holy worship from the hallowed shrine,
Is seen to ride toward heaven: in every name,
And nation, kindred, people, clime and tongue,
There has the lisping voice been early taught,
His hymns of praise; there in assembly full,
The deep-toned organ with compressing air,
Through many pipes its melody has poured,
Symphonious to the chanted strains that bear,
His rapt, inspiring words, those words and notes,
Whose sounds once echoed o'er Judea's hills,
And latest as our hearts well may believe,
Fell from his living voice perhaps like this:
I go the way of all the earth, my days,
Are numbered, as the flowers, they fade and fall,
And as the grass before the mower's scythe.
To me the Spirit of the Lord once spake,
His word was in my tongue, the living Rock,
The God of Israel, spoke to me and said:
Be thou a ruler over men and just,

Rule thou in fear, and so thy acts shall be,
As morning light, when in the east the sun,
Appears without a cloud, or as the grass,
From the earth springing when the genial shower,
In the clear shining after rain has passed.
So was an everlasting covenant made,
Ordered in all things sure, salvation given,
And in its fullness all desire embraced.
God is my Rock, in Him I put my trust,
My shield and fortress, my deliverer strong ;
Him will I call most worthy to be praised,
Who from mine enemies my life has saved.
When death's dark waves encompassed me around,
And bitter sorrows fell upon my soul,
In my distress I called upon the Lord,
Who heard my voice and to my cry gave ear.
Then the earth trembled and the heavens were moved,
Before His wrath their firm foundations shook ;
Live burning fire was in his mouth, and smoke,
Breathed from his nostrils like consuming flame ;
He bowed the heavens before Him and came down.
Darkness was at His feet pavilioned round,
Dark waters and thick clouds through all the sky.
He rode upon the cherubim, and flew,
On mighty winds, His pathway far was seen,
Before Him brightness kindled coals of fire.
Thunders from heaven proclaimed His voice most high.
Lightning and arrows scattered all His foes :
The channels of the sea appeared, the world,

Its dark foundations knew, at His rebuke,
The angry blast that from His nostrils came.
Blesséd art Thou, oh Lord, exalted high,
Thou hast avenged the wicked in Thy wrath,
And made my feet as hinds that walk,
Over high places on the mountain-top.

Sing, for Thy blessings on my length of days,
Sing, for the covenant and anointed crown,
Sing, for the promises, Thy love has given,
To David and his seed for evermore.

Thus with his hoary honors on his head,
Time's silver chaplet gathered in long years,
Death sealed the fount immortal in the skies ;
And we who listen to his notes of praise,
We, for whom still that kingly crown abides,
Mysterious with the everlasting reign,
Of Him who came on earth—to us, perhaps,
May be forgiven the fancy that we heard,
His voice expire almost in song. And now,
The Wise Man sat on Judah's royal throne.

VI.

From heaven the voice descended, Know thyself.
The mind ever has been a mystery,
And ever must continue still to be.
It came from heaven ; what came from that bright place ?
A voice : and where is heaven ? beyond the sky ;
And was it made ? He who is there can tell.

His name is God : I know He is, because,
I know this world never could come of naught ;
I know He is, because I feel Him here.
Nature is here, and God is everywhere.

VII.

This House we build to Thee, Thy Temple now
We rear, with votive offerings hither brought,
And consecrated things, to honor Thee.
Oh, Lord of Israel, there is none like Thee,
In earth or heaven, yet hearken now, O Lord,
Unto the cry and prayer Thy servant sends,
That on this House by night and day, Thine eyes,
May open on the place writ with thy name,
To hearken to the prayers Thy servants pray,
Thy people Israel, praying toward this place,
Hear Thou from heaven Thy dwelling-place ; and when,
Thou hearest us pray, forgive. If one man sin,
Against his neighbor, and he make an oath,
Before Thine altar, in Thy holy house,
Then do Thou hear from heaven, and mark and judge,
And let the wicked to his ways be turned,
And justify the righteous in Thy sight.
And if Thy people sin against Thy name,
And in their sins are smitten by their foes,
And shall return and call upon Thee here,
Praying with supplication in this house,
Then hear Thou from the heavens and forgive,
And bring them to their father's land again.

When heaven is shut and all its fountains sealed,
And rains and dews no more are on the earth,
When death and pestilence are seen abroad,
And mildews, blastings, and the locust rage,
Whatever sore or sickness there may be,
If yet one man, or all Thy people here,
Spread out their hands before Thy altar thus,
Then do Thou hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And answer, and forgive, and turn their hearts.
And if the stranger from far countries comes,
For Thy name's sake, Thine outstretched hand and arm,
Then do Thou hear according to his prayer,
That all the people in the earth may know,
The House of Israel, called by Thy great name.
And if to war Thy people should depart,
And pray toward the city Thou hast chosen,
And if they sin, for no man sinneth not,
And captive fall before Thine angry face,
Yet should they turn again to Thee and pray,
And in captivity their voice be heard,
Toward this land unto their fathers given,
Toward the city Thou hast chosen, the house
Here builded for Thy name ; then in the heavens,
Thy dwelling-place, hear Thou their prayer, and heed
Their supplication, and maintain their cause,
And for their prayers, do Thou their sins forgive.
Turn not, O Lord, however great the cause,
The face of Thine anointed quite away,
Remember Thou the mercies David knew.

VIII.

Look westward, now. On that long neck of land,
Seen in the inland sea, whose waters skirt,
The bounds of Southern Europe, and beyond,
Passing to Mauritanian shores, go out
Between the pillars of Jove's fabled son,
To where the famed Hesperian gardens lay,
A seven-hilled city stands, of high renown,
Built where the Tiber rolls his yellow wave,
Its name extended thro' the wide world known,
While yet the captives dwelt in Babylon,
Ere Cyrus reigned, and his decree went forth,
Which Ezra heard, proclaiming joyful news.
Its walls were laid by Rhea's sons, twin born,
Whom the she-wolf preserved, tho' earlier fame,
Has found their annals with the Trojan race,
That knew Achilles' wrath, and in sore flight,
Wandered among the adverse winds and gods,
And so to Latium came, pleasant in song,
Though not for that to be accounted here.
Old Pagan history with her myths makes Rome,
A child, and born of Mars, symbol, perhaps,
Of what she was, offspring of fiery war.
With her is boyhood's early memory found,
Well pleased when Romulus his omens saw,
Or by Egerian fountains Numa heard,
The sacred voice divine, nor less with him,
Who on the Milvian bridge with single hand,
Unconquered stood, and those three brothers bold,

Whose swords the fates of mighty empires held.
The patriot doubly loves to hear the tale,
Of Brutus and of him the Volsci took,
Unjustly banished, nor to Rome returned,
Till Coriolanus was a name of fear.
Of ancient fame are those gray-bearded men,
Robed senators sitting in silence when,
Before the wild barbarian hordes, whose chief,
Balanced his sword against their lighter gold,
The walls were crumbled, and the sentinel,
Was waked at night by voice of foolish birds,
Not foolish now, but once in wisdom heard.
These are the men whose names are since renowned,
Throughout the world, and others like to them,
Scipio, and Cato, and King Pyrrhus' friend,
Quintus Fabricius, with the chieftain found,
Following the plow, all held in high esteem,
By modern teachers for examples given,
Of worth and dignity in civil life,
And, of far greater import, early trained,
By discipline severe, to conquer self,
Fit rulers over men, of equal skill,
To govern wisely and retire with grace.
Hence has the name applied to them been found,
Wherever highest honor is attained ;
And still transferred, we take it for our own,
When judging by comparison, we hold,
The tribute worthy to be thus bestowed,
For Roman firmness is a proverb now.

IX.

And ancient Rome may boast of highest things.
And point the eye to triumphs such as show,
The noblest by comparison, and give
To darker history a pleasant light.
By force of arms victorious she subdued,
Far nations to her will, but held them not,
As vassals, slavish serfs of sovereign power :
Her conquests with them carried laws, and made,
All distant provinces unite as one,
And gather to one centre ; free-born men,
Became her children, and their highest pride,
And best defence, wherever they might go,
Was to be called a Roman citizen.
This made the Roman Empire, and bound fast,
The distant tribes together as one man,
And held them members of one family.
Union is strength, and thus, while Rome was free,
She stood united, and her arms and laws,
Moving together, made the world her throne.
Here, too, with growing years, there came the gloss,
Of higher inspiration, wafted from,
The Grecian fount : for with the winds that played,
Around the blue Symplegades and kissed,
The thousand isles of the Egean Sea,
Or higher, passing the Acropolis,
Made lulling sounds in Academus' shade,

Touching the forms that seemed almost to speak,
The voice of Phidias and Praxiteles,
There came to the young Roman Queen a wave,
Of higher cultivation, powers of thought,
And strains responsive to Æolian strings.
Then with the pencil and the poet's dream,
Fancy awaking rose, and not less sweet,
The song was heard of pastoral music soft,
Joined with the murmurings of the honey bee,
Or bolder, followed where blind Homer sung.
The famed Augustan age, when to the sun,
Shining in noontide blaze, the eagle soared,
Undazzled, and with plumes of circling wing,
Careering, sailed o'er monumental piles,
And trophies crowned with greenest laurel wreath,
Triumphal cars, with monarchs in their train,
And amphitheatres of vast extent,
Blazing in gold and purple-draperied seats,
Where, on the arena's sand, bitter in death,
The gladiator fell ; temples and fanes,
Reared on their hills Capitoline, Cœlian,
And Aventine, with Janus, double-faced,
Now closed in Peace ; not mighty Babylon,
Or Mede or Persian Empire stretched more fair,
Nor in their palmy days, in fancy's dream,
Could see a halo round their temples shine,
Like what appeared on thee, Eternal Rome.
Look what a diadem the Cæsars wear,
Inherited from him who passed the stream,

Since typical of all that rolls between,
Ambition's aims and what beyond them lies,
Whether for highest good or deepest crime,
Such still, like him, must cross the Rubicon.
Far to the Atlantic wave it westward stretched,
Where Tagus' golden waters ran, and north,
The Celt and Cimbrian fell before the tide,
Which rolled yet on to Britain's farthest isle,
Ultima Thule, where the Druids dwelt,
Forming, perhaps, those curious heaps of stone,
Now seen on Salisbury Plain: the higher bound,
Was skirted by a wall, where then the Pict
And Caledonian, fierce barbarians, roamed,
Whose Queen this day is Mistress of the Seas.
Wild, savage hordes of Huns and Goths, who spread,
O'er Central Europe, with the nomad tribes,
That lived in wagons, and their tents removed,
As their successors do to-day: these all
Were Roman provinces, while to the south,
On Afric's shore the House of Pharaoh bowed,
Stung by an aspic, famed Egyptian Queen.
And Greece with her Democracies went down,
The Spartan Hero and the Athenian Sage,
And all his Empire who on Ganges' stream,
Sailed with his Macedonian Phalanx, gone,
And swallowed in the sea: Parthian and Mede,
Syrian and Persian bent their bows in vain.
The dwellers in Phœnicia were afraid,
Judah and Benjamin their tribute gave,

And all King David's people, who once came,
With free-will offerings for the house of God,
Cæsar Augustus taxed, and o'er the land,
Where Abraham slept, a Roman Tetrarch ruled.

X.

And now behold the hour drew nigh. That morn,
Was fair as ever shone on Palestine,
The sun came up in glory from the east,
And like a crown of diamonds, his beams,
Fell upon Jordan's waters; glancing off,
Far on the summit of the hills they played,
Till as he higher rose, the glittering sheen,
Downward in beauty took its shining way,
And in one gorgeous panoply arrayed,
The thousand cities of Judea's plains.

XI.

And still the work went on. That day the sun
Came up full clear above the eastern hills,
The Roman camp was moving as though news,
Of some expected signal had been given.
Around the city wall was heard the voice,
Of one who naked ran; he threw his arms
Wildly above him, and with clenched palms,
Beat on his breast, still striking as he ran.
He came unseen, from whence or how unknown,

And none claimed kin or friendship there with him.
Turning toward the standard eagle high,
A cry of hollow sound rung startling clear,
A voice against the Bridegroom and the Bride,
Against the Temple and Jerusalem,
A voice against this people, woe, woe, woe,
And onward took his course; six times he ran,
In compass round the wall, and with his hands,
Waving and beating, loudly shouting, cried,
Woe unto thee Jerusalem, woe, woe!
Seven times he ran, and as the circuit closed,
More wildly still he flung his arms around,
And shaking his lank fingers, then his voice,
In agony most fearful, shrieking rose,
Crying, woe unto thee, Jerusalem!
And to myself, woe, woe; and, as he cried,
A stone came down and crushed him where he stood.
The signal waved above the Roman host,
A shout went up along the hostile lines,
And all the bloody work of death began.

XII.

Within a solitary hut that stood,
Close by the Temple gates and rather seemed,
A place of pestilence or sickness dire,
Upon a bed of miserable straw,
There crouched a form in shape a skeleton,
Where death in vain had sought to reach his mark.

In mortal agony he seemed to lay,
Muttering a prayer for what could never be.
Full seventy years before, while on his way,
Beyond the city bounds he met with one,
Bearing a heavy burden, whom he mocked ;
But, never from that hour could he forget,
The smile ineffable of those mild eyes,
That still he saw in its clear beauty mild.
As thus he lay, a startling sound was heard,
Shaking the heavens, and above the crash,
Of gates and clash of thundering arms, a voice,
Above the din, spoke loud and straight to him :
On to thy destination, rise and go ;
And he arose and all his youth returned ;
Old age was gone and in a moment's time,
His eyes beheld the living light of early years,
With waving ringlets for his silvered locks,
And wrinkles smoothed to fairest softness now.
O'er dead and dying men he traveled on,
Through flying stones, and darts, and tracks of fire,
Through ranks of horse and chariots rolling by,
O'er Jew and Roman straight his course he took,
To where before the battering engines strong,
The eastern gate had fallen ; out he passed,
Nor helm nor mail nor shield nor phalanx stayed,
His progress, traveling then—and traveling still—
He reached the outer Roman station ; there,
One moment turned, and from Mount Calvary,
Looked back upon the walls, and as he looked,

There came a sound louder than that he heard,
Before the Temple gate ; like as the noise,
Of earthquakes rumbling in a sudden shock,
When the last agony of mortal woe,
Is mingled with the elemental war ;
One universal shriek went up to heaven,
One loud despairing cry : The Temple Burns !
Oh, City of the living God most high,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, behold,
Heaven has departed, now thine hour is come,
Thy glory gone and desolate thy house.

14TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

R ECEIVE again, Old House, to-day,
A wanderer from thy halls,
Who passes through thy doors to stay,
Once more within thy walls :
How swells the tide of memory's stream,
As here my footsteps roam,
It seems a strange but pleasant dream,
Henceforth to call thee home.

Among the inland vales and hills,
In childhood bounding free,
I strayed beside the mountain rills,
That run to meet the sea ;
I sang the song that early years,
Will ever sing in glee,
How clearly yet the strain appears,
To follow after me.

There bright above the horizon,
The sun arose at morn,
And shone in fullest lustre on,
Green fields and tasseled corn ;
His parting rays went down beyond,
Our western hill at even,
I thought his fading light a wand,
To mark the road to heaven.

So passed the flush of early prime,
When life was fresh and fair,
When all seemed as a happy time,
Without a cross or care ;
No cloud upon the morning light,
No shadow in the air,
I thought the world was very bright,
And sunshine everywhere.

And so it was ; to childhood's eye,
Nothing seems dark or dim,
It sees the rainbow in the sky,
And sings the matin hymn :

Not till the day is fading fast,
And fainter flows the stream,
Does nature seem too fair to last,
And life a fleeting dream.

A change comes o'er the early spring,
And on the rustic scene,
No more the song of youth I sing,
Upon the village green :
I hear the bell no longer ring,
On the clear mountain air,
What memories round it fondly cling,
Of youth and sunshine there.

The tombs look downward where the stream,
Reflects the summer sky,
And sparkling in the sun's glad beam,
The waters murmur by ;
And infant-dust is sleeping there,
Beneath the church-yard sod,
I seek in vain to find just where,
It sleeps long years with God.

These pass away, for me no more,
The mountain breezes free,
I tread where breaks along the shore,
The many-sounding sea :
Where fleets with flowing sheet and sail,
Go down upon the tide,
And borne before the swelling gale,
On ocean billows ride.

Old City of a loyal line,
And royal ancestry,
Where rising suns come up and shine,
From out the Atlantic sea;
Fair is the sight that meets the eye,
As there the waters lay,
Blue mirrored from a cloudless sky,
Upon thy opening bay.

God bless King Charles the Second, and,
God bless the Duke of York,
Whose grantees on this point of land,
Began a goodly work ;
Their lineal successors yet,
Hold royal council here,
The Lords Proprietors who set,
In conclave twice a year.

They had Great Expectations when,
They laid their colony,
But, as you know, the hopes of men,
Oft go by contrary :
And so, instead of rising fame,
Wealth, honor and renown,
For near two hundred years in name,
It was a one-horse town.

But now the iron courser flies,
Upon the iron track,
And cars go rushing on the ties,
And vessels sail and tack,

And manufactories rise thick,
The waves of commerce roll,
And export salamander brick,
With oysters, ore, and coal.

Press onward in your rising course,
Push forward on the track,
The head-lights of the iron horse,
Cast no reflection back :
On, in the struggle and the strife,
On, at a panting pace,—
A boy can only win in life,
By leading in the race.

Now in the academic glades,
I pass, to linger where,
A Royal Mother in those shades,
Gathers her children there :
And still sons her memory bless,
Their numbers still increase,
And still her ways are pleasantness,
And still her paths are peace.

Here childhood with swift-gliding feet,
Its latest courses ran,
The last of all, the springing heat,
When youth and hope began :
How long each moment then appeared,
How short now seems the span,
What high Castilian towers we reared,
As boyhood passed to man.

And, dear old Mother, what a change,
Has come on us since then,
I now am drawing near the range,
Of threescore years and ten ;
While you are flourishing and grand,
And coming fast to be,
A peerless Matron in the land,
And University.

Well, time must ever be the same,
And men must have their day,
Whether they win or fail in name,
All pass from hence away ;
But added years will only give,
To thee a fuller fame,
Thy sons shall perish, thou shalt live,
A green and growing Dame.

Another stage, and I the last,
Of youth's indenture saw,
Three years apprentice, and I passed,
An attorney at law ;
Put out in lettered legal way,
A shingle and a sign :
With what of fame? I only say,
Translate the "sour crout" *nein.*

And there, Old House, in all those days,
I trod your floors and halls,
A twilight halo round them plays,
A pleasant memory falls :

But fickle fortune smiled no more,
So with a farewell sigh,
I passed from out and closed your door,
And bade you then good-bye.

Nor dreamed but what it was the last,
And bowed to fate's command,
Yet here to-day, a few years passed,
I at your portals stand.
It is, to call you Home again,
A gladsome hour to me,
And I shall not have lived in vain,
If such henceforth you be.

THE HICKORY-TREE.

LONG years have passed by since I stood in the
shade,
Where under the shellbark in childhood I played,
But crowds of old memories throng upon me,
Of gathering nuts from that Hickory Tree.

It grew in the meadow, and there in the spring,
The robin and blackbird would twitter and sing,
Would sway in the branches and welcome with glee,
The bloom and the buds of the Hickory Tree.

We followed the ploughman as he in the morn,
Would throw out the furrow for planting the corn,
And heard in the blossom the buzz of the bee,
While humming around by the Hickory Tree.

We spread the mown swath, as in full summer prime,
The reapers with scythe and with rifle kept time,
When weary with labor how gladly would we,
Rest under the shade of the Hickory Tree.

When frost in the autumn had mellowed the mast,
We rattled the shells from the limbs thick and fast,
Oh, what a grand glory it was there to be,
A-thrashing down nuts from the Hickory Tree.

No rest until twilight closed out the short day,
And then with a merry shout up and away,
And over the brook singing on to the sea,
We carried the nuts from the Hickory Tree.

One day there in late autumn life-time I came,
The meadow and shellbark were still just the same,
The brook still was flowing as full and as free,
The nuts hanging still on the Hickory Tree.

The afternoon sun gave the scene a soft glow,
The little ones bounded on gayly and so,
A third generation was standing with me,
And thrashing the limbs of the Hickory Tree.

And others will follow and come there around,
And rattle the shellbarks, as we, to the ground,
And some will perhaps live, as I have, to see,
A third in their line gather nuts from the Tree.

I may not rest any more under that shade,
Or tread in the meadow where often I played,
But throngs of green memories ever will be,
A-thrashing down nuts from that Hickory Tree.

A CHILD'S LEGACY.

“ **A** CHURCH for poor people like us,
 You promise for me to build one,
That when I am living in heaven,
 I may know the good work has been done :
Some little of money I've saved,
 In my nine years of life upon earth,
And I want you to make it to be,
 Of one for poor people the birth.”

Thus spake a young child as there fell,
 Around her the shadows of death,
And her last will and testament made,
 With the last words of life's parting breath ;

A legacy honored of God,
Like the widow's mite, great in His eyes,
And borne by the angels ascends,
A record of faith to the skies.

The story went forth to the world,
Of the gift of the dying young child,
Who left her poor earnings in life,
To raise for poor people a guild :
And soon many answers came back,
With tributes of generous love,
To aid in fulfilling the wish,
Of the little one resting above.

Who asked if her prayers had been said,
In pulpit, by altar or shrine,
Or doubted that she had received,
The Cross in full covenant sign ?
And so from this dying request,
Of the little testator thus given,
"A Church for poor people like us,"
Now rises a temple to Heaven.

Oh, little one, faithful in death,
Your mite has increased many fold,
More precious, because of your trust,
Than jewels of silver and gold ;
Your memory lives upon earth,
In the Church built by you for the poor,
You know that good work has been done,
Who doubts that your treasure is sure ?

A REFRAIN.

THE hours are sad and lonely,
When thou art away;
I think of thee, thee only,
By night and by day:
Deep in my heart is welling,
More than words can tell,
Only be patient, darling,
And all will be well.

What, though the winter lingers,
And nature still sleeps,
Earth in her dewy fingers,
Her pure trust still keeps:
Spring-time soon will be coming,
And warm sunny hours,
Only be patient darling,
And wait for the flowers.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

THE ancient Psalms of David,
Time-honored, holy chimes,
The hallowed songs of every age,
Sweet lays of olden times :
Still through the earth their music sounds,
And still their echoing strains,
Are borne across the rolling waves,
And on the boundless plains.

The tuneful Psalms of David,
Inspired by heavenly love,
To sing with high and holy power,
Almighty praise above :
Still in these latter days their notes,
In swelling anthems rise,
And borne upon the wingéd winds,
Are carried to the skies.

The pious Psalms of David,
With reverent precepts old,
Deep founts, whose living waters pass,
On beds of purest gold,
Happy the souls that drink of thee,
Rejoicing, they are blessed,
And sorrowing mourners in thy stream,
Find sweet repose and rest.

The royal Psalms of David,
Ten thousand shouts arise,
Voices of everlasting praise,
Ascending, reach the skies :
Anthem on anthem peals afar,
Nations and people join,
Ascribing honor to His name,
Who works with love divine.

The glorious Psalms of David,
Strong in the strength of God,
In might and majesty ye tell,
His wonders all abroad :
While from the chambers of the earth,
Goes up the deepened cry,
We give dominion, glory, power,
Unto the Lord Most High.

The eternal Psalms of David,
In grandeur ye proclaim,
Wide round the earth, in sounding praise,
The glory of His name :
Ye know no change, the wondrous works,
Of an Almighty Power,
Shall live when years have ceased to roll,
And time shall be no more.

THE ELM-TREE.

ELM, beneath whose spreading branches,
I, at noon, in peace reclining,
Muse upon this grassy hillock,
Fair thou standest to the sun ;
Could each leaf its tale be telling
Of the scenes that passed beneath them,
Thou could'st fill a mighty volume,
With things unrecorded now.

Here the youthful and the aged,
Underneath thy arms have gathered,
Wisdom's dear-bought treasures falling
Dull on folly's idle ear.
They who lived to fill these places,
In their turn again repeating,
All the sage advice their fathers
Vainly told to them before.

Here was heard the merry laughter,
And the voices clear and ringing,
Like the silver waters leaping
On their shining course away :

Happy hearts beneath thee sported,
Little dreaming of the changes
Which would bow those hearts in sorrow,
While thou standest strong as then.

Thou hast heard sweet revelations,
Here when lovers held their trystings,
Never tell them, Elm-Tree, never,
Keep thy secrets to thyself.
All the soft, endearing pledges,
All the happy, trusting kisses,
Fare-thee-wells and true forevers,
Elm, I charge thee, tell them not.

Now amid the slumbrous silence
Of this quiet noon in August,
I have come to breathe a whisper
Never breathed to aught before ;
Let thy leaves that bloom the freshest,
Give it to the gentlest breezes,
That aloft their wings may bear it
To the heaven's ethereal blue.

Mary—name of names most lovely,
When thou know'st the one who wears it,
Thou wilt never, never wonder,
That I whisper thus to thee.
Ever in my sunlight staying,
Seems she like some shining spirit,
From its happy, midway station,
Guiding mortals to the skies.

Now I see her, fair and lovely,
In her eyes what softness beaming,
On her cheeks how purely mirrored
All the graces of her mind.

Round her neck of alabaster,
Sunny, flaxen locks are straying,
Like of old the Poet's mistress,
Painted by the Rhodian's art.

Vision bright, aerial, fleeting,
Now advancing, now retreating,
Ever parting, ever meeting,
Seeming still to mock delight—
By the spirit's deep, deep feeling,
All the past again unsealing,
All its bliss and woe revealing—
Stay forever round my sight.

Take my secret, faithful keeper,
Write it in the unwritten volume,
Not with dying things and faded,
But upon thy freshest green ;
So, however far and absent,
When I turn to thee in spirit,
Thou wilt yield me back the treasure
I have thus reposed with thee.

ONWARD NOW.

ONWARD now, should be our motto,
All the elements are moving,
Every bright example calls us
 Onward, onward to the goal.
Earth is yielding up her treasure,
Fire and water are our agents,
And, as if to scale the heavens,
 We have called the lightnings down.

Mind is all afloat around us,
Stirring with its ceaseless motion,
Every secret depth of nature,
 From the centre to the pole.
E'en the mystic tie uniting
Soulless clay and subtle spirit,
Seems a second revelation,
 Moulded to a mortal's will.

In the past there lies a lesson,
Often read, but seldom heeded,
From its depths a voice is calling,
Thou wilt soon be with us here ;
As the leaves in autumn falling,
As the waters seaward flowing,
As the evening and the morning,
Thou shalt be a thing that was.

Onward, onward then, remembering
How the moments swift are passing,
Action—write it on thy banner—
Life is action, action life.
Move, when all things round are moving,
Strike, while yet the fire is burning—
Would'st thou die with armor girded,
Act while living, life is short.



NIAGARA.

A GAIN I stand above the maddening rush
Of these dark waters ; once again I come,
As in those twelve revolving years whose course
Has swifter passed, perhaps for me as deep
Beneath the surface, where no daylight comes,
Or glimmering of the eastern morning star,
To hail the rising sun. Not less for that,
The power of living beauty upward springs,
And from the dreaming slumbers of the soul,
Awakes again by thee ; awakes again,
To follow still sublimely on the path,
Where nature's footsteps deepest now are seen
Among the rocks of time. The wilderness,
Of old, rung with the same eternal base,
Its anthem rising in the shades made dark
By the Great Spirit's presence, he, whose sons,
With moccasined feet trod silent to the sound,
The thunder of his voice. And silence now
Comes over all emotions crowding here,
When first the eye takes in the fearful depth,
And follows with the ever-flowing mass,

Down, down amid the boiling foam below ;
While the soul rises on the spray that floats,
Silent above the deafening surge, in spans
By Iris wove of seven-fold arches bright,
And from the visible, outward power of God,
Goes nearer to his presence, with the sign
Of living worship on its unseen wings,
And lays its offering by the altar there.

Thus would I come once more ; thus would I stand
Mute in His presence who is speaking now,
For ages has been speaking with the voice
Of many tones, deep falling on my ear.
One sound is in them all continually,
One great, majestic cry is rising up
From the dark whirlpool ; and the eye that loves
To trace the harmonies of nature's page,
Will read the symbol with believing heart,
And from its language, treasure up a thought,
Of that long life-time which beyond the flood
Of mightier waters, distant yet appears.
Within the cave of rushing winds I stand,
On this dark ledge, darkness above, below,
Save where the brighter sun with straining ray
Seems luminously dim in the green light
That struggles down from the oblique obscure.
There is no sound or voice among us here ;
We feel a mighty presence ; what a whirl
Of life is tumbling from above, far thrown,
Pitching in utter darkness, trailing up,

Long, misty messengers on humid wings,
That round and round are wheeling, wheeling still.
Look down, look up, the eye, the heart is full.
Look through those waters; in their strength they stand,
A solid arch that never seems to move,
Built on the rock, its span forever sure.

Let me, while here I stand in silent thought,
Poring on this great volume, let me feel
All that by language cannot be expressed.
Unwritten characters are marked around,
Which to the mind may be transferred, as light
Paints pictures on the eye; and far away,
When memory with her outlines dim recalls
The shadows of the past, these shall arise
Unchanged as thou, here fresh as when thou camest
First from the hand of Him who formed thee thus,
And gave thee life, and beauty was thy name.
Great Spirit, Thou that movest on the face
Of these dark waters, unto Thee I bow,
And veil my face before Thee, laying here,
My finger on my lips.



ARNOLD'S SOLILOQUY.

FROM THE UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY OF MAJOR ANDRE.

THE deed is done ; Arnold's a traitor now,
False to his friends, his country, and his fame.
Who speaks of conscience ? let the viper bite,
He gnaws a file. Traitor to whom ? to men ;
To him, proud rebel chief, whose calm, cold eye
Looks through this atmosphere of cloudy war
Like frosted stars on vapors from the earth
Congealed by steams of ice ; now seated there
In the small consequence of half-fledged pride,
A stripling hero, whom to-morrow's chance
May hurl from his rebellious height, as low
As those dark exhalations, which in damps
Of pestilential air precipitate,
Lie in night-hollows, and in secret veins
Beneath the earth, mephitic oft are found,
Nor will endure the light. Is it for me
To trifle now with such uncertain things,
When clear before my eyes the path is marked,
Straight toward the goal I ever longed to reach ?
Where height of human happiness is found
Stored in the treasured chest ; the secret power

That gives activity to life, that moves
The heart of kings, and like the talisman
Of eastern genii, opens every lock,
And with its silent wand slow circling, guides
Passions and thoughts where virtue's self is throned.
How stand the chances? what have I to lose?
If unsuccessful, better to have been
Among the lowest found, than rather thus,
In proud pre-eminence oppose a power,
Whose haughty spirit never would descend
To treat with rebels, or at best would make
Such terms of peace as only could be wrung
From abject servitude, submission full,
All hope forever barred, save what might be
Included in oblivious acts; by which
In royal clemency is meant no more,
Than that by special writ in kindness given,
Dying may be made easy, which for some,
Perhaps, might be more glorious than to live.
But after all, the crown of martyrdom,
To me looks brighter on the historic page,
Than in this doubtful distance; there are scenes
Heroic called, I would sit down and read
With all becoming warmth of patriot blood,
Rather than take especial pains to add
One name less worthy to the honored list
Which school-boys know. Ah, honor stalks up here,
A crowd of noisy phantoms, empty shades,
That live unseen in sunbeams, conjured up

By sickly thought, in midway station placed,
To frighten like chimeras, and maintain
A foolish conflict with relentless fate,
When all the spokes and felloes of her wheels
Are downward turned. So let them pass—
Give me the power to be, and not the name,
Give me the mighty lever, the great beam
Which makes its resting-place, not merely finds,
And stronger than the old man with his lines
And figured circles ; in this shattered limb,
Honor may pillow'd sleep, while I shall stand
Secure though fortune frowns, nor care what course
May be decreed by circumstance or time,
To end this struggle of rebellious war,
So but for me the golden gates swing wide.
Then England, take thy bargain ; let the love
I bear thee in the measured balance hang ;
And for the nerve to meet the mocking smile,
I see thy badges wave ; no stalking shapes
Cross hands before their colors, or aside
Start back with motions of portentous sign,
The skies look bright, the stars propitious seem,
All phantoms vanish, now the die is cast.



MORE LIGHT.

THE LAST WORDS OF GOETHE.

MORE LIGHT, the dying poet said,
Although the golden sunbeams shed,
Their full-orbed glory round his head,
As he lay on his dying bēd.

The world all said he lived in light,
And crowned his head with honors bright,
Why did he say it yet was night,
When suns and stars burst on his sight ?

And yet, More Light, he dying cried,
As through the open window wide,
The sunbeams poured a streaming tide,
Upon him as he lay and died.

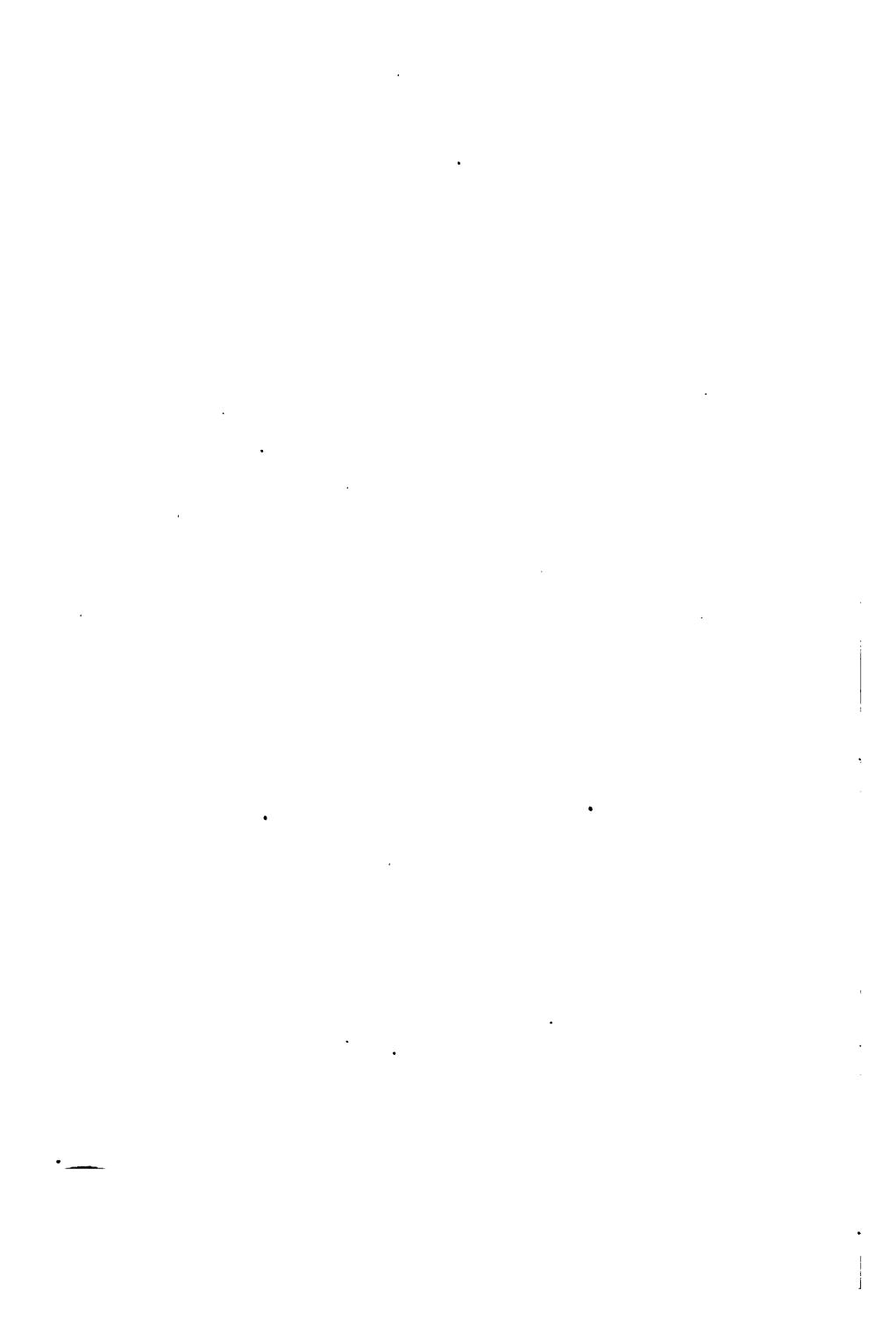
Why did that mystic want more light,
When thus the sun was shining bright,
Or did that noonday seem as night,
When opening on his dazzled sight ?

More Light, when sleeping to arise,
More Light, when waking in the skies,
More Light, when all before his eyes,
Was one bright scene of mute surprise !

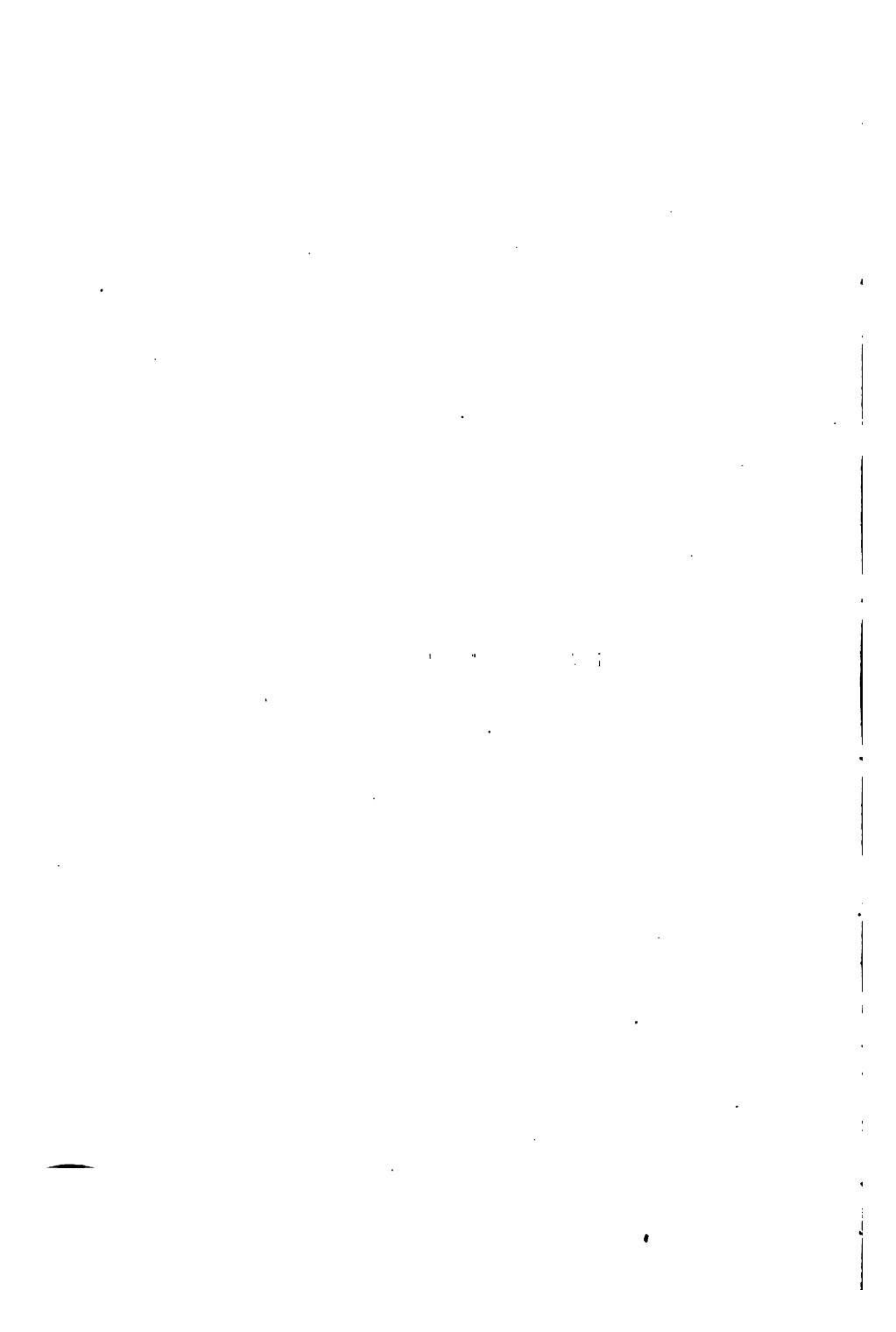
More Light, should be our earnest cry,
More Light to guide us from on high,
More Light when death is drawing nigh,
More Light to live, More Light to die.

More Light should be the constant call,
The ceaseless, silent prayer of all,
Whose faith is father to the cry,
More Light to live, More Light to die.





NOTES.



NOTES.

AARON BURR.—In this poetical memoir, some of the prominent events in the life of this extraordinary man are interwoven or alluded to. His reputation, however doubtful or blemished in the eye of the historian or of the public, admits of no question in respect to ability or his standing with the undergraduates of the College. Of all the Alumni, he may be regarded as their Blarney stone. Nor has any other College produced a graduate more distinguished or known more widely. Some who attained high honor and distinction in State and Federal affairs were classmates of his or in other grades in the institution. While he was an attending member, the Cliosophic Society, the successor to the Well-meaning, which, with its sister, the Plain-dealing, had been disbanded by the Faculty during the troubles in 1768, assumed the present name. The lines refer to these events.

Before entering the College, some two or three years previously, the writers of these pieces had seen Aaron Burr, who staid for a few days in a public house near their place of residence. Being familiar with his career, the fact made a deep impression, though unaware of the relations which had existed between him and an ancestor half a century before. They never afterward forgot the look of his dark, bright eye. The tree under which he was wont to stand and look over and beyond the island shore, far out to sea, remains there still to-day. During the first session of their College life, the Cliosophic Society, of which they were

members, invited Burr, then verging upon four score years, to preside over the annual meeting, at the ensuing Commencement. The old man declined, in a letter manifesting the depth of his emotion and how he appreciated the remembrance of his young brothers in the closing hours of a lonely and friendless age. At the close of the exercises, the boy legislators clustered around the desk of the Secretary, to look upon the writing of one of their number, who had risen, to fall as a meteor, and whose light soon would be quenched in darkness forever. This letter was preserved in the archives of the Society when the writers closed their connection as attending members.

It may be proper to add that the lines descriptive of his funeral are not correct, strictly speaking. Burr died in September, 1836, but his remains were not removed to Princeton, and placed in the cemetery beside those of his father and the other Presidents of the College, until the ensuing Spring. *Page 159.*

THE BARRON OF LIBRARY HALL.—These lines were suggested by the opening of Library Hall, in the village of Woodbridge, in August, 1877, built from the trust devised by Thomas Barron, a native of that place, and a descendant of the early settlers of that name. Though not written for that purpose, the lines may be supposed to have formed part of the exercises of the occasion. A young and rising lawyer, the name of whose family is connected with the history of the township, was "retained" to deliver the principal address. The idea came up in connection with this, and also with the feudal name of the donor, and more especially with the barbaric taste displayed, a short time before, in changing the color of the Presbyterian Church from the traditional white of two hundred years to a nondescript shade of brown. This irreverence in darkening the sainted robes in which their old Mother always had been dressed is supposed to have affected the Puritan sleepers in the manner depicted in the verses.

When the oration was published, the writer remarked an omission on the part of the speaker that he thought offered a fair opportunity for some supplementary lines, which are to be read between the last verse

and that next preceding. As most of such lines are in a different metre, they are inserted in this note.

But I see that my young friend of eloquent tongue,
Has left something unsaid which he ought to have sung :
So a word to our fair friends here present, before,
This baronial menu and trimmings are o'er.

I read to them no lecture sage,
Of good advice, or ripe with age,
The current of their life's bright dream,
Flows in a different kind of stream.
Men strive to gain a glorious name,
And win the highest prize of fame,
To stand upon the topmost rung,
And hear their praises loudly sung,
To gather honors great and grand,
And be tall magnates in the land.
Our fair friends do not take such pride,
In honor and distinction wide,
They glory in the holier life,
That marks the mother, daughter, wife.
It has been said by one who sung,
Rare songs in verse for Christian young,
Let love through all your actions run ;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And Woman's heart was made for love.
This is her sceptre, round her feet,
The angel guards and graces meet,
And may she hold her sweet control,
Till suns and stars shall cease to roll,
Strong in the tie that links and binds,
In chords of love consenting minds.
She's fond of change, you say ; quite true,
But pray, good sir, are not you too ?

The change she likes is that you'll find,
Described in a young school-girl's line,
Of date of seventeen ninety-nine :

" Katy Johnstone is my name,
So I intend it shall remain,
Until I meet some handsome man,
And then I'll change it if I can."
Do it, my fair friends, if you can,
He who says no will be no man.
Did any of you ever hear,
Of one who went a-hunting deer,
And all he for his trouble got,
Was nothing more than one buckshot ?
Young man, whoever you may be,
If in this pun you think you see,
No moral, listen now to me :
When you start out to hunt next year,
Don't go so far to shoot a dear,
For there are plenty always near,
Look now and you'll be sure to see her ;
Now, is not that a pretty dear,
And don't you see that moral clear ?
So keep it always near your heart,
Nor let it ever thence depart,
I shall not wonder if to-day,
You take a moral dear away.

The pun of "one buckshot" lacks the merit of originality, but a patent can be claimed for the application. *Page 225.*

THE RETURNED PASS.—These lines were written and supposed to be returned with the annual pass given by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to the writer, as Director representing the State interest in the United Railroads of New Jersey. This privilege ceased with the expira-

tion of his official term in April previous, but the pass was honored until the close of the year. This, by railroad custom, is the 15th January.
Page 305.

THE PASS RETURNED.—Two years later, when the writer was appointed to a judicial station, the pass was renewed, and the lines under this caption were composed as a sequence to the others. *Page 307.*

PRINCETON TO HARVARD.—This piece was suggested by witnessing a game of foot-ball between the clubs of Yale and Princeton at Hoboken, in 1879, when the writer observed decided symptoms of partiality among the wearers of the Red Ribbon for the success of Princeton. Having used an idea of Dr. Holmes in one of his poems referring to Harvard University, the writer inclosed the verses to that person, and received a complimentary reply. Some time afterward, he met with a newspaper paragraph in which it was stated that the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge was the first graduate of that University. According to the London *Times*, this article says, he was Chaplain to Charles II., and received episcopal ordination a few years after the Restoration. Returning subsequently to his Puritan faith, he died near Reading in 1684, and was buried by a vast concourse of Non-conformists in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas at Newbury. This newspaper item speaks of him as "the first graduate of the oldest American University." The writer cannot say whether this means literally what the words imply, or that he was one of the first class. Stony Brook, which is by the Delaware and Raritan Canal, suffers in poetical comparison with Charles River. *Page 183.*

THE PINE-TREE SONG.—These lines were written just after the State election in Maine in September, 1880. From a variety of potent causes, the event foreshadowed by that, did not come to pass, the prophecy, like Paddy's dream, turning out contrariwise. *Page 210.*

THE CHARITY FAIR.—This piece refers to a fair in Perth Amboy, held for charitable purposes in November, 1877. A very creditable exhibition of articles was made on the occasion, some of which are mentioned in the verses, with other allusions of a local character. *Page 241.*

MY LAST CIGAR.—There is but little poetical license or fancy in these lines. The first cigar the writer undertook to smoke was much about the time mentioned in the record, and between that date and the day on which, so far, he smoked a last cigar, the events and incidents set forth in the rhymes occurred as within his personal knowledge. That half a century of years is full of wonderful changes and revolutions, but who can say, in view of these seeming impossibilities, what may not occur in the next. Men can cease to marvel when news comes at lightning speed from the uttermost parts of the earth, before they know what is passing at their doors. *Page 245.*

ALUMNI MEETING, 1879.—Nassau Hall was completed for use in 1756. The name was suggested by Governor Belcher, after whom it was proposed to be called, in honor of King William, whose "immortal, blessed and pious memory" was green and flourishing at the time. In his answer to the Trustees, he used the words, *Prodesse Quam Conspecti*, afterward adopted as a motto by the Cliosophic Society. The first college edifice next built was in 1833, while the writers of these pieces were attending members. At this date, the cruciform Chapel has been succeeded by one of imposing architectural appearance, and costly in structure. It is stated that the service of evening prayer has been discontinued. Here also some pilfering from Dr. Holmes occurs. The incidents interwoven in this connection were gathered from newspaper items, and refer to Moody and Pius IX. In our days a wooden slatted fence ran along the street, where the Boys were accustomed to gather on summer evenings, and hold camp-meetings in which politics and girls were prominent topics of discussion. The Commons, too, was in full glory and an important appurtenance. The menu, ordinarily, was not very inviting, but Friday was a feast day, as described in the lines, to show, possibly, how far Princeton was from the Pope. The writer does not recollect that any non-Puritan student, and there were a number in the college then, abstained from partaking of the "goodies." The first "landscape" requires no explanation. The second is that of the writers. The third is William Sydney Wilson, to whom the valedictory oration was assigned.

and who was prevented by sickness from speaking. He settled in Mississippi, and died from the effect of wounds received in the Battle of Antietam. *Page 172.*

PRINCETON, 1832-1882.—These verses were recited at the Alumni Dinner at the last Commencement. The writers entered college on 11th October, 1832. The term began a month earlier than usual then, on account of the dispersion of the students during the summer by reason of the appearance of the Asiatic cholera. It was the last day of the State election, and that was being held in the corner of a room in the tavern at which we put up, with a plank laid across, and the three judges enclosed in the triangular space. The writer of this remembers that in the morning the Jackson ticket, headed by James S. Green, a prominent citizen of Princeton, was found to be successful by a homeopathic preponderance of some dozen votes. That was our introduction to the classic shades of Princeton. The Elm-tree mentioned in the lines, beneath which a number of the class gathered after the honors had been awarded, still stands near the shadows of Nassau Hall. At this Commencement, the writer met but one of the fifty-three who graduated with him. *Page 316.*

14TH FEBRUARY, 1877.—This piece was suggested by returning to a homestead sold a few years before, and which came again on this day in the occupancy of the writer. It is in the nature of an autobiography, and introduces scenes of early life in Morristown, Perth Amboy and Princeton. *Page 340.*

A CHILD'S "LEGACY."—The story is that a little girl, nine years old, who had placed the earnings of her short span of life, being four dollars, in the care of her pastor, upon her dying bed made him pledge his word to use the money in building "a church for poor people like us." "Promise me," she said, "so that when I am in heaven I shall know it is done." These lines were suggested by reading this touching incident of piety and faith in the little Christian. To carry out the promise thus given, the minister prepared and sent out a circular stating the facts, and

requesting contributions for building a church in memory of the infant testator. Many answers were received, and Alexander Stuart made a liberal contingent donation, which, upon his death, was carried out by his brother. This enabled the trustees to secure ground for the purpose. The first gift for the building came from Roman Catholics. Another person devised a legacy of some thousand dollars. Some gave the stone and some the granite, and others money in larger or smaller sums. All were actuated, in making these gifts, by the simple and touching story of the dying child thus brought to their notice, and so from this little legacy of this little one, contributed upon her death-bed, "a church for poor people like us" has been built, of massive stone, and the infant savings of Fanny Smith have gone forth to do good here on earth. *Page 348.*

CITY WATER.—These lines were suggested by the completion of the Water-works in Perth Amboy, in the winter of 1881-82, when water was introduced in that city. No programme or menu was prepared for that event; each citizen honored the occasion in his own way. *Page 272.*

THE RAISING OF THE BANNER.—These lines were read at a meeting assembled to throw a political banner across the main street of the city. *Page 301.*

EXTRACTS—Are taken with other pieces from a volume published by one of the writers in 1850. *Page 322.*

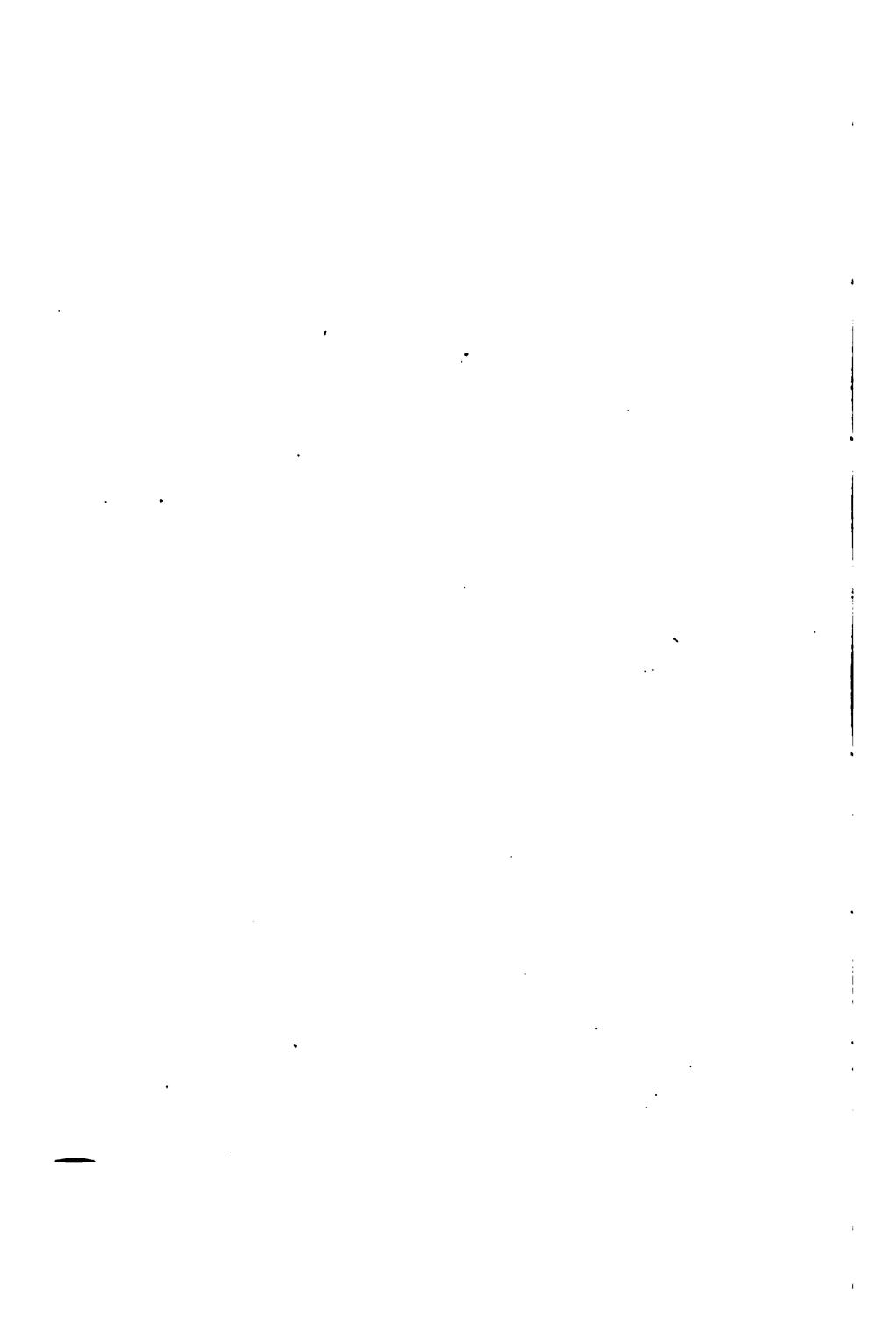
THE CREOLE SLAVE.—Forty years ago, a slave, who had escaped from Virginia, was recaptured on the high seas, by a vessel under the flag of the United States. These verses were written at that time and on that occasion. *Page 66.*

DAS SCHLOSS BONCOURT.—This translation is from the German of Chamisso, wider known as the author of *Peter Schlemil*. With the exception of Uhland, there is no German poet, whose ballads are welcomed more warmly around the firesides of Fatherland. Born a Frenchman, at the Chateau Boncourt, in early youth his family were driven by the

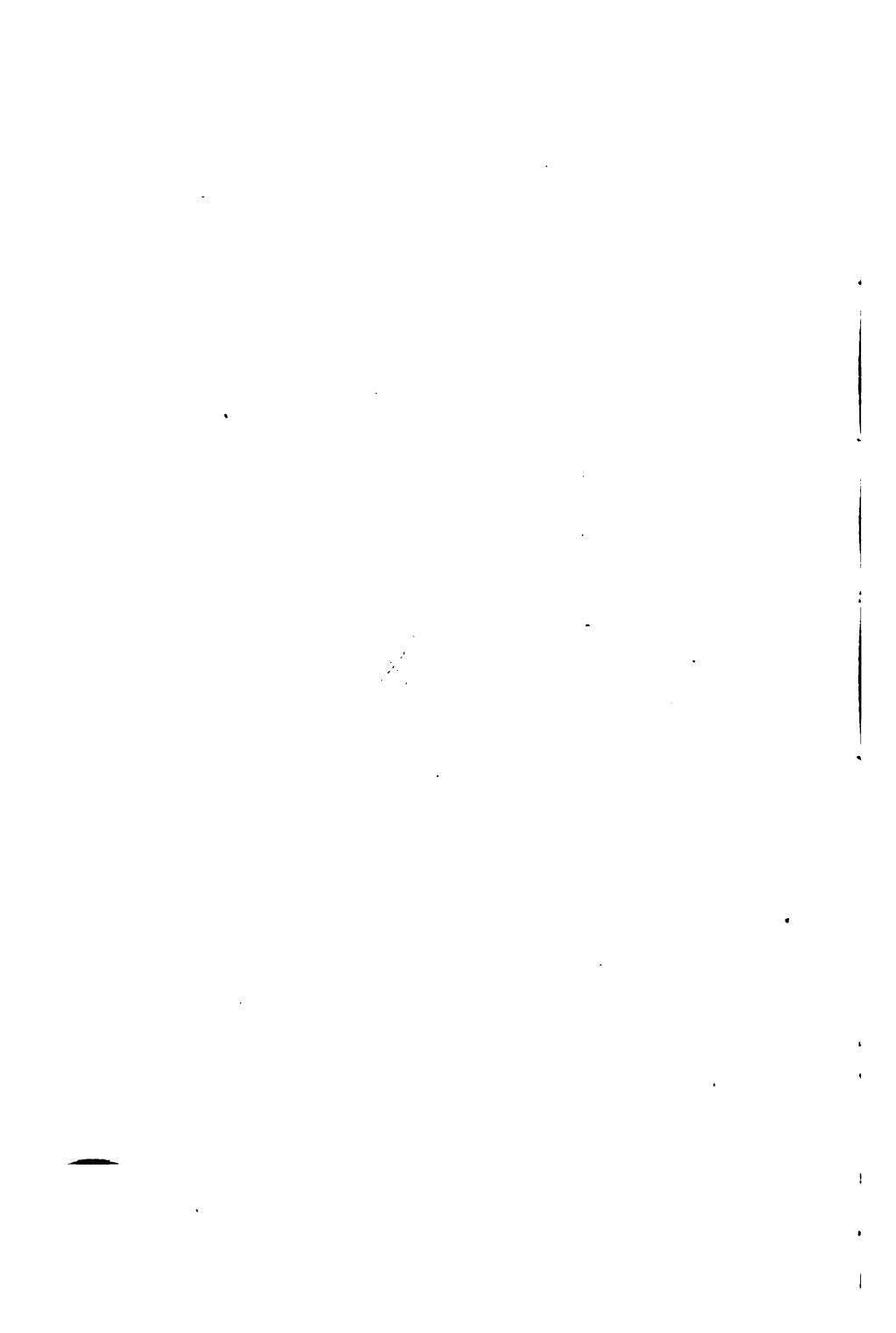
revolutionists from their ancient heritage in Champagne, their castle demolished, and the plow dragged over its foundation. Reference is made in the verses to this fact. *Page 75.*

A THOUGHT.—These lines, which would be headed more appropriately Teachings, were suggested by the reflection that the common idea of the agency of the Imagination being used in effecting only great and striking results, is erroneous, and that in its workings, it is connected intimately with the ordinary events of life. Of later writers, those who have contributed materially in establishing a correct and healthy mental balance, are Wordsworth in poetry, and the Opium Eater in his prose imaginings, those mysterious and beautiful conceptions, some of which would seem a realization of the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality. *Page 77.*

THE DOOMED STEAMBOAT.—This vessel was the Lexington, destroyed by fire in Long Island Sound in 1840, when many lives were lost. The lines were written then. *Page 135.*



INDEX.



INDEX.

	PAGE.
Aaron Burr, - - - - -	159
A Child's Legacy, - - - - -	348
A Dream at Sea, - - - - -	266
A Funeral Hymn, - - - - -	221
A Kiss, - - - - -	48
Alumni Meeting, 1879, - - - - -	172
An Extract from Life, - - - - -	83
A Node, - - - - -	64
A Non-Accepted Draft, - - - - -	308
A Pastoral of the Nativity, - - - - -	32
A Refrain, - - - - -	350
Arnold's Soliloquy, - - - - -	361
A Simile, - - - - -	310
A Song, - - - - -	82
A Thought, - - - - -	77
August, - - - - -	294
August, 1853, - - - - -	73
August 17th, 1882, - - - - -	297
Baalbec, - - - - -	52
Blesséd are the Dead, - - - - -	107
Byron, - - - - -	49
Burns, - - - - -	50
City Water, - - - - -	27
Contentment, - - - - -	47
Cromwell, - - - - -	52
Dante, - - - - -	49
Das Ist Der Tag Des Hern. - - - - -	74
Das Schloss Boncourt, - - - - -	75

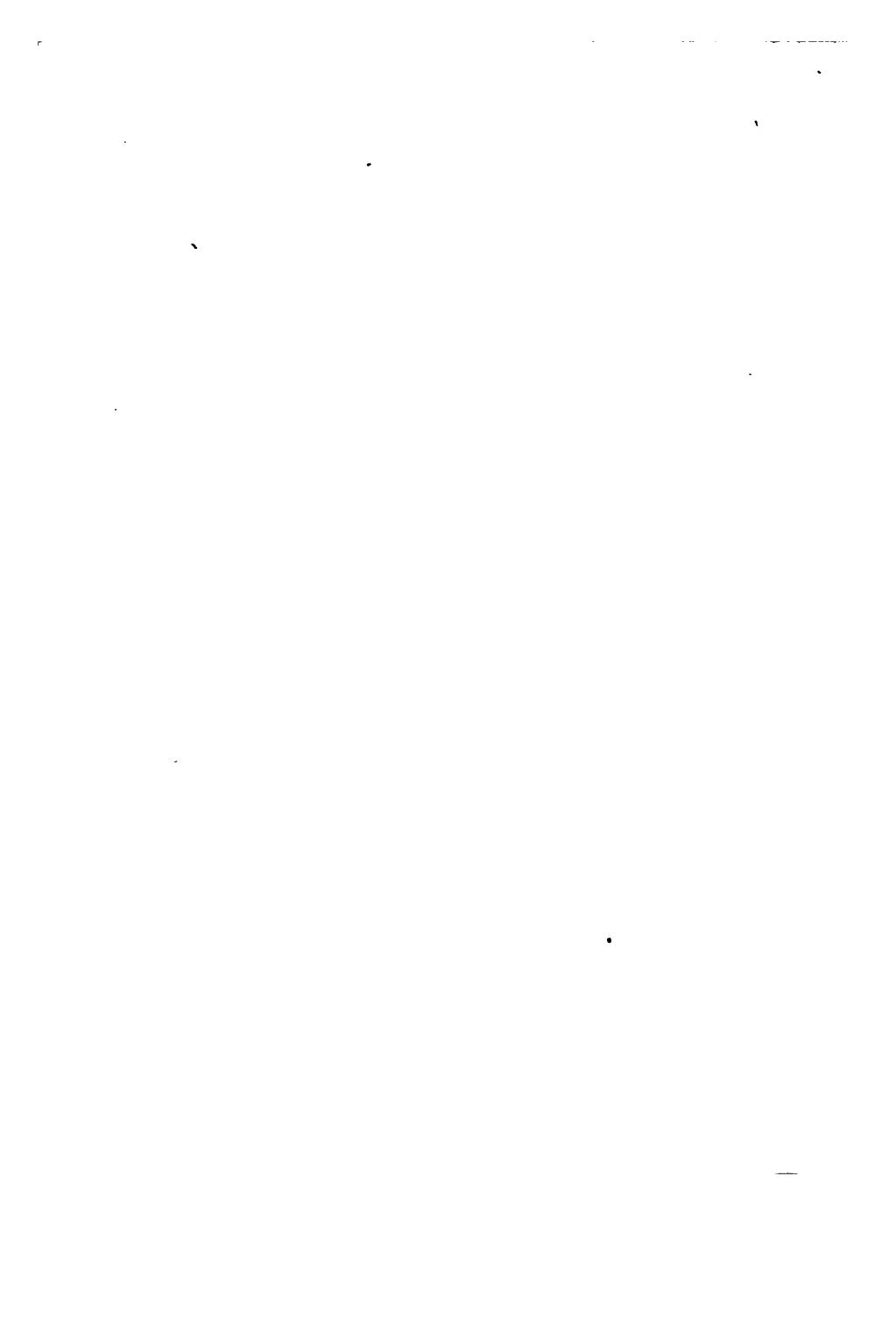
	PAGE.
Death of the Patroon,	99
Decoration Day,	223
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,	52
Eternity,	53
Evening,	136
Extracts,	322
Fahrwohl Ans Leben,	45
Fame,	54
Fancy and Fact,	38
Farewell Rhymes,	277
February,	212
February 14, 1877,	340
Gwaen Away,	138
Homer,	49
I'll Meet Thee, Love, in Heaven,	72
In Chancery,	262
In Church,	43
In the Congressional Burying Ground,	285
June,	72
Let there be Light,	205
Living on a Farm,	207
Londonderry,	67
Lucretius,	51
March and April,	319
May,	215
May 31st, 1881,	283
Memory,	94
Michael Angelo,	51
Milton,	50
Milton's Dream,	143
More Light,	364
Morristown, New Jersey,	121
My First Quail,	44
My Last Cigar,	245
My Sleigh-ride,	292

	PAGE.
Niagara,	358
Nothing New,	202
October,	298
On a Gift of Flowers,	213
On the Above,	71
Onward Now.	356
Over the Ferry,	154
Perth Amboy, New Jersey,	118
Polly,	315
Praise,	151
Press On,	203
Princeton, 1832-1882,	316
Princeton to Harvard,	183
Resurgam,	126
Resurrection Hymn,	139
Return, Jonathan,	57
Shakespeare,	48
Silence in the Sky,	244
Sophia Dorothea,	54
Spring,	217
Stonewall Jackson,	237
Thanksgiving,	300
The Apple-tree,	320
The Barron of Library Hall,	225
The Battle of New Orleans,	311
The Beech-tree,	219
The Burial Day,	314
The Charity Fair,	240
The City Eremite,	101
The Close of the Centennial,	187
The Corner-stone,	193
The Corn-field,	200
The Creole Slave,	65
The Crushed Flower,	63
The Discovery of America,	238

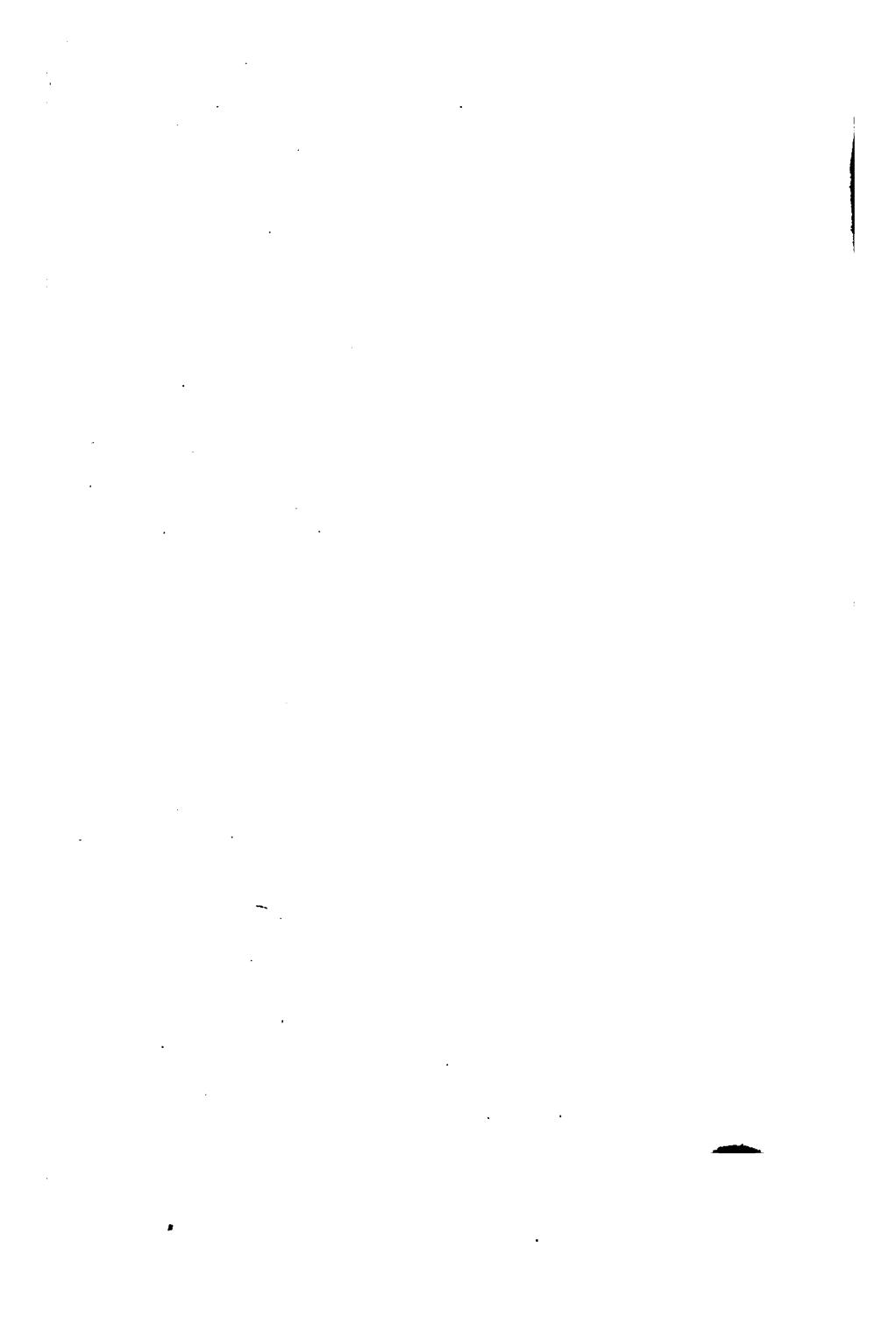
	PAGE
The Doomed Steamboat,	135
The Egg,	206
The Elm-tree,	353
The Fishers of Men,	302
The Genesee,	I
The Great Pyramid,	53
The Heavenly Symbols,	46
The Hickory-tree,	346
The Last Long Sleep,	199
The Last of Love,	51
The Moss Rose,	56
The New L'Allegro,	62
The Pass Returned,	306
The Pine-tree Song,	210
The Psalms of David,	351
The Raising of the Banner,	301
The Returned Pass,	305
The River of Life,	152
The Singer,	155
The Sign of the Pine,	276
The Spring Robin,	321
The Universe,	291
The Woman's Epitaph,	39
The 23d Psalm,	194
The 122d Psalm,	195
The 151st Psalm, L. M.,	197
Time,	53
To Margery Daw at Norfolk,	230
To the Past,	149
Trouting in the Adirondacks,	58
Virgil,	51
Why Should She Die?	299
Who Wrote the Hatchet Story?	234
Winter,	213
Wordsworth,	50

XV

J.W.
J.W.









MAY 4 - 1943

